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drop the trombone lessons. You go to the beach one summer and to the lake up in the mountains the next. And you finally decide to go see the Grand Canyon. Your dog barks at all the gas station attendants along the way. You pick the kids up from soccer practices, which soon turn into basketball practices, which soon turn into baseball practices. Then come the football games, which they don't play in, but still need a ride to. And just when you're starting to feel a little like a taxi service, one of your little darlings walks up to you, smiles sweetly, and asks for the keys to the car. You might as well enjoy the trip.

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AUGUST 2, 1993

COMMENT The Trouble with George 4
Tearing down the house that Ruth built.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 6

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21
Joel Rifkin's education, children with guns, Hanoi literati, etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Annals of Communications Raiding the Global Village . . . . . *Ken Auletta* 25
Network linkups and a changing global audience are challenging Ted Turner's world view.

Around City Hall Never Again. . . . . *Andy Logan* 31
Can the Mayor survive the Crown Heights report?

PERSONAL HISTORY Casualties of Oxford . . . . . *Ved Mehta* 36
His Oxford peers were in awe of Alasdair Clayre, but Clayre was one of the university's promising young men who could never live up to their own expectations.

FANFAIR Swingtime. . . . . *Roger Angell, Richard Merkin* 40
Reggie Jackson goes to Cooperstown.

ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK Scientific Breakthrough. . . . . *Roz Chast* 49

ARTIST AT LARGE Night Court . . . . . *Sue Coe* 54

FICTION "The Window Man" . . . . . *Tom Drury* 60

THE CRITICS

The Art World Titian in Paris, the Venice Biennale . . . . . *Adam Gopnik* 66
Musical Events The Buffalo Sound. . . . . *Paul Griffiths* 74
The Current Cinema "Poetic Justice" . . . . . *Anthony Lane* 76
Books Gary Taubes' "Bad Science" . . . . . *Daniel J. Kevles* 79
Briefly Noted 83

POEMS

"Reunion". . . . . *Sally Thomas* 38
"The Meeting". . . . . *David Petruzelli* 50
"Stars Falling" . . . . . *Jay Parini* 65

SHOUTS AND MURMURS Potomac Park . . . . . *Frank Cammuso & Hart Seely* 84

COVER *How to Swim, by Benoît van Innis*

DRAWINGS *Michael Crawford, Frank Modell, Charles Barsotti, Dean Vietor, George Booth, William Hamilton, Chon Day, Mischa Richter, Dana Fradon, Michael Maslin, Barry Blitt, Donald Reilly, Ed Arno, Robert Weber, J.B. Handelsman, Robert Mankoff, Danny Shanahan, Bernard Schoenbaum, Peter Steiner, Liza Donnelly, Edward Koren, Bruce Eric Kaplan*

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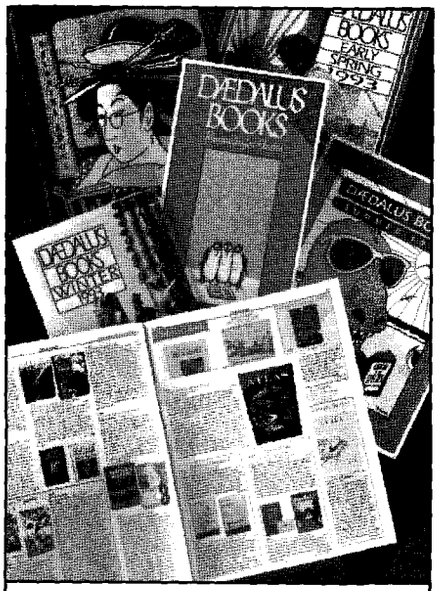

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THE TROUBLE WITH GEORGE

THE exile, in 1957, of the Brooklyn Dodgers to Los Angeles now fuels an industry. All around New York and its suburbs, softball players, strollers, and duffers wear the old Dodgers cap, with its elegant, almost skeletal "B" stitched above the bill. Some retro-fans spend hundreds of dollars for Dodgers jackets, satiny and worn, that are advertised as authentic reproductions. Those who wear the gear of Brooklyn do so out of a strange jumble of motives: pride, nostalgia, modishness. It has been more than three decades since Walter O'Malley moved the Dodgers West (luring the Giants to San Francisco that same year), so even the middle-aged would be hard-pressed to summon a real memory of the team on the field.

But one thing is clear in all this hazy emotion, and that is that the exile of any ball team, and especially one as deeply adored as the Dodgers, helps bring a city just a little closer to ruin. Brooklyn became a diminished place with the flight of the Dodgers, and there has been nothing to replace the spirit and cohesion they provided. What George Steinbrenner is doing now, in threatening to move the Yankees to New Jersey or force the city to build him a new stadium in Manhattan, is an all too familiar act of cultural and civic extortion. George brought some vivid stars and championship teams to the city in his earlier years as an owner, but the central creation of his regime has been himself: a blustering big-city ego who by amazing instinct has made himself better known and more talked about than almost any of his players or managers. For all Steinbrenner's high-minded bluster, the evidence suggests that he cares neither about baseball nor about the city of New York.

There are precious few old ballparks left in the United States: Fenway Park, Wrigley Field, Tiger Stadium, Yankee Stadium. That's it. Most of the newer stadia are as soulless as shopping malls. They have no sense of the city or of history, and their comforts are minimal and banal. (They are like the churches of a completely secular religion.) Shea Stadium is a perfect example. If the Mets

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were to move a mile or two in either direction, into some tarted-up new park, who would care?

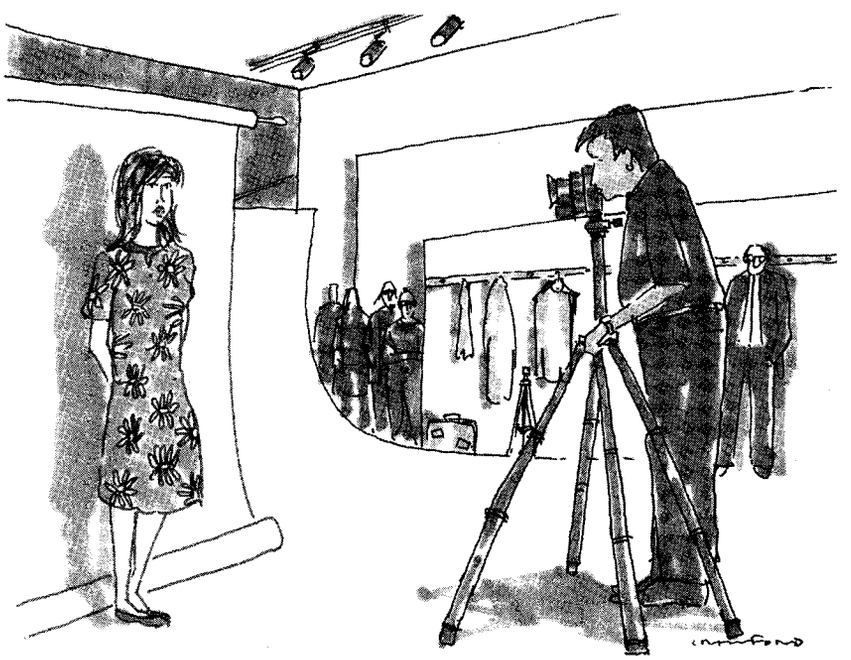
The Yankees have been playing baseball in Yankee Stadium since 1923, and have won twenty-two World Series there. The team is the most successful in any professional sport—only the Montreal Canadiens and the Boston Celtics bear comparison—and Yankee Stadium is a palace worthy of the tradition. It is the House That Ruth Built, but its tenants have also included Gehrig, Gomez, Dickey, DiMaggio, Mantle, Ford, Reynolds, Rizzuto, Howard, Stengel, Berra, Munson, and Jackson. (Reggie, to whom we pay tribute elsewhere in this issue, may have been Steinbrenner's greatest acquisition, in fact—a world-class ego to match his own.) It's no exaggeration to say that if Yankee Stadium should be abandoned, the great moments that have taken place there will suddenly feel distant, even lost.

For the first time in almost a decade, the Yankees are in the midst of a pennant race. They may not make it to the top—a lack of relief pitching and the spectre of the Toronto Blue Jays could cast a chill over the Bronx come late August. But, no matter what happens with the team, the other drama is the Stadium itself. It is New York's Colosseum, a symbol of its greatness and its potential. Steinbrenner has been quick to talk of "Yankee pride" and to parade the retired uniform numbers of the old greats, but his disdain and his carelessness are evident at all times. Steinbrenner has always demanded a lot from the city, and he has always extracted even more than he has demanded. According to the superb reporting of Jim Dwyer, in *Newsday*, Steinbrenner has paid the city an average of a hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars a year in rent for much of the past decade, though the actual annual rent bill is two million one hundred thousand dollars. Steinbrenner justifies his cheapness by claiming that the city owes him most of that for maintenance. "The tenants of the St. Mary's housing projects on Westchester Avenue pay the city more in a year for rent than the Steinbrenner Yankees," Dwyer writes. "The team brings in $50 million a year and cannot keep pace in rent payments with a housing project filled with subway token clerks and $9 an hour morgue attendants."

Now George wants the city to spend millions to make Yankee Stadium more accessible: more parking, a smoother traffic pattern, a new Metro-North train station. If these were his only demands, the city could probably manage. But George has lately upped the price for his good graces. He has taken to complaining that his team (the richest in the game) is not nearly profitable enough and suffers from the "perception" of danger lurking in the stadium's neighborhood. He has raised the possibility of moving the team to New Jersey, coyly wondering aloud how he could ever resist the blandishments of the casino establishment, which, he says, is willing to help shower him with fans and lucre should he move the team across the Hudson. (The baseball establishment, however, is not happy with the idea of casino money, and might block any such move.)

Governor Cuomo knows that if the Yankees moved out of New York on his watch it might well be the one thing for which he would be remembered, and he has apparently felt that he cannot call Steinbrenner's bluff. "I've talked to George," the Governor was quoted as saying in the *Times*. "New Jersey is all over him. They'd give George Trenton and two draft picks to go there. New Jersey is serious. Once you concede that, you conclude that one must do everything to persuade Steinbrenner to stay where he is." The Governor's "backup position" turns out to be the notion of building a stadium on a rail yard along the West Side between Thirtieth and Thirty-third Streets. Such a stadium would cost half a billion dollars or more, according to the *Times*. Just to pour the necessary concrete platform over the present railroad tracks near the Hudson River would cost two hundred million.

There are those who dream of the city's buying and running the Yankees. That way, the theory goes, New York would get the tens of millions of dollars in revenues that Steinbrenner is getting now. Perhaps. But what mayor would want to be responsible for a losing team? It's one thing to fail to clear the snow from the streets, quite another to hire an inept manager and demolish a World Championship club. Another dream is for a benevolent ownership, one like that of the Oakland Athletics. Walter Haas has not only tried to win with the A's—and the team has enjoyed both success and national prominence in recent years—but also given back an element of pride and flair to a city that desperately needed it. For now, though, we are stuck with George—stuck with appealing to the far reaches of his conscience. In his lust to tap the suburbs for greater riches, he foolishly ignores a future of new fans in the city—in particular, Hispanic fans, who love baseball passionately—and a past that is an essential, irreplaceable part of New York. It is a shame to have to depend on a George Steinbrenner to sustain a great civic inheritance, but that is where we are. ♦



"O.K., now I need a few shots of you looking concerned about the planet."

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THE THEATRE

Chinese Theatrical

WHILE Hollywood trend spotters have been busy noticing the resurgence of the horse opera as a subject for movies, another, more operatic kind of opera—Chinese—is the focus of at least two upcoming pictures: "M. Butterfly," directed by David Cronenberg after the play by David Henry Hwang, and "Farewell My Concubine," directed by Chen Kaige. Anyone wishing to get a real-life preview of the genre will have a good opportunity on August 8 at 2 P.M., when the Chinese-American Arts Council presents two New York-based ensembles—the Chow Lung Chuang Chinese Opera Group and Qi Shu Fang's Peking Opera Troupe—in free outdoor performances at Lincoln Center's Fountain Plaza. Chinese opera makes use of an enormous number of theatrical techniques, from acrobatics to expressionistic makeup to pantomime, and the Lincoln Center event (which includes two short works, "Farewell to My Conqueror" and "The Legend of Bal Su-Zhen") promises to display them in ample measure.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	28	29	30	31

Kathryn Zaremba and Cindy Lou in "Annie Warbucks."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ANNIE WARBUCKS—The sequel to "Annie." With Kathryn Zaremba, in the musical's title role, Harve Presnell, and Donna McKechnie. The book is by Thomas Meehan, the music is by Charles Strouse, and the lyrics and direction are by Martin Charnin. Also with Cindy Lou, as Sandy. In previews. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

BABY WITH THE BATHWATER—The Art & Work Ensemble's production of Christopher Durang's 1983 play. Opens July 30 at 8, and runs through Aug. 15. (Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. 925-3960.)

THE DARK SIDE OF DIXIE—A comedy by John Wall about an eccentric Southern family. Previews through July 31. Opens Aug. 1 at 7 and runs through Sept. 5. (Wings Theatre, 154 Christopher St. 627-2961.)

IN THE SUMMER HOUSE—Lincoln Center Theatre presents Jane Bowles' 1953 play, with Alina Arenal, Frances Conroy, Kali Rocha, Jaime Tirelli, and Dianne Wiest. Previews through July 31. Opens Aug. 1 at 6:30. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ANGELS IN AMERICA: MILLENNIUM APPROACHES—The first half of Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counter-revolution, and it maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their private and public destinies. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play is a saga about sexual politics, death, and decency. Not to be missed. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

BLOOD BROTHERS—A glum non-musical musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. The boys later become friends, love the same girl, and die violent deaths. Willy Russell, whose credentials are good, wrote book, music, and lyrics, to no avail. With Con O'Neill, Stephanie Lawrence, Jan Graveson, and Mark Michael Hutchinson. Mr. O'Neill leaves the show after July 31; Brian d'Arcy James replaces him starting Aug. 2. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

CAMELOT—"Camelot" is made of sturdy stuff, and it's a good thing, too, given this production's direction and set design. Robert Goulet rises far above his surroundings and has created a worthy successor to his Lancelot. As for the rest of the cast, between the wood-nymph ballet and the madrigal ballet and the slo-mo fights anyone would be hard-pressed to be credible. Even so, it's still "Camelot," and Goulet is convincingly Arthurian. Just close your eyes and listen. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. Closes Aug. 7.)

DO-WOP LOVE—A musical revue of fifties and sixties tunes, put together by Ronald Wyche and performed by a five-member cast. (National Black Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 125th St. 722-3800.)

FOOL MOON—Bill Irwin and David Shiner are the inspired clowns in a show that is perfection itself. The only sound you'll hear is the merry music of the Red Clay Ramblers and the abundant laughter of the audience. (3/8/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This edition is as funny as its predecessors. Among the new shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos," and the holdovers include "Les Misérables" and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini, as if you had to be told, is the clever writer and director, and Susanne Blakeslee, Allison Briner, Brad Oscar, and Craig Wells are the performers, doing a large assortment of roles. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

THE GOODBYE GIRL—Bernadette Peters and Martin Short, two brilliant, funny stars, transform this otherwise indifferent musical adaptation of Neil Simon's movie into a sporadically festive evening. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by David Zippel. Michael Kidd directed. (3/15/93) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100. Closes Aug. 15.)

HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHOOP-DEE-DOO!—A cast of nine in sixteen musical numbers. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

JEFFREY—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS; with John Michael Higgins. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally, a star performance by Brent Carver, as the heroic homosexual window dresser, and another by the redoubtable Chita Rivera, in the title role. Under Harold Prince's direction, the action is always lively and often witty and tender. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, the setting is by Jerome Sirlin, and the costumes are by Florence Klotz. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LOOSE KNIT—Theresa Rebeck has written a series of scenes about the heterosexual trials and tribulations of five New York City women who are members of a knitting circle. The scenes are funny, but they are hitched to a meandering, inconsequential plot. As in last year's "Spike Heels," however, Ms. Rebeck says very little very well. The actors are lively and believable (Mary B. Ward and Daniel Gerroll, as a sleazy bachelor plutocrat, stand out), the jokes are perceptive, and the evening is pleasant. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes July 31.)

NOSTALGIA TROPICAL—A revue of Afro-Cuban music from the thirties, forties, and fifties, featuring Meme Solis. (Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

A PERFECT GANESH—To say that this play of Terrence McNally's tells the story of two middle-aged women from Connecticut making what turns out to be a pilgrimage through India barely indicates its richness of invention or the humor that keeps breaking through its underlying sadness. The acting does credit to the dramatist, which is saying a lot. Zoe Caldwell plays a matron, enthusiastic in manner, who is all but torn apart by strong emotional contradictions, and the primness of Frances Sternhagen, as her travelling companion, is a camouflage that almost conceals her fears and courage; in support, Fisher Stevens shows admirable adaptability as every man in the cast, and Dominic Cuskern, as the Hindu god Ganesha, is a source of innocent and not so innocent merriment. John Tillinger directed. (7/12/93) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

PRIME TIME PROPHET—A musical satire about televangelists, by Kevin Connors and Randy

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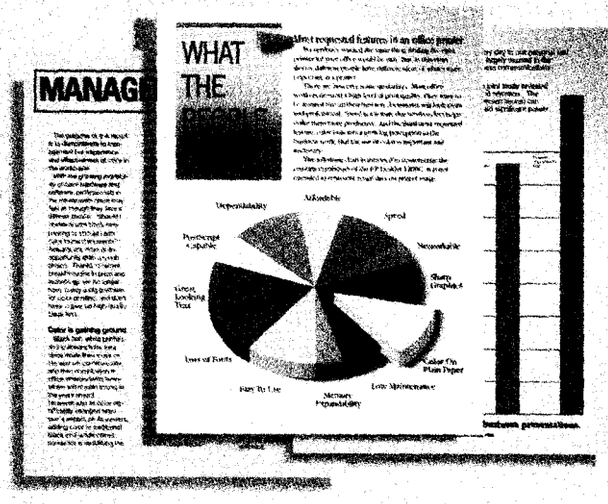

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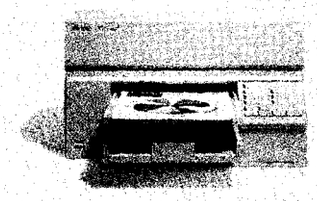

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Buck. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. 777-7474.)

SHAKESPEARE FOR MY FATHER—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare, which she delivers with eloquence and emotion. This essentially serious evening is often as amusing as it is sad. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

SHE LOVES ME—This revival of the musical by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, a charmer thirty years ago, barely survives a clunky production. Even so, the score and lyrics hold up, as does the book by Joe Masteroff; the company, headed by Boyd Gaines and Judy Kuhn, as a couple of secret pen pals in a Budapest *parfumerie* in 1934, performs well, under difficult circumstances. (6/28/93) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes here on Aug. 1; the show will move to another Broadway house, to be announced.)

THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG—Wendy Wasserstein's latest play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

THREE HOTELS—This new play by Jon Robin Baitz is no more than a technical exercise, but what technique! Debra Monk and Ron Rifkin are superb as husband and wife; the versatile Joe Mantello directed. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

THE WHO'S TOMMY—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill, but director Des McAnuff's production is caught on the horns of a theatrical dilemma that no amount of slick, exhausting spectacle can resolve. The hero, that deaf, dumb, and blind kid, is spectacularly passive, and thus unreachable, unknowable, and essentially undramatic. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JELLY'S LAST JAM:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **OLEANNA:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

DANCE

IN TOWN

NIKOLAIS AND MURRAY LOUIS DANCE—The final performances in "Nikolais: Remarkable Retrospective." July 28 and July 30-31 at 8: "Imago." . . . ¶ July 29 at 8 and July 31 at 2: "Pond," "Mechanical Organ," and "Gallery." (*Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.*)

DANCING IN THE STREETS—Presenting several site-specific events. July 28 at 6:30 and July 31 at 3: The Dances for Wave Hill series continues in Riverdale, with a piece by Sara Pearson and Patrik Widrig & Company, featuring cellist Robert Een, and another by Shäm Mosher, performing with a group of local children. (Wave Hill, Independence Ave. and W. 249th St., the Bronx). . . . ¶ July 29-30 at 6:30: "Cho Mu," a collaborative work by the choreographer Joanna Haigood and the artist Reiko Goto in which the audience follows the dancers from Ms. Haigood's Zaccho Dance Theatre through an installation of sculptures by Ms. Goto. The "happening" takes place in an abandoned garden next to the Roosevelt Island Subway Station. (For information about tickets or directions to all events, call 989-6830.)

RALPH LEMON—With his company. The Everett Dance Theatre is also on the bill. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 30 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ROBIN TRIBBLE—With guest artists, in a program of tap, comedy, jazz, and vocals. (Woodpeckers Tap Dance Center, 170 Mercer St. 219-8284. July 30-31 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—July 28-29 at 8, July 30 at 8:30, and July 31 at 2 and 8:30: Garth Fagan Dance, in "Moth Dreams," "Prelude," "Postscript Posthumous: Ellington," and "Eastern Freeway Processional." . . . ¶ July 30 at 8, July 31 at 5, and Aug. 1 at 7: Stephan Koplowitz & Company, in an evening-length work titled "Thicker Than Water." . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 8: Hubbard Street Dance Chicago, in a program of "Read My Hips," "Baker's Dozen," "Step Out of Love," and "Nine Sinatra Songs." Through Aug. 7. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

Camp Songs

"SPILT MILK," a three-girl-and-one-guy revue offered on Mondays this month at Don't Tell Mama (343 West 46th Street), got its name from a dinner-table accident that occurred while the group was brainstorming for title ideas. "We're picturing a claustrophobic, sloshed crowd," says Noel Katz, the composer, reckoning that such an audience would best appreciate his twisted tunes. Mr. Katz, who supplied the music for playwright Tony Kushner's N.Y.U. master's project, is a devotee of the Tom Lehrer school of songwriting: "I Don't Want to See the Pope (I Want to See You)" is rendered by genuflecting supplicants; "My Baby" praises the glowing woman from Three Mile Island who "melts me to the core"; and "Tom's," a song about the Upper Broadway greasy spoon featured in the "Seinfeld" sitcom, is a near-libellous assessment of the eatery's menu.

These and other equally improbable sentiments are given sophisticated credence by the close, Manhattan Transfer-like harmony of the quartet (Laura Duncan, Nanette DeWester, Carol Spencer, and Mark Flores) and the smart staging and arrangements of former Whiffenpoof Rob Tate. For all the cynicism, an unabashed romantic streak keeps surfacing in songs like "Thoughts in Transit," a bittersweet peek at the flustered feelings of two shy types on a bus. But no mere ballad stands a chance against "My Chiropractor's Hands," the hero of which Ms. Spencer extolls as she writhes in ecstasy: "I like a man who knows his scoliosis from sciatica. When he makes his prognosis, he is so simpatica."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Just off the lobby, the long and narrow Oak Room hosts a dependable succession of caba-

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ret luminaries. The apparently immortal **HILDEGARDE** is in the midst of a monthlong appearance here, her first extended gig in town in some years. Now in her mid-nineties (but who's counting?), she styles her show as a retrospective of her life, including the composers and lyricists she's worked with—which means everybody who was anybody. You can try to keep up with her Thursdays through Saturdays. Raconteur Alex Bennett Kahn, a fabulist of fabulousness, shares his memories on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Virginia Graham conducts interviews (live or by telephone) with an assortment of guests in the Blue Bar, weekdays beginning at noon, until mid-October. The matriarch of talk-show schmoozers, Ms. Graham (who hosted the television show "Girl Talk") was revered by sixties suburbanettes (and the more sensitive of their sons) for her frank chitchat and flawless bouffant—both of which continue to hold up nicely, thank you. Kaye Ballard will be her guest on July 28. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, green-walled room with brass railings and mounted O'Keeffian animal skulls. Look closer and you'll find that the skulls are wearing earrings. Surely it will come as no surprise, then, to discover that the woman onstage—also wearing earrings—is actually **CHARLES BUSCH,** the irrepressible playwright, drag star, and cutup. He is in the midst of a run of "The Charles Busch Revue," a parody of TV variety shows of the Carol Burnett/Judy Garland persuasion. Two singers (Denise Nolin and Doug Ladendorf), two dancers (David Bartee and Jim Borstelmann), and a musical combo (led by Dick Gallagher) add their bits to the merriment. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** plays and sings at the cocktail hour on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Once you get past the rough bits here—the hordes of tourists, the cattle-car seating, the stiff prices—you're likely to find yourself face to face with some of the biggest names in jazz. Argentine saxophonist and composer **GATO BARBIERI** handles the headlining duties through Aug. 1; on Aug. 3, soprano saxophonist **GEORGE HOWARD** buzzes in for six nights. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This big, airy folk-and-rock club used to be the site of a lot of music-industry bashes, but now it's an eclectic and hard-to-figure-out venue for the good, the bad, and (sometimes still) the great. **JOHN GORKA,** a soft-spoken singer-songwriter, performs on July 29. His gentle, earnest presence and quietly stirring songs have made this Village regular into a real folkie phenom—finally a male candidate for the pantheon populated by Suzanne Vega and Shawn Colvin. **TAJ MAHAL,** who takes the stage on July 30-31, has made a career of wandering in and out of the country blues. His forays into fusion and Caribbean sounds point to his expansive tastes and his spongelike gift for picking up goodies in unlikely places (like his version of "Take a Giant Step," a Goffin-King song recorded by the Monkees). Even though his latest album, "Like Never Before," has guest stars up the wazoo, all Mahal really needs is a stool and a guitar.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve everything is easy on the eyes and ears. Pianist-singer Andy Bey's trio holds forth through July 31, and pianist Kenny Drew, Jr., arrives with a trio on Aug. 2. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle—Bobby Short's haunt—is closed for the summer, but Bemelmans Bar, across the hall, perseveres, even though many of its habitués are off in search of cooler climes. Those who remain behind can seek solace in the room's whimsical murals (by Austrian artist Ludwig Bemelmans) and in the smoothly sentimental singer and pianist **KURT WIETING,** who will hold down the fort Mondays through Fridays until Labor Day.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club. New and used bands of every stripe continue to burn brightly here. **CHEMICAL WEDDING** and **FUNKFACE,** plus several other bands from Brooklyn Beat and the Black Rock Coalition, are here on July 29, and **BAND OF SUSANS** will perform on July 31.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz grotto. Through Aug. 1, the spotlight is on drummer extraordinaire **LOUIE BELLSON** and his quartet. Starting Aug. 3 is the **NEW YORK SWING QUARTET,** an assembly of topnotch players: **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** on guitar, **BERNARD (PRETTY) PURDIE** on drums, **JOHN BUNCH** on piano, and **JAY LEONHART** on bass. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Dining.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but that's part of its appeal. **HOT TUNA,** that hoary offshoot of Jefferson Airplane, will heat up the stage on July 28-29.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club most likely to feature an electric-rake player. **INGRID KARKLINS** will grace the stage on July 28, with her dark, spirited Latvian vocal numbers. On July 30, **MARC RIBOT** comes in for a night. One of the most sought-after and inventive guitarists around, Ribot has worked with everyone from Elvis Costello to the Lounge Lizards. His own band, the Rootless Cosmopolitans, plays what might be called punk jazz. The hard-swing and wonderfully odd rock band **PERE UBU** plays on July 31.

LA CAVE ON FIRST, 1125 First Ave., at 62nd St. (759-4011)—Though situated in the basement of an Upper East Side Mexican restaurant (Pancho Villa), this is an establishment worth checking out. There's nothing trendy or even distinguishing about it, and that may be the secret of its appeal. The entertainment varies, from tap dancing one night to gospel the next. The current emphasis is on jazz. Closed Sundays.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it could have been the inspiration for the Hard Rock Café. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) On July 31, **THE BAND** returns yet again. Past performances by the remaining members have been mixed at best, but with a new record due and that heartbreaking back catalogue there's always hope for a glimmer of "Last Waltz" greatness. Dining.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. **STRAITJACKET FITS** will be here on July 28, with the Bats and JPS Experience. Truman's Water is in on July 29, along with Nothing Painted Blue and Thinner. July 30 belongs to the **TELEVISION PERSONALITIES,** a London-based group that has been turning out wry, satirical pop since the late seventies. Dan Treacy, the group's lead singer, sounds like Dudley Moore parodying a pop star, and his lyrics have targeted everything from punk poseurs to David Hockney. The group's sound is intentionally crude, which, depending on one's taste, can be either grating or charmingly irreverent. **BARBARA MANNING** and **MADDER ROSE** are also on the bill. **LUNA** and Wild Carnation take the stage on July 31.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Well worn but comfortable, in the style of a good old American family restaurant. The musical menu is currently entrusted to songstress **SARA ZAHN,** whose bill of fare—thirties and forties pop classics by Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers, and their ilk—leaves room in each performance for daily specials, served up according to the character and taste of the audience (assuming they have character and taste). Monday nights are given over to the

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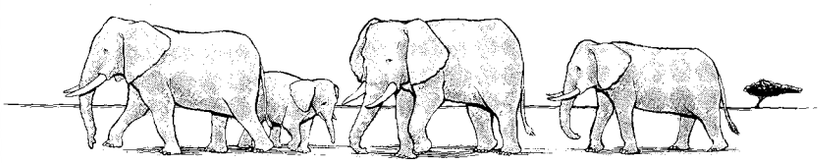

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra, with Woody Allen on clarinet; the group has been a fixture here for twenty-two years, through the best of times, through the worst of times.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret with an amazing view. "The Night They Invented Champagne"—a Lerner and Loewe revue starring **MAUREEN BRENNAN, EDDIE KORBICH, JULIET LAMBERT,** and **MARTIN VIDNOVIC**—will run through the summer. This light but energetic show presents such classics as "On the Street Where You Live" and less well known numbers like "She Is Not Thinking of Me." The singers have big, confident voices and an intimate way with lyrics—no thanks to an overbearing sound system. Closed Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—An enormous rock club, where the orchestra has been gutted for maximum standing capacity. The intense, meditative Rastafarian band **BURNING SPEAR** will step in on July 30.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The closest thing in Manhattan to a rain forest, this venerable club has many selling points: tropical drinks, Brazilian food, faux palm trees, a thatch-roofed bar. The great **THOMAS MAPFUMO,** the originator of the distinctive Zimbabwean dance music called chimurenga, plays here on Aug. 3; the reggae band Culture opens. (In addition, Mapfumo fans can find their hero at Central Park SummerStage on July 31.) Also on tap at S.O.B.'s this week: Latin jazz, with pianist **MICHEL CAMILO'S** trio on July 28-29; French Caribbean dance tunes, with the Haitian group Zin, on July 30; and samba, by the Brazilian outfit Minas, on July 31. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine, where you have to pass within inches of the stage to reach the rest rooms. The **WOLFGANG MUTHSPIEL** group, with Tom Harrell, Chris Cheek, Larry Grenadier, and Jeff Ballard, sets up camp through Aug. 1. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—With the opening of the Chestnut Room, this legendary tourist haven is making a bid to attract serious jazz fans. The club, which resembles a hunting lodge, is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment, but the bookings have been impressive. The **ROGER KELLAWAY** trio is here through Aug. 1. Dining.

TIME CAFÉ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden within this trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. July 30 belongs to the Boston jazz band **ORANGE THEN BLUE** and July 31 to guitarist Jeff Buckley. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A homey loft space where zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main orders of business. On July 29, the **SKATALITES** share honors with **MEPHISKAPHELES. BIG JAY MC NEELY** and **BIG JOE HOUSTON** invite you to witness the battle of the saxes on July 30-31. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Through Aug. 1, the stage will be home to a trio led by **MULGREW MILLER,** who honed his skills with the Mercer Ellington band and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers on the way to establishing himself as one of the leading hard-bop pianists. Beginning on Aug. 3, **DOROTHY DONEGAN** relieves him on the piano bench, heading her own trio. Donegan cut her teeth in the clubs of her native Chicago in the early forties; her intimate style has expanded considerably over the years, to the point where her stage action sometimes rivals her jazz renditions. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.**

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: a place where you'd go to eat even if there were no music. A trio with **JOE TEMPERLEY** on sax, **JUNIOR MANCE** on piano, and **PAUL WEST** on bass will be in through July 31. Closed Sundays.

"The Night They Invented Champagne," at Rainbow & Stars.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

SERIOUS FUN!—Final performances of the series. July 28: Longtime avant-gardist La Monte Young and his Forever Bad Blues Band. . . . ¶ July 29: Lisa Kron's one-woman show "101 Humiliating Stories." . . . ¶ July 30: The Kipper Kids, a perfomance duo from Europe via Los Angeles. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Evenings at 8.)

ART

Proto Pop

At moments, the "Hand-Painted Pop" show now at the Whitney (through October 10) is quite divine. A room of small works, for example, from the mid-nineteen-fifties up to 1960, by Cy Twombly and Jasper Johns—including some of the latter's first flag, target, and number paintings—offers viewers one of the more pleasurably intimate Johnsian encounters of recent times, and the room's tight historical focus dispels the rather woolly reverence that has lately surrounded Twombly. The rest of the show makes it clear that some of the most offhandedly elegant works of post-war American art were created by Pop artists in the fifties, before the movement was named, and by a long list of other artists, from Grace Hartigan to Larry Rivers, who freely used a Pop-ish pictorial vernacular without ever seeming to be Pop. The gallery of early Warhols is also wonderful. The plain poesy of works like "Icebox" (1960) and his balmy and languorous "Peach Halves" (1962) contradicts the notion that Warhol was a commercial genius and not a true painter-artist. James Rosenquist, perhaps the toughest and least lovable of the Pops, also seems to be among the most influential—the obvious precedent for artists such as David Salle and Peter Cain.

The exhibition, which was organized by Donna De Salvo and Paul Schimmel, originated in Los Angeles and made the trip to New York in reduced form. Some connections remain unclear in this abridged version. The role of artists like Jean Follett and Jess seems mysterious. There are too many similar brown Rauschenbergs. Still, "Hand-Painted Pop" is bright and cool.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Jefferson R. Burdick (1900-63), an electrician by trade, set out to assemble the world's largest collection of baseball cards, and some of his acquisitions are now on view in the American Wing, a few steps away from the Temple of Dendur. The cards date from 1887 to 1958 and are a charming chronicle of baseball's development, from the sartorial (knickers and drawstring jerseys) to the tonsorial (haircuts, mustachios, and muttonchops that would make Don Mattingly blush). The exhibit includes a vivid hand-colored 1948 Leaf Gum Company All-Star series that bears a bizarre resemblance to Andy Warhol's silk-screen work; a 1909 Honus Wagner card with a bit too much pink in the cheeks (poor Honus looks like he's wearing rouge); and a wonderful 1887 series of several players miming their fielding positions, as though practicing Tai Chi. . . . ¶ Verrocchio's larger-than-life "Christ and St. Thomas," a Medici commission completed in 1483 and normally on view in an outdoor niche of the Orsanmichele, a granary-cum-oratory in Florence, was recently restored and sent here for a visit. Its patina, long obscured by industrial pollutants (among other accretions), is revealed to be a startlingly rich chestnut brown. (A bit of greenish oxidation remains visible on the foot of

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the figure of the doubting Thomas.) It's a magnificent, imposing sculpture, despite the intimacy of the scene, and a major feat of quattrocento engineering as well. . . . ¶ "Abstract Expressionism: Works on Paper, Selections from the Collection." This show, which features work from 1938 to 1967, seems almost comically tame in the light of Abstract Expressionism's initial reputation. Included are de Kooning, Motherwell, Pollock, Stamos, and Tobey. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ More than a hundred drawings from the J. Paul Getty Museum, with special emphasis on the Italian Renaissance. Included are Leonardo's delicate sketch of a child embracing a lamb (for a painting long since lost) and works by Bernini, Bronzino, Mantegna, Raphael, and Titian. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Forty examples of Persian tiles, from the twelfth century through the late nineteenth, in a snug, one-room exhibit. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.) . . . NOTE: The roof garden, featuring six large sculptures, a great view, and cappuccino, is open when weather permits.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Latin-American Artists of the Twentieth Century" includes more than ninety artists, most notably Tarsila do Amaral (1886-1973), a lively Cubo-Surrealist painter from Brazil, and Jesús Rafael Soto, the Venezuelan whose brilliant Op constructions, famous during the sixties, seem timely again. The younger generation, including Julio Galán and Guillermo Kuitca, is especially strong. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Pastime in Prints," very much a summer show, includes more than seventy depictions of leisure and outdoor activity by fifty artists, from Degas to Picasso to Hopper. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ "Multiple Images: Photographs since 1965 from the Collection" features work by Jan Groover, Sol LeWitt, Duane Michals, and Charles Ray. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Fifteen new large-scale linoleum-block prints by Chuck Close. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . NOTE: The sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays, from 6 to 10, with musical performances devoted to twentieth-century Latin America.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum presents Rebecca Horn, a German artist whose work incorporates all manner of objects, from feathers to pistols to mercury—everything except old-fashioned paint and canvas. Among the many striking pieces here, the most ingenious is "Concert for Anarchy," a mechanized piano hung upside down from the ceiling; the piano suddenly bursts open and then slowly retracts. The museum is also screening a selection of Horn's experimental films. . . . ¶ Two floors below but light-years apart, "Modern Masterpieces from the Permanent Collection," which includes paintings by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Mondrian, Miró, and Picasso, is reassuring evidence that fine art still lives. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—More than seventy paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by Paul Klee (1879-1940). Through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ "Singular Dimensions in Painting," an exhibit of minimalist work, primarily from the fifties and sixties. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A site-specific installation by Rebecca Horn. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 10.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"In the Spirit of Fluxus," a carefully thought-out and handsomely installed exhibition of art and incunabula by the far-flung practitioners of this international neo-Dada non-movement. The funkiness of Fluxus and its pungent aura of eroticized squalor have, however, been lost in this eminent translation. Some of the reconstructed works almost suggest Jeff Koons' production values. . . . ¶ "Abject Art." A lively and very interesting show, organized by the Whitney Independent Study Program. As at the recent Biennial, many of the curatorial themes ("gender identity," "repulsion and desire," etc.) are academic and rather maddening, but the unlikely connections made between the works—between Cy Twombly and Mike Kelley, for example—are nothing if not thought-provoking. Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ "Hopper in Paris" consists of twenty-five small-scale views of streets, bridges, buildings, stairwells, and courtyards that Hopper painted during three sojourns in Paris in the early nineteen-hundreds. Through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ "The Subject of Rape," an installation that examines rape in art, history, law, and the media. Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ "Hand-Painted Pop: American Art in Transition, 1955-62." (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The Hall of Human Biology and Evolution," a new permanent exhibition, includes a hologram of the interior of a woman's body, the world's largest array of pre-human and human fossil casts, a skeleton family watching TV, and a reproduction of an animal frieze from the cave of Lascaux. . . . ¶ "Bears: Imagination and Reality." . . . ¶ "The Dinosaurs of Jurassic Park" features several life-size props created for Steven Spielberg, including a Tyrannosaurus rex, a triceratops, and a velociraptor. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ More than fifty color photographs examining "The Pantanal: Brazil's Forgotten Wilderness," a floodplain "the size of Wyoming," home to rare and endangered animal and plant species. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Second Dimension: Twentieth-Century Sculptors' Drawings." More than seventy-five works from the museum's permanent collection, including figure drawings by Louise Nevelson and Isamu Noguchi. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Flora Photographica: The Flower in Photography from 1835 to the Present." Much more than a collection of pretty blossoms, this exhibition of a hundred and eighty images ranges from eighteen-seventies Scowen & Company albumen prints to a 1953 shot, by Jean Dieuzaide, of Salvador Dali emerging from the water, a pair of petals balanced on the points of his waxed mustache. Through Aug. 21. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:45.)

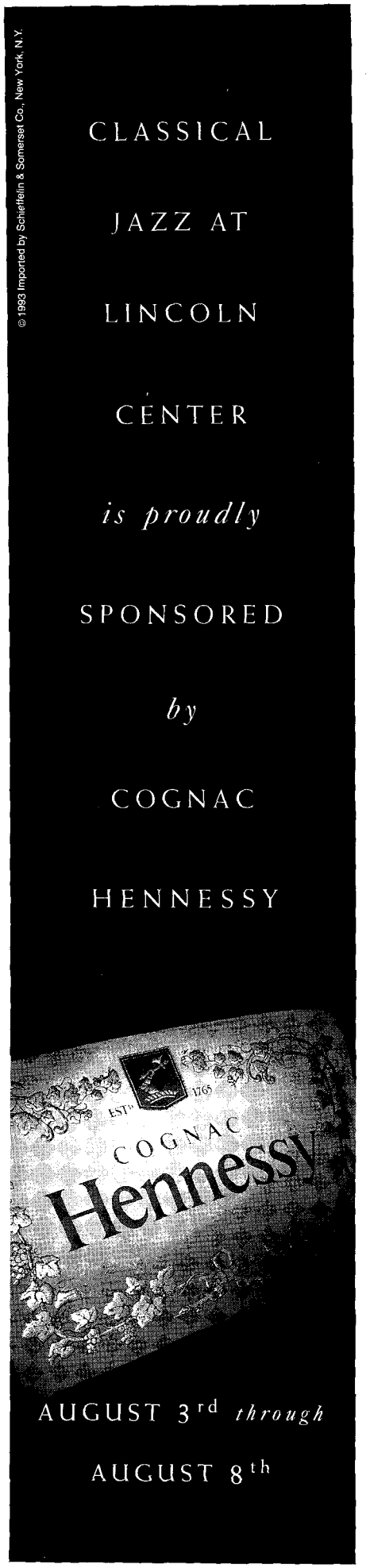
GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

ROXIE MUNRO—Twenty-five detailed watercolors of New York, Paris, and London, some of which have appeared as covers for this magazine. Through July 31. (Images, 580 Broadway. Open Saturdays.)

ELYN ZIMMERMAN—A few recent drawings and three big new granite sculptures, in an eternal-seeming post-minimalist style, apparently designed for outdoor settings. "Triad," suggestive of a high-tech Stonehenge, would look good at one end of a swimming pool. "Font" and "Vessel" are fountains themselves, bestilled and implacable. Through Sept. 11. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

"OKAY BEHAVIOR"—This congenially anarchic show brings together nine young artists from the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. All the work is vaguely political, and in its oddly articulate way the show defines a generation of artists hellbent on turning boredom into amusement. Adam Chodzko clips personal ads and pairs them off, while Gary Graves photographs his own body from every possible angle and tapes the pictures together, fancying himself a newfangled, post-conceptual Muybridge. The most engaging works are by Montreal's Bill Burns: with toy



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A D V E R T I S E M E N T

ART–Cont'd

cranes and miniature workers perched atop stacks of books about pain and pills, he has created a whole fantasy world. Through July 31. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

SHORT LIST—BERRISFORD BOOTHE: Kelly, 591 Broadway. Through July 31. . . . CHARLES BURCHFIELD: The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Through July 30.

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

KIICHI SUMIKAWA—Twelve striking sculptures celebrate their creator's love of wood. Although their forms are minimalist, their subtle curves preclude starkness, and the timber is cut and positioned to display elaborate elliptical whorls of natural-grain patterns, often with fine and coarse textures placed side by side. The show includes a few of the sculptor's elegant Japanese carpentry tools, and photographs of his monumental works in stone and steel. Through Aug. 28. (Takashimaya, 693 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

"SPAIN, ESPAGNE, SPANIEN: FOREIGN ARTISTS DISCOVER SPAIN, 1800-1900"—Picturesque Spain, as seen by Cassatt, Manet, and others. Through Sept. 18. (Equitable Gallery, 787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St.)

"WISH YOU WERE HERE: VINTAGE POSTCARDS OF NEW YORK CITY PARKS, 1900-50"—More than a hundred views of sixty-five parks. Through Aug. 31. (Arsenal Gallery, Fifth Ave. at 64th St.)

OTHER VENUES

"FORTY-SECOND STREET ART PROJECT"—The Forty-second Street Development project and Creative Time, a nonprofit organization for public art, have invited twenty-four artists and teams to decorate the largely vacant stretch of Forty-second Street west of Seventh Avenue. Most of the artists have endeavored to integrate their projects with the environment, so that they are neither clearly art nor clearly urban accident. Adelle Lutz, who is perhaps best known for the Astro-Turf suits she designed for her husband, David Byrne, has filled the windows of the former American Male shop, on the north side of this strip, with fashions that look very Hullabaloo sixties but are undeniably about sex in the city today. They are made out of condom packs sewn together into sexy, shieldlike outfits. Lutz has also displayed several "No more firs!" fashions, with mannequins covered in winter wear made of faux pine needles. The condom outfits are brash and outrageous, a thoroughly appropriate collision of issues and art, but the fir coats are perfect surreal objects, which could work equally well in the windows of Bloomingdale's or the vitrines of the Met. Through Oct. 31.

"MONUMENTAL PROPAGANDA"—Self-styled instigators Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid have invited an international cast of a hundred and fifty artists to envision the future of Soviet monuments. Their drawings, sketches, photographs, and written proposals—some of which recently appeared in this magazine—are nearly as surprising as the recent history that made these ideas possible. Through Oct. 3. (Courtyard Gallery, World Financial Center.)

SOCRATES SCULPTURE PARK—The work of fifty New York artists is on display in the biggest show ever at this riverfront lot in Long Island City, approximately across the East River from Gracie Mansion. The work ranges from sinister (Itty Neuhaus's black net draped over street lights) to sly (Gregg LeFevre's calabashes in a tree) to outright funny (Kurt Novak's giant pink mama kangaroo). Antoinette Ayres' ten-foot-high beehive tomb, coated inside with beeswax and redolent of honey, is a neighborhood favorite. The structural-steel sculptures of the park's founder, Mark di Suvero, anchor it all against the Manhattan skyline. Through Aug. 1. (Vernon Boulevard, at Broadway.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Arms and the Camera

NUDES, flowers, city life, war, families—we have become accustomed to general themes as subjects for photography exhibitions. A different approach can be seen at Witkin (415 West Broadway; through August 27), where an exhibition has been mounted on a very specific subject, a part of the body that has not been the focus of a show before—the funny bone. The exhibit is called "On the Elbow," and the gallery has actually managed to put together a group of over fifty photographs that encourage you to be more aware of elbows, in pictures and in general. Who ever thought about elbows in photography? After seeing this show, who will ever be able to forget about them?

There is a satisfying variety of images—by well-known, lesser-known, and anonymous photographers—and many of the pictures are worthy of attention, whether or not you're looking at them with elbows in mind. Of all the photographs, André Kertész's shot of an arm in frightening proximity to an electric fan provokes the most visceral response. But many others—such as Ruth Orkin's photograph of Marlon Brando in Julius Caesar garb, sitting at a chessboard in his dressing room and apparently contemplating his next move—do much to raise elbow-consciousness. Only a few pictures seem thrown in. The emphasis in Jack Welpott's "Sabine Resting," for example, makes it more suitable for a show titled "On the Neck." Maybe next summer.

MARGARET MORTON/SKEET MCAULEY—Morton's black-and-white photographs of shanties in New York capture the architectural resourcefulness of the men and women who built them. In her pictures, rubble and discarded wood can be as powerful as marble. / McAuley takes huge color shots of oasis-like golf courses in the arid Southwest. Through Sept. 4. (Lowinsky, 575 Broadway.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Outside the Dream: Child Poverty in America." Seventy black-and-white works by photojournalist Stephen Shames. . . . ¶ Collaborative Polaroids by artists and teen-agers from New York City. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—Opening night, backstage, and production shots since 1893 that celebrate Broadway's one-hundredth anniversary. Playwrights, stars, and composers include Fred Astaire, George Gershwin, Al Jolson, and Tennessee Williams . . . ¶ Photographs from the Australian outback. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

SHORT LIST—NEELON CRAWFORD: Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through Aug. 27. . . . **FRANCOIS KOLLAR:** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through Sept. 18. . . . **DAIDO MORIYAMA:** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. Through Aug. 8. . . . **MINAYOSHI TAKADA:** Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through Sept. 10.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Museum of Natural History, and the New York Public Library.)

MUSIC

Vicarious Victoria

THE Spanish soprano Victoria de los Angeles is in the midst of a seventieth-birthday tour, and, sadly, no New York date has been booked. This missed opportunity is particularly regrettable, because the singer is enjoying the remarkable Indian summer of a remarkable career. There's nothing like the adventure of twenty great songs in a row from someone who knows their secrets, and nobody knows more of their secrets than Miss de los Angeles. She's been a star in her native Barcelona since her début there, in 1944, and a star around the world since the 1950-51 opera season, when she made opera débuts at Covent Garden, La Scala, and the Metropolitan. A quarter century has already gone by since the operatic phase of her career wound down, but in concert she has gone on and on. As those who heard her recital two seasons back at the Manhattan School of Music know, the voice may have diminished in range and strength, but it has only grown in character.

New Yorkers unable to catch the soprano next month at the Ravinia Festival outside Chicago can sample the recent recordings that have been arriving in the shops. Video Artists International, which released a video of her stunning 1989 Barcelona recital, has now come up with a charmingly underproduced BBC telecast from 1968, with the accompanist Gerald Moore (who fumbles with music stacked on the floor, fumbles with page turns, fumbles with impromptu explanations of songs, but never misses the mood of a song). The same label has also put out a double CD of concerts from 1952 to 1960 (with, among other things, Pablo Casals accompanying on the piano), and Collins Classics has issued a 1990 London recital full of the singer's old standbys and her unforgettably vivid expression.

IN TOWN—OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the company's fiftieth-anniversary season, which will run through Nov. 21. **CARMEN**, with Sharon Graham and Antonio Barasorda; conducted by Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (July 28 at 8 and July 31 at 1:30.) . . . **LA BOHÈME**, with Eva Zseller as Mimi; conducted by Karen Keltner. (July 29 and July 31 at 8.) . . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY**, with the original 1904 score, including a lullaby for Cio-Cio-San to sing to little Trouble; with Elizabeth Hynes in the title role; conducted by Christopher Keene. (July 30 and Aug. 3 at 8, and Aug. 1 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. English supertitles at all performances.)

A TASTE OF "TOSCA"—An hour of highlights from Puccini's blood-soaked opus; with soprano Elizabeth Holleque and tenor Allan Glassman. (Tobin Plaza, World Trade Center. Aug. 2 at 12:15. No tickets necessary.)

IN TOWN—ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Kurt Masur conducts Schumann's Symphony No. 4 and Brahms' "Academic Festival Overture" and Violin Concerto (featuring Shlomo Mintz). (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. July 28-29 at 8. . . . **NOTE:** Members of the orchestra will perform Clara Schumann's G-Minor Piano Trio in pre-concert recitals, open to ticket holders, both evenings at 6:45.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—July 28: Pinchas Zukerman conducts the Festival Orchestra in Mahler's arrangement of Beethoven's F-Minor String Quartet (the "Serioso," Op. 95), as well as in Mozart's C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 467, with Jon Kimura Parker) and Beethoven's Violin Concerto (in which the conductor will double as soloist). . . **NOTE:**

The Cleveland String Quartet at the Norfolk Chamber Music Festival and Maverick Concerts.

Aficionados of comparative listening may hear Beethoven's "Serioso" Quartet (in its original scoring) played by the Audubon String Quartet, in a pre-concert recital, open to ticket holders, beginning at 7. . . . ¶ July 29: Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio, Beethoven's Violin Sonata No. 10, and Tchaikovsky's String Sextet "Souvenir de Florence," featuring Mr. Zukerman and colleagues. . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders, cellist Daniel Gaisford and pianist Nelson Padgett will perform Beethoven's G-Minor Sonata (Op. 5, No. 2). . . . ¶ July 30-31: John Nelson conducts the Festival Orchestra in Mozart's D-Minor Piano Concerto (K. 466, with Alicia de Larrocha), as well as in Beethoven's first-act incidental music for "The Creatures of Prometheus," his concert scena "Ah, perfido!" (with soprano Camellia Johnson), and his Symphony No. 8. . . . **NOTE:** On July 31 at 7, Messrs. Gaisford and Padgett will reprise their pre-concert recital of two nights earlier. . . . ¶ Aug. 2: The Borodin Trio plays piano trios by Mozart and Tchaikovsky, and baritone Sergei Leiferkus performs Russian art songs. . . . ¶ Aug. 3: Neeme Järvi conducts the Festival Orchestra in Mozart's F-Major Piano Concerto (K. 459, featuring Lilian Kallir), Violin Concerto No. 3 (with Maxim Vengerov), and a handful of the composer's dances, as well as in Tchaikovsky's "Mozartiana" Suite. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Evenings at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Carlos Franzetti conducts a Latin-American program, including works by Ginastera, Villa-Lobos, and Ray Barretto, who will appear with his New World Spirit Jazz Ensemble. (Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn. July 31 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

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IN TOWN—RECITALS

Bargemusic—Chamber music by Beethoven (his "Ghost" Trio) and Ravel (his Violin and Piano Sonata and Piano Trio); with violinist Mark Steinberg, cellist Christopher Costanza, and pianist Steven Mayer. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. July 29 at 7:30 and Aug. 1 at 4.)

"Way Down East"—The 1920 D. W. Griffith melodrama in which Lillian Gish drifts away on an ice floe and is rescued, in the nick of time, by the derring-do of Richard Barthelmess. A chamber ensemble from the Juilliard School (conducted by Gillian Anderson) will play a reconstruction of the original silent-film score. (Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. 875-5600. July 29 at 8.)

Summergarden—The Museum of Modern Art, in a Latin-American mood this summer, provides a forum for vocal music by Samuel Zyman (from Mexico), Servio Cervetti (Uruguay), Hector Campos Parsi (Puerto Rico), Eduardo Kusnir (Venezuela), Jack Délano (Puerto Rico), and Alfonso Montecino (Chile); featuring soprano Cheryl Marshall. (Sculpture Garden, 14 W. 54th St. July 30-31 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Performing music by Uruguayan composer Luis Pasquet. (Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. Aug. 1 at 2. . . . ¶ McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus. Aug. 1 at 4. No tickets necessary for either concert. For rain-date information, call 1-718 549-1899.)

Belated Birthday—Everyone seems to have missed Luigi Boccherini's two hundred and fiftieth birthday, back on February 19. A cellist of dazzling ability, Boccherini left his native Lucca when he was fourteen to assume a position in the court orchestra of Vienna. In 1767, he made a big splash in Paris, publishing the first six of his string quartets; he would eventually write nearly a hundred of them, and even more quintets. Two years later, he was lured to Madrid, where he spent the rest of his sixty-two years and was much appreciated for his genial disposition and his sense of musical decorum. The Nieuw Amsterdam String Quartet (a period-instrument group) will honor his memory by performing two of his string quartets, in an appropriately polite setting. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Aug. 1 at 6. For information about tickets, call 876-6000.)

OUT OF TOWN

Caramoor Music Festival—July 29 at 4:15: Chamber works by Jan Dismas Zelenka, Arnold Bax, Jean Françaix, and Mozart, with harpist Deborah Hoffman and the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ July 30 at 8:30: The Orchestra of St. Luke's (conductorless for the night) purveys concertos and sinfonias by Vivaldi. . . . ¶ July 31 at 8:30: André Previn conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's in Haydn's Symphony No. 82 (the "Bear") and Cello Concerto No. 1 (with Wendy Warner), as well as Mozart's Symphony No. 29; he'll double as the pianist in Mozart's obbligato aria "Ch'io mi scordi di te" (featuring soprano Lorraine Hunt). . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 5:30: Pianist Daming Zhu performs Mozart's C-Major Sonata (K. 330), a pair of Debussy preludes, Busoni's "Variations and Fugue in Free Form after Chopin's C-Minor Prelude," and Chopin's twenty-four Préludes (Op. 28). (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-1252.)

Glimmerglass Opera—"Così fan Tutte." (July 29 at 8.) . . . ¶ "Werther." (July 30 at 8 and Aug. 2 at 2.) . . . ¶ "Le Comte Ory." (July 31 at 8.) . . . ¶ "The Midnight Angel," by David Carlson. (Aug. 1 at 2.) (Cooperstown, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-607 547-2255. English supertitles at all performances.)

Rutgers SummerFest—The festival concludes with a salute to Brahms. July 29: Songs and dances, plus the String Sextet No. 1. . . . ¶ July 30: Several of the composer's last works, including his "Vier ernste Gesänge," "Klavierstücke" (Op. 119), and Clarinet Quintet. . . . ¶ July 31: Robert Kapilow conducts the Festival Orchestra in Brahms' Symphony No. 1 and Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Ilana Vered). (Nicholas Music Center, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-908 932-7511. Evenings at 8, with pre-concert lectures at 6:30.)

Tanglewood—July 29 at 8:30: Songs by Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff, performed by soprano Galina Gorchakova, baritone Sergei Leiferkus, and pianist Semyon Skigin. . . . ¶ July 30 at 8:30: Roger Norrington conducts the Boston Symphony in Brahms' Piano Concerto No. 2 (with André Watts) and Schumann's Symphony No. 2. . . . ¶ July 31 at 8:30: Roger Norrington directs Beethoven's Missa Solemnis, with the Boston Symphony, the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, soprano Amanda Halgrimson, mezzo-soprano Sarah Walker, tenor John Aler, and bass Alastair Miles. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony in Alexander Goehr's "Colossos or Panic," the final scene from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" (featuring Ms. Gorchakova and Mr. Leiferkus), and Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 (with Evgeny Kissin). . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa, Leon Fleisher, and Roger Norrington take turns presiding over the Boston Symphony and the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra in works by Britten, Brahms, Copland (his "Old American Songs," with baritone Thomas Hampson), and Tchaikovsky (his "1812 Overture," with fireworks following). (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

Wynton Marsalis and Marcus Roberts in a tribute to Thelonious Monk at Lincoln Center.

Aston Magna Festival—Presenting French Baroque music—principally for viols—by the Sieurs de Machy and de Sainte-Colombe, as well as by the latter's star pupil, Marin Marais. (Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson. July 30 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-914 758-7425. . . . ¶ St. James Church, Great Barrington, Mass. July 31 at 6. For information about tickets, call 1-413 528-3595.)

Norfolk Chamber Music Festival—July 30 at 8:30: Guitarist Eliot Fisk, in solo and chamber music. . . . ¶ July 31 at 8:30: The Cleveland String Quartet plays quartets by Mozart (in G Major, K. 387), Beethoven (in C Minor, Op. 18, No. 4), and Smetana ("From My Life"). (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-3000.)

Maverick Concerts—The Cleveland String Quartet plays quartets by Mozart (in G Major, K. 387), Beethoven (in C Minor, Op. 18, No. 4), and Smetana ("From My Life"). (Woodstock, N.Y. Aug. 1 at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-914 679-8217.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

"Monk's Point"—Thelonious Monk, the great pianist and composer, was an iconoclast with set ways. Because he so rarely strayed from a standard horn-and-rhythm-quartet setting, the handful of nights he fronted a big band have taken on a legendary glow. A 1959 Town Hall show, recorded in all its edgy glory, featured arranger Hall Overton's careful recolorizations of some of Monk's most personal tunes. Four years later, Monk took Overton's arrangements and a beefed-up ensemble to Lincoln Center on New Year's Eve. It must have been quite a party. Helping to commemorate the event's thirtieth-anniversary year is pianist and musical director Marcus Roberts, whose hand-picked band has dazzling virtuosity in drummer Billy Higgins and trumpeter Wynton Marsalis and the shimmer of potential in saxophonists Herb Harris and Walter Blanding, Jr. One can only hope that Roberts' presentation will nudge future jazzmen in the direction of the gorgeous "Monk's Mood" or the acidic "Off Minor" the next time they instinctively reach for "'Round About Midnight" or "Straight, No Chaser." This concert opens Lincoln Center's Classical Jazz series. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Aug. 3 at 8.)

Dwight Yoakam—For a guy who lives about as far as you can get, geographically and psychologically, from Appalachia and still live in the continental United States, Dwight Yoakam hasn't drifted from his Kentucky roots, which is a good thing. L.A. has not been without its influence: Yoakam has dated Sharon Stone, and every now and again he wears leather pants instead of ripped jeans. Still, he hasn't succumbed to pop's easy irony and sentimentality. On "This Time," his sixth album, he continues to sing about drinking, lost love, and hard times, standard fodder for a country boy, but it's all buoyed by a voice so tuneful and assured that he can switch from a croon, on "Pocket of a Clown," to a Red River Valley cowboy wail, on "A Thousand Miles from Nowhere." You'd swear you were back in the Bluegrass state. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. July 29 at 8.)

Ray Charles—Brother Ray is such an institution that folks often forget that if he hadn't come along and just about single-handedly invented it, soul music, as we know it, would probably not exist. As laid out, chapter and verse, in fifties classics like "Hallelujah I Love Her So," "This Little Girl of Mine," and "What'd I Say," his gospel taught the blues how to testify, and the congregation has never been the same. (It should also be

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noted that, with songs like "I Can't Stop Loving You" and "Georgia on My Mind," he bridged the stylistic and racial gaps between R. & B. and country as well.) Charles's latest album, "My World," includes a duet with Mavis Staples ("Love Has a Mind of Its Own") that just about reaches funk perfection, and the rest of the record is filled with his usual nonchalant genius. So head for the auditorium and say "Amen, baby," and "Uh-huh." Darlene Love will open. (Radio City Music Hall. July 30 at 8.)

The Everly Brothers—With their angelic faces and even more angelic voices, the young Everly Brothers were the embodiment of the dreamy side of fifties rock and roll. Brother acts were a country-music tradition—Don and Phil grew up in Kentucky—but the Everlys' lilting two-part harmonies inspired and influenced partnerships in every corner of the pop world, from New York's Simon and Garfunkel to Liverpool's Lennon and McCartney. Their music has aged well; it remains youthful without seeming juvenile. When they sing "Let It Be Me," it can still melt hearts. Opening is the Wanderer himself, Bronx homeboy Dion, who's so cool that when he was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame a while back, the awards honchos needed Lou Reed to properly praise him. (Radio City Music Hall. July 31 at 8.)

Butthole Surfers/Stone Temple Pilots—Butthole Surfers singer Gibby Haynes met guitarist Paul Leary in the late seventies at San Antonio's Trinity University, where Haynes was an accounting major and Leary's father was a professor of business administration. It only makes sense that Haynes and Leary went on to become the driving noisemakers behind one of the loudest, sleaziest, most blissfully nihilistic bands to crop up in punk's wake. The Surfers will perform songs from their major-label début, "Independent Worm Saloon," which boasts titles like "Dog Inside My Body" and "Chewin' George Lucas Chocolate," in addition to older favorites. San Diego's Stone Temple Pilots, whose album "Core" is in the Top Ten, will open the evening's anti-festivities. A flamboyant young hard-rock outfit with a twist, the Pilots address social ills, including date rape ("Sex Type Thing"). (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Aug. 3-4 at 8.)

Al Jarreau/David Sanborn—Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 28 at 7. For tickets, call 307-7171. . . . ¶ Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. July 31 at 8.

The Kinks—Jones Beach Theatre. July 30 at 8.

They Might Be Giants—With NRBQ and Pere Ubu. (Central Park SummerStage. July 31 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Thomas Mapfumo—With the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. (Central Park SummerStage. Aug. 1 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Festival New Orleans!—A Crescent City Lollapalooza: the Radiators, Buckwheat Zydeco, Beausoleil, the Subdudes, Evangeline, John Mooney & Bluesiana, the Zion Harmonizers, and the Young Olympia Brass Band. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 1 at 6.)

UB40—With Gin Blossoms. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 3 at 8.)

Joan Baez—With John Wesley Harding. (Westbury Music Fair. 1-516 334-0800. Aug. 4 at 8.)

"Sounds at Sunset"—A series of weekly concerts saluting Broadway's centennial. This program features Liz Callaway, George Dvorsky, Terri Klausner, Nancy LaMott, and Patrick Quinn doing material by Sondheim, Bernstein, and Jule Styne. (Hudson River Park Pavilion, near the Chambers St. entrance. Aug. 3 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

"Jazz in July"—Final concerts in the series. July 28: Kenny Davern and the Randolph Street Ramblers, Warren Vaché and his Nifty Quintet, Derek Smith, Dick Hyman, Carrie Smith, et al. . . . ¶ July 29: Saffire: The Uppity Blues Women, Carrie Smith, Ralph Sutton, Jay McShann, and others. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Evenings at 8.)

SPORTS

Yes, but Can They Catch?—Renowned slugger Donald Trump and a cadre of film and television stars, including Ron Silver, Treat Williams, and Mark Harmon, take over Yankee Stadium on July 31 for the third annual Celebrity Softball game. Game time is 11:30.

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Milwaukee Brewers, July 30 at 7:30, July 31 (Celebrity Softball) and Aug. 1 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, Aug. 2-3 at 7:30.

Mets—Vs. the Florida Marlins, July 28 at 7:40 and July 29 at 1:40.

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000, and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Insistence—Max Roach will kick off Harlem Week '93 with "We Insist '93," a concert that will involve readings, dance, and theatre, with Ossie Davis, Babatunde Olatunji, Cassandra Wilson, and the Pilar Lynch/Morley Kamen Dance Ensemble, among others. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 135th St. 650-7100. Aug. 1 at 3.)

All Aboard—Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! The Alice Austen House will hold its free annual nautical festival on Aug. 1, from 1 to 4. There will be demonstrations by various craftspeople, including a scrimshander and a fishnet weaver; a performance by the sea-chantey trio Stout; and storytelling. (2 Hylan Blvd., Staten Island. 1-718 816-4506.)

Stepping Out—The Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company will open the annual Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors series with "Fête," "Love Defined," and "D-Man in the Waters." (Damrosch Park. Aug. 3 at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)

Paddle Power—As part of the Finlandia Clean Water Challenge, more than a dozen kayak and canoe paddlers will finish a thousand-mile course that began in Chicago on June 27 and will end at Battery Park City's North Cove Yacht Harbor around noon on Aug. 2. Some fifty participants will join the marathoners for the final leg of the trip. For more information, call 362-2176.

Worse Than You Think—Cyberpunk pioneer William Gibson and novelist-critic Steve Erickson, both of whom write with an eye to the dystopian future, will read from their own fiction. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 29 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Homegrown—On Aug. 1 at 1, there will be a tour of plants native to New York City at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. At 2:30, the Brooklyn-based Eva Dean Dance Company will perform in the rock garden. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.)

Swing Out, Sister—At the World Financial Center, the free Dancing on the Plaza series continues on July 28, from 7:30 to 9:30, with the Kit McClure big band, an all-woman jazz orchestra that plays songs from the nineteen-forties. (Battery Park City.)

Readings—July 29 at 8: Samuel R. Delany will read from his own science fiction. With Rachel Pollack. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. Tickets at the door on the evening of the reading.) . . . ¶ Aug 3 at 8: Joyce Carol Oates will read from "Foxfire: Confessions of a Girl Gang." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. No tickets necessary.)

Walks—July 31 at 1: The East Village of Trotsky, Abbie Hoffman, and Madonna, through the eyes of Radical Walking Tours. For more information, call 1-718 492-0069. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2: The Urban Park Rangers will open up the world of Central Park's medicinal plants. Meets at Central Park West and 100th Street.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			28	29	30	31
1	2	3				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Amongst Friends" (directed by Rob Weiss).
Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).
Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).
Theatre 6: "Orlando" (†).

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through July 29: "Heimat II: Chronicle of a Generation: Episodes 12 and 13" (Edgar Reitz, in German).
From July 30: "Where Are We? Our Trip Through America" (Rob Epstein and Jeffrey Friedman).

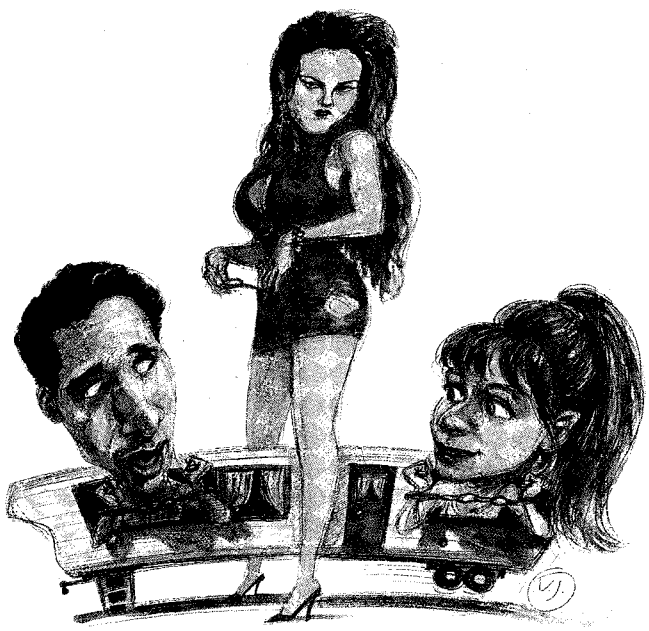
NEWMAN THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
A program of Italian films.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†).
Theatre 2: "Robin Hood: Men in Tights" (Mel Brooks), with Cary Elwes.
Theatre 3: "Rookie of the Year" (Daniel Stern).

VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Firm" (†).
Theatre 3: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 4: "Menace II Society" (Allen and Albert Hughes).
Theatre 5: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 29: "Free Willy" (Simon Wincer). From July 30: "So I Married an Axe Murderer" (Thomas Schlamme), with Mike Myers.
Theatre 7: Through July 29: "The Firm" (†). From July 30: "Tom and Jerry—The Movie" (Phil Roman), an animated film.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 29: Two programs of animated Japanese films; and "Delivered Vacant" (Nora Jacobson), a documentary.
From July 30: "Tokyo Decadence" (Ryu Murakami).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (Claude Sautet, in French).
Theatre 2: "Benefit of the Doubt" (†).
Theatre 3: "Another Stakeout" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss and Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 4: "The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).
Theatre 5: "Hocus Pocus" (†).
Theatre 6: (Matinées only) "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1937); and (evenings only) "Chain of Desire" (Temistocles Lopez).



Max Parrish, Andrea Naschak, and Adrienne Shelly in "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me."

Theatre 7: Through July 29: "Boys' Shorts: The New Queer Cinema," a program of six short films. From July 30: "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me" (Joel Hershman).

19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Firm" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†).
Theatre 3: "Poetic Justice" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Firm" (†).
Theatre 5: "Coneheads" (Steve Barron), with Dan Aykroyd and Jane Curtin.
Theatre 6: "Another Stakeout" (John Badham).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"In the Line of Fire" (†).

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Hocus Pocus" (†).
Theatre 2: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 3: "Another Stakeout" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss and Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 4: "Poetic Justice" (†).

34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Coneheads" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 2: "The Firm" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jurassic Park" (†).

EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Hocus Pocus" (†).
Theatre 2: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1937).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Robin Hood: Men in Tights" (Mel Brooks), with Cary Elwes.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Poetic Justice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Poetic Justice" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 29: "Benefit of the Doubt" (†). From July 30: "Tom and Jerry—The Movie" (Phil Roman), an animated film.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Last Action Hero" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "Last Action Hero." From July 30: "Rising Sun" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Another Stakeout" (John Badham).
Theatre 2: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 3: "Menace II Society" (Allen and Albert Hughes).

ART EAST CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
Through July 29: "Dave" (Ivan Reitman).
From July 30: To be announced.

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 4: "Coneheads" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 5: Through July 29: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†). From July 30: "So I Married an Axe Murderer" (Thomas Schlamme), with Mike Myers.
Theatre 6: "Coneheads."

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Cliffhanger" (Renny Harlin).
Theatre 2: "Weekend at Bernie's 2" (Robert Klane).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Sleepless in Seattle" (†).

NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "Free Willy" (Simon Wincer).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Amongst Friends" (Rob Weiss).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Firm" (†).

EAST 85TH STREET, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Firm" (†).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: "In the Line of Fire" (†).

ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Poetic Justice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†).
Theatre 3: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 29: "Free Willy" (Simon Wincer). From July 30: "So I Married an Axe Murderer" (Thomas Schlamme), with Mike Myers.
Theatre 5: "Coneheads" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 6: Through July 29: "Rookie of the Year" (Daniel Stern). From July 30: "Tom and Jerry—The Movie" (Phil Roman), an animated film.
Theatre 7: "Poetic Justice" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Hocus Pocus" (†).
Theatre 2: "Another Stakeout" (John Badham).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "From Hollywood to Hanoi" (†).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "La Vie de Bohème" (directed by Aki Kaurismaki; in French).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Coneheads" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 2: "Poetic Justice" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "Jurassic Park" (†). From July 30: "Rising Sun" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography," a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Barjo" (Jerome Boivin; in French).
Theatre 3: "For a Lost Soldier" (Roeland Kerbosch, in Dutch).
Theatre 4: "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rookie of the Year" (Daniel Stern).
Theatre 4: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Theatre 5: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
Theatre 6: "Hocus Pocus" (†).
Theatre 7: Through July 29: "Free Willy" (Simon Wincer). From July 30: "Rising Sun" (†).
Theatre 8: "Robin Hood: Men in Tights" (Mel Brooks), with Cary Elwes.
Theatre 9: "In the Line of Fire" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Made in America" (Richard Benjamin).
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1937). From July 30: "Tom and Jerry—The Movie" (Phil Roman), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "Cliffhanger" (Renny Harlin).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"In the Line of Fire" (†).

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Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Benefit of the Doubt" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rookie of the Year" (Daniel Stern).
Theatre 3: "Last Action Hero" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: "Dave" (Ivan Reitman).
Theatre 5: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French).
Theatre 6: Through July 29: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1937). From July 30: "Tom and Jerry—The Movie" (Phil Roman), an animated film.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Jurassic Park" (†).
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dave" (Ivan Reitman), with Kevin Kline.
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Coneheads" (Steve Barron).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Road Scholar" (Roger Weisberg).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"Amongst Friends" (Rob Weiss).
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Music of Chance" (Philip Haas).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Hocus Pocus" (†).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"In the Line of Fire" (†).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Much Ado About Nothing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 3: "Orlando" (†).
Theatre 4: "Jacquot" (†).
Theatre 5: "Guelwaar" (Ousmane Sembène; in French and Wolof).
Theatre 6: "Un Coeur en Hiver" (Claude Sautet, in French).
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Jurassic Park" (†).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Poetic Justice" (†).
Theatre 2: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†).
Theatre 4: "Coneheads" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 5: "The Firm" (†).
Theatre 6: "Free Willy" (Simon Wincer).
Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Robin Hood: Men in Tights" (Mel Brooks), with Cary Elwes.
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (†).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Another Stakeout" (John Badham).
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1937). From July 30: "Tom and Jerry—The Movie" (Phil Roman), an animated film.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Menace II Society" (directed by Allen and Albert Hughes).
Theatre 2: "Free Willy" (Simon Wincer).
Theatre 3: "Cliffhanger" (Renny Harlin).
Theatre 4: "Sleepless in Seattle" (†).
Theatre 5: Through July 29: "Posse" (Mario Van Peebles). From July 30: "So I Married an Axe Murderer" (Thomas Schlamme), with Mike Myers.
Theatre 6: Through July 29: "Dennis the Menace" (Nick Castle). From July 30: "Rising Sun" (†).
Theatre 7: Through July 29: "Weekend at Bernie's 2" (Robert Klane). From July 30: "Rising Sun" (†).
Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Another Stakeout" (John Badham).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Coneheads" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 2: "In the Line of Fire" (†).
Theatre 3: "What's Love Got to Do with It" (†).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Firm" (†).
National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Poetic Justice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Robin Hood: Men in Tights" (Mel Brooks), with Cary Elwes.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
A program of films by Mario Bava.
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 31: "Oklahoma!" (1955, directed by Fred Zinnemann).
From Aug. 1: "Apocalypse Now" (1979, Francis Coppola); and "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" (see page 18).
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 28: "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (†); and "The Man Who Never Was" (1956, Ronald Neame).
July 29: "The Last Waltz" (1978, Martin Scorsese); and "Tommy" (1975, Ken Russell).
July 30-31: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941, John Huston), with Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart; and "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Bogart and Ingrid Bergman.
Aug. 1: "Medea" (1971, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "Electra" (1962, Michael Cacoyannis; in Greek).
Aug. 2: "Medea" (1971, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian) and "Accattone!" (1961, Pasolini; in Italian).
Aug. 3: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962, John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra and Laurence Harvey; and "Seconds" (1966, Frankenheimer), with Rock Hudson.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films from Mexico and other Latin-American countries.
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Through July 29: A program of crime, mystery, and suspense films by French directors. . . . ¶ From July 30: A program of new films from Mexico.
American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"All in the Family: The Classic Melodramas of John Stahl and Douglas Sirk." July 31 at 4:30: "Strictly Dishonorable" (1931, Stahl), with Paul Lukas. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2: "Imitation of Life" (1934, †). . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 4: "Imitation of Life" (1959, Sirk), with Lana Turner.
Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 28 at 12:30 and 6: "A Married Woman" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). . . . ¶ July 28 at 3:15 and 8:45: "My Life to Live" (1962, Godard; in French).
Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—July 30-31 at 3: "Mary Poppins" (1964, Robert Stevenson). . . . ¶ July 30 at 7: "Dog Day Afternoon" (†). . . . ¶ July 31 at 7: "Butterfield 8" (1960, Daniel Mann).
Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—July 28 at 8: "Love" (1927, Edmund Goulding; silent), with Greta Garbo. (Organ accompaniment written and played by Lee Erwin.)
Bryant Park, Sixth Ave., at 41st St. (982-4142)—Mondays, starting at dusk, free, drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes cartoons, coming attractions, and an onscreen clock that counts down the minutes until the feature begins. Aug. 2: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950, Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.
Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—July 28-29 at 7: "The Seven Samurai" (1954, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese). . . . ¶ July 30 at 6:30: "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (1957, Jacques Becker; in French). . . . ¶ July 30 at 8:45: "Van Gogh" (1992, Maurice Pialat; in French). . . . ¶ July 31 at 7: "Lola Montès" (1955, Max Ophuls; in French). . . . ¶ July 31 at 9: "King of Hearts" (1967, Philippe de Broca; in French and English). . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 3: "Wuthering Heights" (1954, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 4:45: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962, Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 7: "Simon of the Desert" (1965, Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 8: "Viridiana" (1961, Buñuel; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 9:45: "Nazarin" (1958, Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

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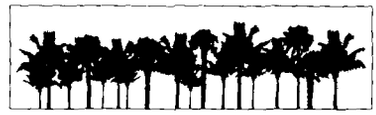

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

SEE PRECEDING PAGES FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Horror

THE shards of "Apocalypse Now" embedded in the mesmerizing behind-the-scenes chronicle "Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse" are more thrilling than they were in Francis Ford Coppola's original movie. (The 1979 epic and the 1991 documentary play back-to-back at the Gramercy from August 1-7.) Fax Bahr and George Hickenlooper, the documentary's co-directors, do what Coppola didn't: they devise a solid structure for his overreaching. In "Hearts of Darkness," even when Coppola grows megalomaniacal and his film begins to fall apart, his zeal and audacity amaze. Whether you read his character as a tortured poet, an ostentatious showman, a martyr, or a monster, it's impossible not to get caught up in his drive to overcome disasters—natural, political, and psychological—and to push his movie across the finish line. He's disarming when he pinpoints the biggest fear of any smart, ambitious movie artist—that his work won't live up to the subject matter, that it will be merely "pretentious."

"Hearts of Darkness" looks at mammoth moviemaking with an unrivalled intimacy, thanks mostly to Eleanor Coppola, the director's wife, who provided Bahr and Hickenlooper with a trove of material—sixty hours of footage she shot during the two hundred and thirty-eight days of gruelling location filming in the Philippines, along with miles of audiotape, including private conversations with her husband. (She recorded the latter as reference points for her evocative, incisive, too-little-read "Apocalypse" diary, "Notes.") Cutting with a swift dramatic sureness and filling out Eleanor's reading of her diary with their own interviews, the filmmakers arrive at a triumph of documentary empathy.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Benefit of the Doubt—The illegitimate offspring of "The Stepfather," this dysfunctional-family thriller follows an obsessively devoted dad (Donald Sutherland) as he tries to connect with his grandson (Rider Strong) and reconnect with his daughter (Amy Irving) after spending twenty-two years in prison for killing her mother. There's a topical recovered-memory gimmick; otherwise, the plot swings on rusty hinges. Apart from Irving's game attempt to harden her screen image (she looks like a pumped-up Priscilla Presley and sounds like Susan Tyrell), all the movie has to recommend it are the Arizona red-rock locations, which are filled with whorl-like patterns and convoluted ridges, as if some Navajo deity left fingerprints on the landscape. Jonathan Heap directed, from a script by Jeffrey Polman and Christopher Keyser; with Graham Greene, Christopher McDonald, and Theodore Bikel.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ 59th Street East Cinema; through July 29.)

Dog Day Afternoon (1975)—One of the best "New York" movies ever made. Sidney Lumet directed this fictional re-creation of an unusual bank robbery on a 97-degree day in August, 1972, working from Frank R. Pierson's very fine script. Sonny (Al Pacino), who is trapped in the middle of robbing a bank, with a crowd gathering in the street outside, is a married working-class man; he got into this robbery mess by trying to raise money for his lover Leon (Chris Sarandon) to have a sex-change operation. The most touching element in the film is Sonny's inability to handle all the responsibilities he has assumed. Though he is half-crazed by his situation, he is trying to do the right thing by everybody—his wife and children, the suicidal Leon, the hostages in the bank. Lumet keeps so much low comedy and crazy melodrama going on that he can risk the long, quiet scenes that draw us in. (He doesn't even use a musical track.) Pacino's Sonny, grandstanding to the crowds who cheer him on, brings just the right urban craziness to the situation. The contrast between the small, frightened nutty robbers inside the bank and the huge apparatus of police, F.B.I., and news media outside add to the lunacy. And Sarandon gives one of the finest homosexual performances ever seen in a movie; he's true to Leon's anguish in a remarkably pure way—he makes no appeal for sympathy. There are also surprising, wonderful things from such actors as John Cazale, who plays Sonny's partner in the robbery with a despairing burnt-out face, and Charles Durning as a police detective who becomes irascible and begins shouting like Sonny.—P.K. (Metropolitan Museum of Art; July 30.)

The Firm—That Cub Scout of superstars Tom Cruise is perfectly cast as the go-getting, white-bread hero of John Grisham's tale of chicanery and murder in a hoity-toity Memphis law firm. The director, Sydney Pollack, and his usual phalanx of screenwriters (Robert Towne, David Rayfiel, and David Rabe get script credit) try to improve on their source—and only partially succeed. The clunky plot continues to be riddled with implausibilities, and the movie runs a slack two hours and thirty-four minutes. But Pollack and his team do come up with a more logical line of action and give the hero and his wife (the sexy, skeptical Jeanne Tripplehorn) a smidgen of self-awareness. And they soup up the side characters. Holly Hunter, Gary Busey, Ed Harris, David Strathairn, and Wilford Brimley do themselves proud, and Gene Hackman is in a class by himself, brewing unprecedented mixtures of moral dry rot, fellow feeling, and animal vitality.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Tower East, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

From Hollywood to Hanoi—Tiana Thi Thanh Nga's autobiographical documentary explores the connections between Vietnamese who fled to the United States and those who were left behind, between Communists and survivors of the Saigon regime, and, of course, between Vietnam and America. Thi Thanh Nga is the daughter of a South Vietnamese official who moved his family from Saigon to Washington, D.C., in 1966. (She began her film career under the name Tiana, as a martial artist-actress in Sam Peckinpah's 1975 "The Killer Elite.") She mars this account of her search for Vietnamese roots with a breathless, faux-naïf commentary that's sometimes jokey, often florid, and occasionally insensitive. In a key scene, she visits Siamese twins in the Agent Orange ward of a Saigon hospital. She says she feels close to them—"two beings trapped in one body"—and seconds later does a verbal gavotte about reconciling the warring halves of her Vietnamese-American identity. But when she interviews Amerasian children abandoned by G.I.s and disowned by Vietnamese, their tragedy pierces through her simplistic recipes for healing, and she succeeds in bringing the war back home.—M.S. (Film Forum.)

Hocus Pocus—Since funny-horrible witches have as much surefire appeal for kids as dinosaurs, it's a pity that Mick Garris and Neil Cuthbert, the screenwriters of this contemporary Halloween-in-Salem farce, aren't even at the sorcerer's-apprentice stage. Bette Midler, Kathy Najimy, and Sarah Jessica Parker, as evil sisters from the seventeenth century, do their damnedest to put some comic flesh on the skeletal plot. (Midler, buck-toothed and imperious, gets a freaky chemistry going with the worshipful Najimy, who exists on the wisps of oxygen left in Midler's wake, while Parker flits around like a Valley Witch.) But the movie is saddled with action that runs out of steam at the fifty-minute mark and banal juvenile heroes (played by Omri Katz, Vinessa Shaw, and Thora Birch). Besides the unholy trio, the main source of fun is a talking cat. Kenny Ortega directed.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Columbus Circle.)

Imitation of Life (1934)—Classic, compulsively watchable rags-to-riches-and-heartbreak weeper, from a novel by Fannie Hurst. Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers are the white and black women who go into business together, and Rochelle Hudson and Fredi Washington are their daughters. Ross Hunter produced a remake in 1959 that pulled out all the stops; in both versions you want to laugh at yourself for choking up, but at least the original is simpler and the sobs aren't torn out of your throat. With Warren William, Ned Sparks, Alan Hale, Franklin Pangborn, Noel Francis, Hazel Washington, Madame Sul-Te-Wan (the black actress who worked with D. W. Griffith), Hattie McDaniel, Henry Armetta, and Henry Kolker. Directed by John Stahl.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Aug. 1.)

In the Line of Fire—Clint Eastwood plays Frank Horrigan, a tired-looking middle-aged Secret Service agent who gets wind of a plot to kill the President and marshals his flagging powers in an attempt to stop the assassin (John Malkovich). It's a basic race against the clock: the good guy knows what the bad guy means to do; the villain's preparations and the hero's investigation run on separate tracks until they converge, like runaway trains, at the scene of the intended crime. The heroics are stirring, because the star's ravaged face and stiff, weary gestures tell us that everything Horrigan does costs him something, physically and emotionally. The director, Wolfgang Petersen, isn't a particularly imaginative or stylish filmmaker, but he delivers the goods, and in record time. Both Eastwood's performance and the movie itself have the quality of meat-and-potatoes genre-picture entertainment: nothing fancy, nothing unusual. The only hints of more exotic and unpredictable sensations come from Malkovich, who is threatening to become the most gloriously peculiar screen presence since the heyday of Alastair Sim. —T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/12/93.) (Village Theatre VII, Bay Cinema, New York Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, 62nd & Broadway, and Embassy.)

Jacquot—Agnès Varda's film is a graceful, affecting tribute to her husband, the filmmaker Jacques Demy, who died (of leukemia, at age

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fifty-nine) in 1990. Documentary footage shows Demy in the last year of his life, reminiscing about his childhood and adolescence in the coastal town of Nantes. His liver-spotted hands caress the cheap cameras with which he shot his first movies—most of them crude but imaginative animated shorts with paper-cutout characters. Varda fleshes out her husband's memories with dramatized episodes from his early life, and uses clips from his mature films—"Lola" (1961) and "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (1964) are the best known—to demonstrate the relationship between the mundane experiences of his youth and the ravishing romantic art he created as an adult. The film's elegiac, reflective rhythm is seductive and very moving. Varda conveys the joy of young Jacques's learning, with primitive means, to tell stories on film, and gives us evidence, too, of how fully the movies we know him by expressed his dreamy, passionate nature. This picture celebrates its subject by treating Demy's biography as an instance of a rare continuity between life and movie art—as a miraculous, ephemeral convergence, like "Lola." In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Jurassic Park—Steven Spielberg's warm-blooded, state-of-the-art dinosaurs are a lot speedier than their nearest movie kin, the galumphing atomic-mutant monsters that crunched Japanese cities under their feet in the fifties and early sixties, and that enables the filmmaker to create dynamic stalk-and-chase sequences. But neither the carnivorous dinos nor the placid herbivores inspire anything close to awe, even with the aid of audience stimulants like surging symphonic music (by the shameless John Williams) and repeated closeups of wide-eyed, open-mouthed actors. The screenplay, which is credited to Michael Crichton and David Koepp, reduces Crichton's intricately constructed novel to its bare bones: people running away from hungry animals. For all the ingenuity of the movie's engineering, "Jurassic Park" doesn't have the imagination—or the courage—to take us any place we haven't been a thousand times before. It's just a creature feature on amphetamines.—T.R. (6/28/93) (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, Regency, and Metro Cinema.)

Much Ado About Nothing—On the sunny side of the Bard. Kenneth Branagh leads us through the tiffs and deceptions of Shakespeare's comedy, all shot in and around a Tuscan villa. Branagh does not pay much heed to the virtues of restraint. This is confirmed by most of the performances—Branagh and Emma Thompson as Benedick and Beatrice, splashing out with grand comic gestures, and a mangy Dogberry from an unintelligible Michael Keaton. The movie's jollity feels forced—it's more of a guided tour than a relaxed show of wit. What potency there is comes from the characters who refuse to be gripped by good cheer—Don John, played by Keanu Reeves as a pinup with malice, and Don Pedro, played by Denzel Washington, whose cool gravity shames the rest of the movie.—A.L. (5/10/93) (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Orlando—Sally Potter's film is based on Virginia Woolf's 1928 novel. The story is a fragile piece of whimsy about an English nobleman born in the Elizabethan era who does not grow old or die and thus becomes the central figure in a series of historical tableaux that take the viewer right into the twentieth century; at a certain point, the title character discovers that he has turned into a woman. Potter (who also wrote the screenplay) takes Woolf's exercise in frivolity awfully seriously; the movie is like a Benny Hill sketch performed with fringe-theatre solemnity. And if it weren't for bad acting, this picture wouldn't have any acting at all. Tilda Swinton, who plays Orlando, may not actually wink at the audience, but she always looks as if she were about to. Her smug performance is perfectly suited to the film's arch, knowing tone.—T.R. (6/14/93) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Poetic Justice—With Janet Jackson, directed by John Singleton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, Waverly, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

Rising Sun—Philip Kaufman's witty, luxuriantly sinister mystery thriller is set in contemporary Los Angeles: a sleek, corporate environment that isn't merely shady and deceitful, but fundamentally inauthentic, like virtual reality. The murder of a blond party girl in the boardroom of a powerful Japanese corporation exposes a dense network of connections—among business enterprises (Japanese and American), politicians, the police, and the press. The L.A.P.D. detectives investigating the case—Connor (Sean Connery), a Japan expert, and Smith (Wesley Snipes), his young partner—don't stand heroically apart from this alluring corporate culture; they're ambiguous heroes in a looking-glass world. Connery and Snipes are both wonderful here. Kaufman treats cop-movie narrative conventions and film-noir visual style with a kind of affectionate irony; the picture provides plenty of creepy atmosphere and violent action, and its pace is relentless, but the over-all mood is playful, almost giddy. This detective story is a thrilling and eerily suggestive tour of a territory whose boundaries are maddeningly elusive, murderously fluid. The terrific supporting cast includes Harvey Keitel, Cary-Hiroyuki Tagawa, Tia Carrere, Ray Wise, Kevin Anderson, and Mako. Cinematography by Michael Chapman; music by the great Toru Takemitsu. Based on the novel by Michael Crichton.—T.R. (7/26/93) (Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center; starting July 30.)

At Film Forum 2, a program of films by Mario Bava.

Sleepless in Seattle—A romantic comedy, of sorts. The romance is airy and distant, because the lovers never meet until the final scene, and the comedy is kind of wistful, because it was directed by Nora Ephron. She is still a writer at heart, and it shows—there are scenes here that linger well past their bedtime, all for the sake of a few good lines. Tom Hanks plays Sam, left miserable by the death of his wife, with only his young son, Jonah (Ross Malinger), to console him. The consolation goes a bit far; Jonah rings up a radio talk show to say that his dad needs love (this is almost unwatchable, but grit your teeth and stay with it). Many listeners melt with sympathy, none more so than Annie (Meg Ryan), in Baltimore, shortly to be married and none too happy about it. For the rest of the movie, fate—and Jonah—do their best to bring the couple together, despite the continent that divides them. The result is sweet and moody, and richly photographed by Sven Nykvist, but you can't help feeling shortchanged; Hanks and Ryan have quick wits, and funny faces to match—they should be striking sparks off each other, not mooching around waiting for something to happen. Hanks has a few goofy outbursts, and there is lively backup from Rosie O'Donnell and Rob Reiner as helpful friends, but anyone expecting another "When Harry Met Sally . . ." will be disappointed. At least Harry *met* Sally.—A.L. (7/19/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Spy Who Came In from the Cold (1965)—In its own subdued fashion, Martin Ritt's version of John le Carré's first great best-seller packs a wallop. Three of its key talents—Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and the cinematographer Oswald Morris—previously worked together on the initial Angry Young Man movie, "Look Back in Anger"; this is an Angry Middle-Aged Spy movie. As the British agent Alec Leamas, Burton manages to make self-loathing and bitterness intriguing; he uses his stout body and bagged eyes to create a multihued miasma. He's matched by Cyril Cusack (as Leamas's boss, Control), who gives meaning to every intake of air and sip of tea; by Oskar Werner, who brings refreshing jauntiness to the role of an East German Jewish intelligence officer; and by Bloom, who exudes both naïveté and sensuality as Leamas's Communist lover. With the help of Morris's black-and-white camerawork, Ritt creates an atmosphere of melancholy duplicity that infiltrates a viewer's brain and bones.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 28.)

What's Love Got to Do with It—The film version of Tina Turner's life isn't bad, considering that her story inconveniently lacks the tragic ending that filmmakers usually require to give shape to the rambling, unstructured existence of a musician. Tina, at fifty-three, is still performing and recording, and in the absence of the snuffed-out-in-her-prime option the screenwriter, Kate Lanier, and the director, Brian Gibson, have constructed the movie as a kind of feminist survival story: Tina (Angela Bassett) rises to fame as part of a husband-and-wife act, the Ike and Tina Turner Revue, but then breaks away from her brutal, domineering spouse (Laurence Fishburne) and climbs back to the top of the charts on her own. Bassett scrupulously imitates Tina's spectacular dance moves—the musical numbers are superbly staged—but there's no let-it-rip joy in her performances, and not much sex either. Fishburne's astonishing portrayal of Ike is what holds the movie together. The actor builds, in precise increments, a devastating portrait of a macho control freak; he even finds a kind of ghastly humor in the character's madness.—T.R. (6/28/93) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

KILLER CATCHER

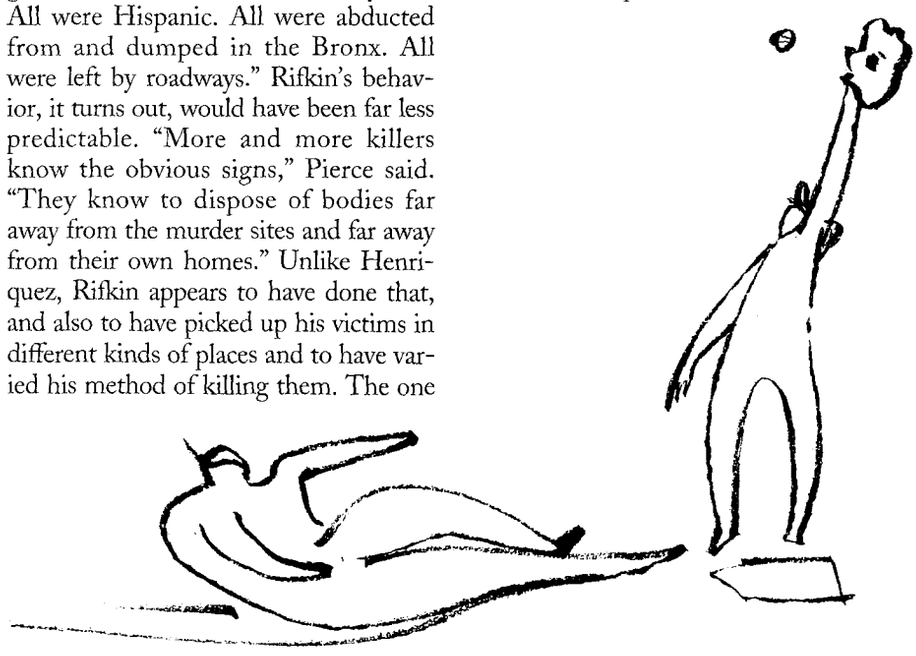
THE experts in crime detection are facing a new challenge. It is the growing sophistication of serial killers: they themselves are becoming experts in the techniques that are used to catch them. This, at any rate, is the view of Detective Ray Pierce, of the Criminal Assessment and Profiling Unit of the New York City Police Department. "Every other day, when you turn on the television there's a story on it about serial murder," he said last week. "You can be sure that the killers are watching, too, and that they're adjusting their behavior accordingly." Pierce thinks that Joel Rifkin may be an example of this new phenomenon. Rifkin is the Long Island man who is reported to have confessed that he killed at least seventeen women, mostly prostitutes, in and around the city over the past two years. Pierce never got the chance to profile Rifkin, because until the police stopped him for a traffic violation, on June 28th, they were unaware that a serial killer was at work. And it looked as if he had been preparing to outwit them. A search of Rifkin's home revealed a considerable collection of literature on serial murder, including a book about the still unidentified Green River Killer, near Seattle, and press clippings about Arthur Shawcross's murders of eleven women around Rochester in 1988 and 1989. "It appears that Rifkin really made a study of the subject," Pierce said.

Pierce, who works at a desk on the thirteenth floor of One Police Plaza, not only is assigned to the unit but is its only member. "It's the perfect job," he said. His role, as the department's leading specialist on serial murder, is to examine the behavior of unidentified killers and work up profiles of them.

Pierce learned his trade in a yearlong fellowship at the F.B.I.'s Behavioral Science Services Unit, in Quantico, Virginia—the group portrayed in the book and the movie "The Silence of the Lambs." He conducts his investigations by using the now familiar technique of gathering "behavioral evidence," which, he said, is based on the premise that "killers leave clues even when they don't leave clues." He added, "The way someone kills tells you a lot about him."

Pierce contributed to the arrest of Alejandro Henriquez, who was convicted last year of killing three Hispanic girls in the Bronx, where he lived. "He was a classic in the old mold," Pierce said. "He had a regular pattern. All three girls were between ten and twenty-one. All were Hispanic. All were abducted from and dumped in the Bronx. All were left by roadways." Rifkin's behavior, it turns out, would have been far less predictable. "More and more killers know the obvious signs," Pierce said. "They know to dispose of bodies far away from the murder sites and far away from their own homes." Unlike Henriquez, Rifkin appears to have done that, and also to have picked up his victims in different kinds of places and to have varied his method of killing them. The one near-consistent element was that most were prostitutes. Pierce said, "Unfortunately, when prostitutes disappear from their usual spots no one knows if they've moved, been killed, or just left the business."

Pierce is forty-four years old and has worked for the N.Y.P.D. for twenty-three years. His interest in the behavioral study of crime stemmed from a specific incident. "I was working homicides in the 75th Precinct, in East New York," he recalled. "I had a case that had remained unsolved for about ten weeks—a doctor's wife who was killed in October of 1983, the day we invaded Grenada. She had been murdered in a little garden apartment right near a hospital. Everything indicated that the killing had come about as a result of a bungled burglary." However, the Behavioral Science Services Unit helped Pierce establish that



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the killer had known the victim and had staged the burglary as a diversion. "She died from strangulation but was also stabbed after she was dead, which is real evidence of rage," Pierce said. "The B.S.S.U. pointed out that the killer had stolen things but not ransacked the place. He knew his way around." This helped Pierce to identify the killer as someone who was already familiar with the apartment.

According to Pierce, the identification of serial killers in New York is especially hard, because there are so many murders. "When you have a serial killer in Seattle or Rochester, you can notice the pattern sooner," he said. "Here we've got two thousand murders a year. Tying any of them together is much harder."

WAR MEMORIES

A SMALL delegation of Vietnamese editors and writers came to town recently for a quick tour of New York's literary world. They'd been in Boston, attending a workshop for writers from the Vietnam War, and would be going on to Washington. The editors of *The Paris Review* welcomed them one afternoon at a gathering in the living room of the magazine's editor-in-chief, George Plimpton, who lives by the East River on Seventy-second Street. Mr. Plimpton was off on Martha's Vineyard, the editors said. The three guests of honor, who arrived a little late, were a diminutive woman, carrying a striped sun hat, and two men, who sat down on Mr. Plimpton's freshly plumped upholstery and were soon smoking Marlboros. All three were Northerners, from around Hanoi. "Thank you for allowing us to smoke," one of the men said. "Everybody still does in Vietnam." The apartment was filled with patrician odds and ends: leatherbound books, a pool table, paintings of elephants in Africa. Soft drinks had been set up in the dining room, along with a silver bucket of ice.

Huu Thinh, the senior member of the group, was formerly a colonel in the North Vietnamese Army, and is now a prominent member of the writers' union in Hanoi and the editor-in-chief of a journal called *Literature and Arts*. He said that he admires the work of Walt Whitman and Langston Hughes, and that he used to compose poems in the caves around Khe Sahn as the bombs were falling outside.

The other man, Nguyen Quang Thieu, is a novelist and translator. When Jim Spencer, of the U.S. Indochina Reconciliation Project, who was the group's New York chaperone, couldn't manage to translate a particular Vietnamese word, Mr. Thieu would step in. He was wearing a bright-yellow shirt and white leather sneakers with pink tongues, and he had a penchant for proclamations. At one point, he exclaimed, "Americans are rich people, but they are crying inside from sadness!"

Le Minh Khue, the third member of the delegation, talked about her days repairing roads on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. "We'd fill up a crater at night, and the next day a bomb would drop and we'd fill it up again," she said. An Army veteran, she won a local prize for her short stories in 1986. She read Hemingway and Steinbeck and Jack London in the Laotian jungle, she recalled, and began composing short stories there at the age of eighteen. Both she and Mr. Thinh became reporters for a government newspaper during the war, and she was in the forests around Da Nang when it ended.

The writers had been visiting publishers and agents around town, who had given them American paperback books to add to their collection of Vietnamese translations of American books. "Gone with the Wind" was a big seller in Vietnam now, they said, but pulp fiction was becoming popular, especially in the cities. "Sex and violence is on the rise," Ms. Khue observed.

Outside Mr. Plimpton's windows, barges slipped down the East River in the afternoon heat. Mr. Thinh smoked his Marlboros in silence, but Mr. Thieu kept up a general patter with the *Paris Review* people. Meanwhile, Ms. Khue looked carefully around the room and talked quietly about the war. "It was exhilarating for the war to end, but to see all the death and wreckage was very depressing," she said. Still, she feels no bitterness toward Americans. "They're people now," she said.

CHARGING AHEAD

EARL TAKEFMAN is a bouncy businessman who wears a close-cropped beard and seems inexhaustible, like the Energizer Bunny. He phoned the other day to offer a private demonstration of a new gadget that he said was

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going to set the battery industry on its ear. His instructions were to meet him at his offices and bring along four dead AA alkaline batteries. In a cramped suite in the Toy Building, Mr. Takefman clipped the batteries into slots in a shoebox-shaped plastic box, closed the lid, and flipped a switch that activated a little red light. Then, with his partners in the venture—Michael Golding, a retired cardiovascular surgeon, and Les Broadway, a businessman from Vancouver Island, Canada—he sat back to await the results. The three were not in the least fazed by a widely publicized claim on the part of Duracell, the world's leading maker of disposable alkaline batteries, that recharging dead disposables could not be done successfully—and, if it were attempted, could be dangerous enough to cause bodily harm from a rupture or an explosion—or by the fact that a spokesman for Duracell had described their gadget as snake oil.

Mr. Takefman said the device was only a prototype and needed more testing before he would commit himself to full-scale production. "We don't want to mislead anybody that this is going to be the next world invention," he said cautiously. But then he added, "I think it will be." After about half an hour, Mr. Takefman removed the batteries and asked Mr. Broadway to test their progress with a voltmeter. They were indubitably regenerating, even though they were still too weak to power a small flashlight.

The technology at the heart of the recharger has an exotic history. It was developed in Russia, according to Mr. Broadway, and his company, the Kensbrook Development Corporation, licensed it from a concern in Atlanta called Vista International, which had stumbled upon the invention in St. Petersburg. Mr. Broadway refused to discuss the technology, which is awaiting a United States patent, but said that Russians in the St. Petersburg area had been using it for years, because they couldn't afford new batteries. "It's a matter of necessity being the mother of invention," he said.

Mr. Takefman is a prosperous toy manufacturer, who started in rattles and bibs, and graduated to a top executive position with SLM International, the company that gave the world Buddy L Big Bruiser dump trucks, Bert and Ernie

GUN CRAZY

In the early fifties, when I went to Fordham Prep, a small high school in the Bronx run by a band of intrepid Jesuits, the only violence was an occasional cuff delivered by a faculty member to the head of a particularly dim-witted student. It was a small school, attended mostly by the sons of blue-collar families. Many of us, including me, were first-generation immigrants, but we had no difficulty mastering English as a second language without the benefit of a federally funded program. We were there to apply ourselves and to do what we were told.

So we were profoundly shaken when we heard that an algebra teacher in a nearby public high school had been shot and killed by a student. In that bygone Truman-Eisenhower era, such crimes were unheard of in any school. The murder weapon was a zip gun. A zip gun was of home manufacture, consisting of a piece of ordinary pipe, a wooden handle kept in place by string or wire wrapping, and a rubber-band-like firing mechanism similar to a slingshot's. The thing was wildly inaccurate and unpredictable, so the teacher was incredibly unlucky to have fallen victim to it.

It is a testament to our rising standard of living that today's high-school kids don't have to depend on such crudely unreliable weaponry. When I was in high school, handguns were rare and next to unobtainable. But, progress being what it is, the 1993 high schooler has a car, a CD player, and an Uzi. A Louis Harris poll published last week tells us that, among pupils in grades six through twelve, nine per cent have taken a shot at another human being and eleven per cent have had a shot taken at them by another human being. Nearly sixty per cent said they would know where to get a gun if they needed one. Not surprisingly, more than a third of the children attending our Sarajevo-like institutions of instruction believe there is a good possibility that they will die before they reach threescore and ten. Fifty-five per cent of these young academic-combat veterans also said they would like to see metal detectors installed at school entrances. This Dodge City, check-your-guns-at-the-door approach to the problem might go some way to achieving a cease-fire in the classroom, but it wouldn't silence the gunfire out-of-doors.

Patrick Daly, a Brooklyn elementary-school principal, was killed in crossfire last December when he was out on the street looking for a missing student. How can young people keep their minds on quadratic equations when they know that something similar could happen to them when they come down the front steps after school? The more advanced centers of education are now training their pupils to deal with the kind of battlefield conditions that prevail in, say, Somalia or the former Yugoslavia. To be prepared for a life of scholarship, students are now being taught to use condoms and to ignore the crump of distant artillery. The militarily challenged child is also being taught how to apply a tourniquet without depositing bodily fluids on hard-to-come-by textbooks.

In my day, Mother packed a banana in your lunchbox, and you had to use that as a pistol to fake it when attempting a heist or a mugging. Today, it seems, the box contains Teflon-coated .38-calibre specials along with the trail gorp. This is certainly an advance of a sort, for at least today's students no longer have to depend on zip guns.—NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

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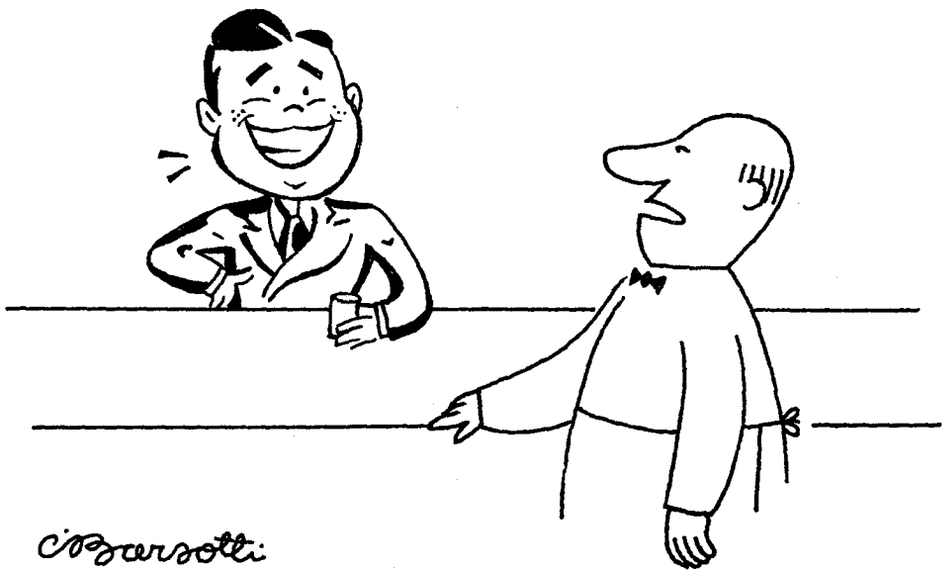

"I'm cutting you off, pal. You've had enough Snapple."

• •

Tic Tac Throw, and child-size Harley-Davidsons. In January, he branched off into a new line—a recharger for alkaline batteries. That product, the Buddy L Super Charger, set off quite a controversy when it was unveiled. It was roundly criticized by battery makers, especially Duracell, on many counts. But Mr. Takefman was undaunted. He signed Dick Clark to promote the Super Charger on a thirty-minute infomercial, which began airing about a month ago. "Every time Duracell sees a new product, they say it's no good," Mr. Takefman said. "It's like an ostrich sticking its head in the sand."

The primary drawback of the Super Charger is that it doesn't revive dead batteries—you have to begin recharging before all the juice goes. The attraction of the new device is that it is supposed to be able to raise batteries from the dead. This could have serious commercial consequences. Even if the gadget were able to bring a dead battery back to life only once, it would potentially cut purchases of new batteries in half. Peter Barry, a battery-industry analyst with the brokerage firm C. J. Lawrence, said, "I would have to characterize the thing as quite revolutionary, if it works."

At the one-hour mark, Mr. Takefman removed the batteries for another test. Mr. Broadway applied the voltmeter to one, and knitted his brow. He performed the same exercise on another, and his consternation grew. He said, as though thinking aloud, "I never had this happen before." Instead of reviving the batteries, the device had been slowly sucking the remaining life out of them. "Earl," Mr. Broadway said icily, "which way did you put them in?" It was soon determined that after the previous check Mr. Takefman had put the batteries in the box backward, reversing the flow of energy. Much embarrassed, Mr. Takefman put them in again, the other way around.

Since there was time to kill, he gave a tour of his workshop, introducing his staff of computer experts and artists and marketing men, all hard at work, like Santa's elves. Then it was time for another test. By now, more than an hour and a half into the demonstration, two of the four batteries registered 1.45 volts—still less than the 1.5 volts of a new battery, but enough to raise a beam in the small flashlight. The other two were measured at 1.02 volts and exactly one volt.

It was growing late, so the demonstration was brought to an end. Mr. Takefman was clearly disappointed, and insisted on keeping the batteries for further recharging. He seemed to be speaking to himself as much as anyone else when he said, "I don't want to raise false expectations until the lab tests are done. But I don't mind crowing when we got the goods." A day later, the batteries were returned by messenger, with a note saying they now ranged from 1.54 volts to 1.66 volts—better than new.

WRONG NUMBER

"THIS is *not* the Transit Authority," says the voice on Amy Tonsits' answering machine in Brooklyn Heights, speaking with particular care. "This is *not* Pizza Hut. This is *not* the Board of Education. Please make sure this is the number you really want." Ms. Tonsits is a victim of a New York telephone headache—getting repeated wrong-number calls because your phone number happens to differ by only one digit from a phone number that is called all day long. All that is needed to misdirect a call is one misplaced finger on a touch-tone phone. Put seven million people together, making forty-three million local calls a day, six million of which are wrong numbers anyway, and, mathematically, a certain number of sitcom setups seem inevitable.

The New Yorker regularly fields calls for "Bisonic" (no one at the switchboard is sure how it's spelled or what it does), and for Meyrowitz Opticians, *Billboard*, the Police Department pension bureau, and the Algonquin Hotel. A young woman in the Village is one digit away from Economy Foam & Futon Center. "All I have to do is say 'Hello,' and people just launch into questions about medium-firm neck rolls and the futon sale and made-to-order wedge pillows," she says. "The most frustrating message on my machine came from a woman who sounded very upset. 'Don't come at two-thirty,' she said. 'Do not make the delivery at two-thirty. I will not be there. If you deliver the bed at two-thirty, you will not find me there.' There was no name, no number, nothing I could do. It was a story without an ending."

A mid-Manhattan dentist's office has been getting phone calls for another dentist, a nanny service, and, over the last nine years, Lutèce. Once, a call came from London for Lutèce, cancelling dinner reservations. It was taken by the office receptionist, who says, "Since the man was so nice, I actually called Lutèce myself. But they were incredibly rude about it and didn't want to talk to me at all. So the next time I picked up the phone and said 'Doctor's office' and a woman said she needed a table for two, I just asked 'Smoking or non-smoking?' " ♦

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ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

RAIDING THE GLOBAL VILLAGE

CNN's global dominance faces challenges from new multinational network linkups and from changes in what the world wants to watch.

BY KEN AULETTA

"UNLESS American soldiers are there, American television is not there," the Cable News Network correspondent Christiane Amanpour observed recently about network coverage of foreign stories. Amanpour says that in the world's various trouble spots she occasionally encounters a competitor from ABC, the American network that offers the most determined coverage of overseas news. Rarely, however, does she find herself competing with CBS or NBC, each of which saves money by having a correspondent in Washington or London do an authoritative-sounding voice-over with pictures from a video service. She more often notices reporters from the BBC or Reuters, or, sometimes, a team from Rupert Murdoch's British Sky Broadcasting, or the cameras of national broadcasters from France, Australia, Canada, or Spain. But Amanpour does not generally feel the heat of competition from other television-news outlets. "Everywhere I go, foreign news equals CNN," she says.

CNN has come to dominate the world-news stage. Its ascendancy was confirmed in 1989 with its blanket coverage of the Tiananmen Square massacre. That was followed by coverage of the collapse of the Berlin Wall; of the first coup attempt on live television, in the Soviet Union; and of the first live war, in the Persian Gulf. Only CNN could dedicate its twenty-four-hour news channel to these events. Only CNN reaches two hundred countries and more than sixteen per cent of the world's eight hundred million TV homes.

When President Bill Clinton ordered the bombing of Iraq's intelligence center, in June, and the armed services had yet to confirm a hit, David Gergen, who had just been appointed counsellor to the President, phoned CNN's president, Tom Johnson, and got a confirmation. Only then did Clinton announce the mission.

Using the latest satellite technology, CNN, which was launched by Ted Turner in 1980, has captivated decision-makers and the public alike. It proclaims itself to be "the creator of Marshall McLuhan's electronic global village" and "the world's only twenty-four-hour global television-news network." But Turner is now being challenged by competitors in the same way that he and cable TV challenged the dominance of the big three American television networks. The most prominent challenger is the BBC, which early last year announced the launching of BBC World Service Television, a twenty-four-hour global-news channel. And just this March the BBC forged a still vague alliance with ABC, saying that it would swap footage and pool foreign bureaus with ABC, the most diversified of the big three. This electronic alliance, the BBC proclaimed, would strengthen its hand against CNN—which the BBC dismisses as an American news service, rather than an international one.

ABC itself is also challenging Turner. The network has shrunk, but still has more foreign bureaus or offices (a dozen) than either CBS or NBC, and its nightly newscast uses more stories from overseas than either of the two others. ABC/Capital Cities owns eighty per cent of a third player, Worldwide Television News (WTN), a video service that often competes with the BBC. "The announcement that ABC is linking with

BILL CHARMATZ

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the BBC is one we are tracking carefully," Tom Johnson says.

A fourth challenger is Reuters Television, which includes what used to be known as Visnews and now serves six hundred and fifty broadcasters, in eighty nations. Like WTN and the Associated Press, Reuters has concentrated on being a wholesale supplier rather than a retail distributor of news over a dedicated channel. But this may be changing. In June, Telemundo, the Spanish-language television network, after deciding not to renew a five-year alliance with CNN, teamed up with Reuters and the BBC to create a twenty-four-hour Spanish-language news service to be disseminated throughout South America, Spain, and parts of North America. In contrast to CNN, whose international news is packaged out of Atlanta, London, and Washington, Reuters is decentralized, and is delivered in fifteen languages. Since Reuters provides customers like CNN with its video wire service, it does not want to antagonize them, but its executive director and editor-in-chief, Mark Wood, makes it clear that Reuters is open to other alliances. "If other opportunities come along in other languages, we'd look at them," he says.

The Associated Press is also looking at the possibility of using its bureaus—ninety of them outside the United States—to provide video as well as print and radio reports. "The board has authorized us to return with a plan for an international video service," A.P.'s president, Louis D. Boccardi, says, adding that he hopes to reach a decision on this matter by the end of the year. Though Boccardi stresses the point that "we don't see ourselves in the retail business" (and thus as a direct competitor of A.P. clients), an A.P. video service could strengthen the hand of CNN rivals.

Then, there is Murdoch's Sky News. Sky has teamed with twelve state-owned broadcasters to form Euronews, which broadcasts by satellite throughout the Continent, as well as in Britain, in five languages. And Murdoch is also trying to expand into Asia, the world's most populous continent.

Although the two less active American networks seem to have pulled back from the international arena—NBC sold its stake in Visnews to Reuters last year, and CBS can no longer claim to be the world's premier television-news outlet—there are signs that they, too, are stirring. NBC has kicked off a twenty-four-hour Spanish news service and is talking to Reuters and an Italian-owned superstation as it searches for partners. "Gartner did nothing overseas," the NBC News president, Andrew Lack, says of his predecessor, Michael Gartner. Lack goes on to say that the president of NBC, Robert C. Wright, who appointed him, is "so concerned that we are walking around with our pants around our ankles" that he appointed a committee to explore new relationships overseas. CNBC, the twenty-four-hour cable channel owned by NBC, which now broadcasts mostly business news, has become a chip in the negotiations. "It's a component, because for foreign partners it's another outlet for them," Lack says. "They're trying to crack the North American market." None of the big three networks will let them on their channels, but CNBC would. "CNN won't be there by itself anymore," Robert Wright says.

CBS, reflecting the aversion that its chairman, Laurence Tisch, has to diversification and costly risks, has been the most cautious of the big three American networks. Until recently, CBS has been content to maintain, like the other networks, a video-exchange program with various foreign broadcasters. But CBS is now talking to potential overseas partners, including CLT, the European media conglomerate, in Luxembourg, which has a powerful satellite signal throughout Europe. "We're talking to people. We're looking for opportunities right now," Jay L. Kriegel, a CBS senior vice-president, says.

Each of these real or potential competitors comes at CNN frontally. Coming at CNN from other directions are local broadcast and cable outlets and national and regional news operations, all of which have blossomed as television has been privatized overseas and as satellite, cable, and fibre-optic technology has enhanced their reach. They are riding the wave of government deregulation and technology in the nineties, just as Ted Turner did in the eighties.

"The activity level is picking up dramatically in the global-news-service field," Tom Johnson says. He also says that he and Ted Turner welcome the competition. Nevertheless, Johnson worries that what happened to the big three American networks with the growth of cable TV could now be happening to CNN. "Sure, there could be some dilution," he says, but adds that he doesn't expect it for at least five years.

A nightmare possibility that CNN has so far refused to entertain is that Marshall McLuhan got it

"Go ahead and jump, Grimby. That won't solve anything."

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wrong. Maybe technology has leaped beyond McLuhan's conception and is no longer Ted Turner's ally. Maybe, instead of one wired global village, there will be hundreds of villages, each broadcasting in its own language, with its own anchor and news team, its own weather and sports and local slant. The idea of a global village was initially appealing because of its simplicity, according to W. Russell Neuman, the Edward R. Murrow Professor of International Communications at Tufts University's Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. "But it's a misleading simplicity," he says. "Look at Yugoslavia and you realize that all politics is basically local. In his original conceptualization, McLuhan envisioned Americans seeing what was going on live in an African village. But Americans may not want to watch that. And perhaps vice versa. So something is missing from the formulation. The notion of instant bonding because a community is possible is the flawed naïveté of McLuhan's vision. What we have is a common space. It turns out to be dominated by Arnold Schwarzenegger and Bette Midler, not an African village. . . . I'd search for a new metaphor."

CNN has a nice head start in the race to be the dominant force in international news. Its global reach has multiplied seventyfold since Turner launched it. When it first appeared, in 1980, it had a million seven hundred thousand household subscribers and in its first six months it had seven million dollars in revenue. In its first five years, it lost money. In 1992, it reached a hundred and thirty-six million viewers, brought in five hundred and thirty-six million dollars in revenue, and earned a profit of a hundred and fifty-five million dollars. In 1985, to expand overseas, Turner created a new channel—CNN International. He has now worked out coöperative agreements with a hundred and forty-three nations, rotating their news reports regularly on CNNI, and built solid relationships. CNN's credibility with the Iraqi government helped make it the only outside network broadcasting live from Iraq during the Gulf War.

Like soft-drink and cigarette manufacturers, who have looked to other markets as their domestic business levelled off, CNN is targeting its future growth outside the United States. Its broadcasts

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can now be seen in twenty-three Asian countries, and it plans to open a production center in Asia next year. In Europe, CNN is expanding its studio production facilities in London, and Turner has recently got over a long-standing aversion to being involved in any business he could not put his brand name on. In the last year, Turner acquired a quarter of the shares of n-tv, a twenty-four-hour German-language news service, and became an equal partner, with a group of former Soviet television executives, in Russia's first independent TV channel, Moscow 6 TV. In April, CNN announced an agreement to distribute its programs to households in five African countries—Nigeria, Ghana, Kenya, Zambia, and Uganda. Meanwhile, in Latin America, Turner has also amended its de-facto policy that CNN's news will be transmitted only in English; CNN now produces four daily half-hour news programs that are broadcast in Spanish to nineteen countries in Central and South America.

"The BBC/ABC colossus could pose a big threat to us," Christiane Amanpour, who is based in Paris, says. "But we have now created such a niche for ourselves that we're a household word." As the television networks sought to save money by closing bureaus and relying on pictures supplied by news services, CNN built credibility by being on the scene. "It's better to provide pictures than nothing at all," Amanpour says. "But how can you know what's going on, particularly in a situation like Yugoslavia? When there's a shelling attack in Sarajevo, it's awful. But many times it's a response to an attack. You can't know that if you're sitting in London. You miss the details. How do you know what you're voicing over?"

CNN's early investment—in people like Amanpour, and in leasing space on twelve satellites, which relay signals from nineteen overseas bureaus twenty-four hours a day—affords it another competitive advantage. Catching up is expensive. The annual cost of renting space on twelve satellites averages more than a million dollars apiece. The BBC, which is state-supported, does not have deep pockets. And ABC, which does have cash, has to make some difficult decisions, including whether to pursue its new alliance with the BBC or to build on its eighty-per-cent ownership in Worldwide Television News. The announcement of the BBC-ABC alliance, in March, was made before the partners had defined the nature of their marriage. "They're in London trying to get out of the mess they got into," a knowledgeable network executive said in late June of the ABC News team of negotiators, which was led by the ABC News president, Roone Arledge. "It was a press release. . . . That's all."

Perhaps the biggest advantage CNN has against upstart competitors is that it is a franchise with instant name recognition. The level of recognition was demonstrated in Somalia in June: while American and United Nations troops were unable to find the fugitive warlord Muhammad Farah Aidid, he did let reporters find him, and he declared that to keep abreast of events he had been hiding only in homes that received CNN. Ted Turner's office, in the CNN Center, in Atlanta, also demonstrates the recognition that CNN has enjoyed. The suite outside his office is a veritable shrine: thirty or so framed magazine covers featuring Turner are on the wall behind his secretary's desk; all around her sprouts a forest of plaques, awards, and trophies; everywhere are pictures of Turner with various Presidents—of the United States and of other nations. There are mementos. Turner's loud voice beckons a visitor to enter. He paces his giant office in shirtsleeves, clutching a can of Coca-Cola. Then he sinks into a burgundy couch that is nearly a cab ride away from his desk, at the other end of the room. On being asked to describe CNN's strength, Turner says, "We're welcomed everywhere in the world. What's the reason to have another one?" Still, he knows that CNN is open to attack from competitors on at least three fronts: it is not yet truly international; it is not local; it has so few overseas partners that its distribution system is stretched thin.

Over the years, Turner warned CNN employees that they would be punished with a fine if they used the word "foreign"; nevertheless, the common perception is that CNN presents news packaged from an American viewpoint. And news from an American viewpoint does not have mass appeal overseas, as the big

three networks can attest, since they've never had much success selling their nightly newscasts elsewhere. Parochialism is an issue that the BBC and other competitors regularly use to club CNN with. It becomes a delicate point in a world in which nationalism is resurgent and many nations are already alarmed about American "cultural imperialism."

In describing CNN as "a global, English-language news service," Peter C. Vesey, who runs CNN International, identifies both CNN's niche and its frailty. From the outset, CNN has spoken in one language, and Turner has decreed that most newscasts be assembled in Atlanta. CNN has nineteen overseas bureaus; CNN International has a staff of a hundred in Atlanta and just three in London. While CNN is working to improve these numbers, at present forty per cent of the twenty-four-hour newscast on CNN International from Monday through Friday is recycled from CNN's domestic news; on weekends, eighty per cent is recycled. The international news is delivered from anchor desks in Atlanta, London, and Washington, and is produced in Atlanta, where Vesey is based. In March, responding to the BBC's World Service Television's linkup with Star TV, the most powerful satellite-distribution system in Asia, CNN launched a week of live programming from Asia. But instead of using a local news staff CNN sent three American anchors—Bernard Shaw, Larry King, and Lou Dobbs—to Hong Kong and Tokyo.

John C. Malone, who is the chief executive officer of Tele-Communications, Inc., the nation's largest cable operator, and is one of the part owners and board members of CNN's parent company, Turner Broadcasting, worries that CNN has too strong an American identity. "This is a debate I've had with Ted Turner for years," he said recently. "Ted's going to have to have some local partners. Ted hates partners." Indeed, before the BBC linked up with Star TV, whose parent company is partly owned by the Chinese government, Turner rejected an alliance with Star. "They took a deal we turned down," Turner says of the BBC. "They're working for the Chinese."

Tom Johnson says CNN is shoring up its defenses and broadening both its language and its anchor-correspondent base. "We will also serve the world in other languages," he says. "How many of those

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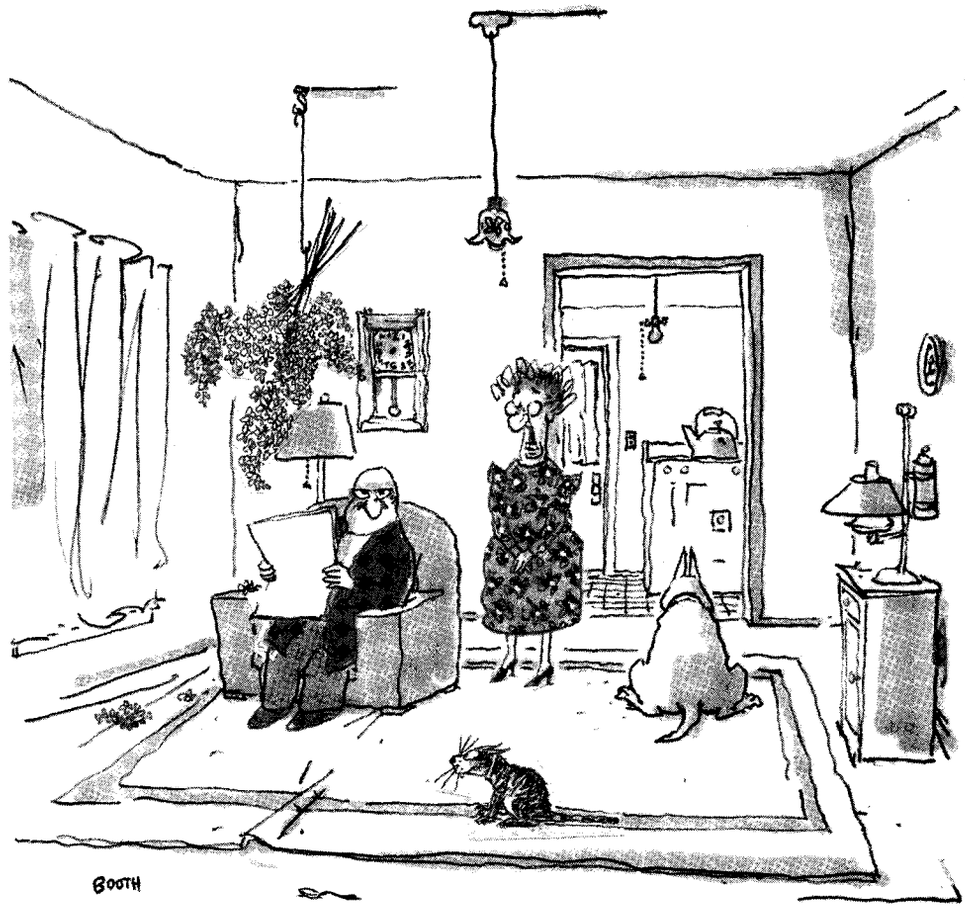
languages, I don't know." But surely, he goes on, CNN will one day replace the two hours a day of subtitled translations now shown in places like Japan, and, in addition to Spanish and Russian, will probably broadcast at least some news in Japanese, Chinese, and French. CNN is making a push to hire more non-American journalists—it recently recruited Riz Khan, who was born in South Yemen; Sonia Ruessler, who has dual Argentine and Dutch citizenship; and Linden J. Soles, a Canadian—to anchor CCNI newscasts from Atlanta. "We're not all American-looking and sounding," says Amanpour, who herself was born in Britain, and whose parents are British and Irani.

CNN's strong American identity reflects a deeper vulnerability: By pursuing its stated goal of being "the world's only twenty-four-hour global television-news network," CNN is obviously determined not to be local. It does not provide abundant local, or even national, weather, sports, and community news in the countries it sends its newscasts to. It does not promote local personalities. "That's where he's truly vulnerable," Herb Granath, the president of ABC/Capital Cities' Video Enterprises, which has many partnerships all over the world, says of Ted Turner. By presenting international news in English, Granath says, Turner bumps into the reality that more nations want news in their own language. "I do believe there will be a national news service in most European countries with twenty-four hours of news in the local language," Granath goes on. Such local services are or will soon be operating in France, Hong Kong, England, Germany, and parts of southern China. In this sense, CNN suffers from the same threat that the new video democracy poses to any channel that offers a uniform program at a single, prescheduled hour: viewers want, and increasingly enjoy, the freedom to customize what they watch, and to make their own schedules.

A third vulnerability flows from the first two: CNN's lack of local partners. "Ted Turner does not like to be a junior partner to anybody," says Ed Turner, CNN's executive vice-president in charge of news-gathering, who has been with CNN since its inception and is not related to Ted. While CNN has affiliate contracts with several hundred broadcasters around the world, who pay the news network to broadcast whatever part of its news report CNN chooses, it has fewer local partners than it would like who distribute CNN as a channel, or channels of which CNN can claim at least partial ownership.



"Harold, do I smell too Crabtree & Evelynish?"

• •

Prodded by his board, Ted Turner has in recent months undertaken what one of his executives calls "a strategic shift." In June, he acquired a stake in the German all-news service, but he says that so far this investment is not paying off. "It's losing a lot more money than CNN did in our startup," he told me in June. In addition to investing in the Russian TV channel, he has made barter deals with other broadcasters. CNN has a contract with TV Asahi, in Japan, which pays CNN ten million dollars annually for the right to unrestricted use of its material in exchange for distributing two CNNI news hours over its cable system. Recently, CNN expanded its relationship with China Central Television (CCTV), the Chinese national network, which can reach as many as six hundred million viewers. In return for CNN news packages, CCTV provides CNN with news footage and with the right to sell two minutes of advertising a day (one minute in prime time) on CCTV. According to Kay Delaney, the executive vice-president of advertising sales for Turner Broadcasting, CNN hopes to recruit a single buyer—Coca-Cola, for example—to pay ten million dollars a year for the spots.

"If there's one sea change taking place for Ted, it's to have more partners," Tom Johnson says. However, Turner's strength has been as a buccaneer, an inflexible visionary, and partnerships require accommodation and compromise. The combination of what are still too few local partners and an admittedly weak satellite signal over Asia means that CNN has vulnerabilities in its distribution system. The situation in Asia is tough, Ted Turner says. He notes that little English is spoken there, that the BBC has a link to a stronger satellite signal, and that some parts of Asia have over-the-air net-

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works but no viable cable or other distribution system. "There are people staying up nights trying to get that worked out," Johnson says. Herb Granath says, "Turner's distribution in Europe is primarily in hotels and embassies. And if you watch CNN overseas you'll discover he has few sponsors."

TURNER claims not to be worried by the fresh competition. The BBC, he knows, is pressed for cash—one reason, he suspects, that the British have sought that still dubious alliance with ABC. "It's not so easy," he says of his competitors. "Anybody can do it, but you've got to be prepared to lose a lot of money. The more people that get into it as partners, the less there is on the upside."

But overseas partnering does seem to be the vogue as communications companies seek to share risks and costs and to lower local political barriers. Right now, CNN's stiffest competition is not any single international competitor but many competitors. They change from continent to continent. In Europe, it comes from, among others, Sky News and Euronews, whose programming includes news from the BBC. In Africa and the Middle East, the Middle East Broadcasting Company, which owns United Press International, is now a CNN rival, and so is the BBC. In South America, the Reuters/Telemundo alliance looms, and so do NBC and Grupo Televisa S.A., the world's largest Spanish-language broadcast company, which now owns half of PanAmSat L.P. and plans to launch three private satellites that will distribute Spanish news and programming. In Asia, the BBC has more viewers than CNN, and there are burgeoning news services in Japan, China, Indonesia, and India. In Australia, where Murdoch's News Corporation continues to be a dominant player, the national network has joined with the Canadian Broadcast Company to share technical facilities and crews. And, as the boundaries between the television set and the computer and the telephone converge, telephone companies may continue to join with one another or with giant communications companies, as they have begun to do both here and abroad.

Knowing just who the players are and who their allies are becomes increasingly difficult. CNN competes with Murdoch's Sky News but has a modest agreement with USA Today Sky Radio to distribute news on United and Delta Airlines flights. John Malone's TCI is a part owner of Turner Broadcasting, yet in Asia TCI is allied with the BBC as a partner of Star TV. "One of the problems one runs into on the transnational stage is that you start running into yourself with partners," Granath observes. ABC, for example, has the new alliance with the BBC and yet sells news and its magazine shows to another sometime BBC rival—Sky News—in Europe. In Asia, Turner is allied with Time Warner's Home Box Office and ABC/Cap Cities' ESPN subsidiary to distribute programs through a common satellite whose chief competitor is the BBC.

This suggests that there are at least two competing future models for world news. One is Ted Turner's. "Nationalism is not growing," he says. "Internationalism is growing. Look at the growth of the United Nations. In Somalia, the United States is part of the United Nations force." The Cold War is over, nations are no longer forced to choose sides, and CNN can be a single, common international carrier of news, Turner says. In the next breath, however, he says, "Localism is strong. I know that." Nevertheless, he thinks he has certain advantages. "The networks have closed down their international operations," he says, somewhat hyperbolically. Murdoch's Fox network, which a year ago threatened to start a news service, has recently scaled back its domestic plans. "We're the only distribution system that goes out to the whole world." And his will remain a low-cost network, he declares, noting that "the beauty of one language is that it spreads the costs."

In many ways, the development of global news parallels the development of an interconnected world economy. The world's élites—travellers, government leaders, diplomats, corporate and communications officials—want a common data base, which CNN supplies. They also want to know that a news standard is upheld—that the news strives for fairness and balance. For this niche CNN is now rivalled only by the BBC.

But there is a chasm between the élites and the mass of viewers, whose vision is primarily local. Instead of one channel, there may be hundreds of channels linked to global sources of news. TF-1 and Canal + can provide twenty-four-hour news in France, as they intend to, and then link up with ABC or with the Associated Press or Reuters to provide news from the rest of the globe. Thus, one model competing with Turner's might be a consortium of local or national news services linked to other national or to international services.

Like the broadcast networks, CNN can be crippled. "The concept of a world news network"—with bureaus everywhere and a single channel broadcast in English—"is vulnerable," Robert Wright, of NBC, says. "A lot of the world is still in the prior-to-television-news developmental phase. What is happening is that groups—language groups, cultural groups, and national groups—want an indication on the air that they are being specifically served. And as privatization increases and more video news is available—distributed either by cable or by satellite or by broadcasting—those units that I just described will be very hungry. I don't think they will accept the national-international news package delivered via NBC or CNN as their bread and butter. They're going to want a much more customized version of that. The same way that WNBC would have no news business here in New York if all we offered were an hour and a half of national and international news delivered by Tom Brokaw."

To reach this larger mass of viewers, CNN would have to dramatically change its vision of a single, English-speaking global network. But to effect that change Turner would need to seek partners and would need to localize. "We don't want to alienate the American traveller who wants to know how his ball team did last night," Turner maintains. "But we are evolving. We will have editions in different countries."

Perhaps Turner will continue to change. Or perhaps he is now as self-satisfied as the networks once were. He claims to be unfazed by the competition. "If I were going to worry, I'd worry about the one-fifth of humanity that doesn't have decent drinking water," he said. "I'd worry about an area the size of Michigan that becomes desert every year. I don't worry too much about CNN. CNN is doing a pretty good job. And each passing day we get stronger." ♦

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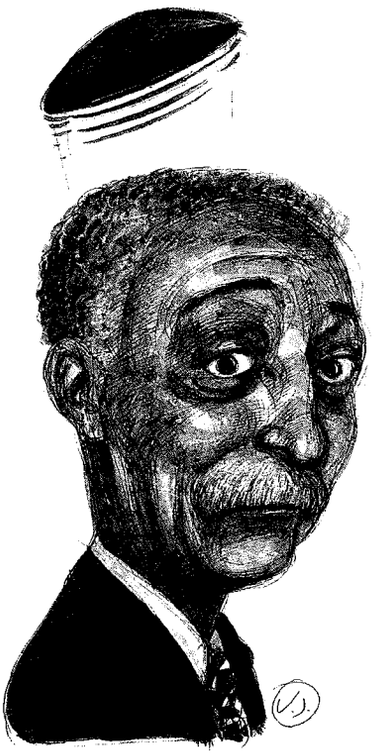
AROUND CITY HALL

NEVER AGAIN

The Mayor vows that Crown Heights will never be repeated, but, following the state report, some New Yorkers doubt whether it will be his responsibility much longer.

BY ANDY LOGAN



SUMMER can be an especially perilous season for incumbent candidates in this city. In the summer of 1989, during the last mayoral election, there were doubts whether, since New York had never had a black mayor, David Dinkins, the black candidate in the Democratic primary, could defeat the incumbent, Ed Koch, who was running for a fourth term. Then, on August 23rd, Yusuf Hawkins, a black high-school student who had come to Bensonhurst, a predominantly Italian section of southern Brooklyn, in answer to a classified ad for a used car, was set upon by a band of young neighborhood toughs, who resented the intrusion of a black man, and was shot dead by one of them. "It was a case of 'any nigger will do,' " Dinkins commented sadly at the time. The murder seemed to demonstrate that under Koch, who was often accused of stirring up racial hostilities, the city had become a place where a black man who went into a white neighborhood risked losing his life because of the color of his skin. Governor Mario Cuomo then did Dinkins the big favor of referring to him as "the healer" the city was badly in need of, and Dinkins beat Koch in the primary and went on to defeat the Republican candidate, former United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, in the general election. It was in August, 1991, almost exactly two years after Hawkins died, that Yankel Rosenbaum, a Hasidic visitor to the city, wearing the distinctive Hasidic long black coat, felt hat, and corkscrew curls, was attacked, on the first night of riots in Crown Heights, by a gang of young black toughs shouting "Kill the Jew!" and was fatally stabbed by one of them. There was no mayoral election in 1991. This year, however, Dinkins is running for reëlection, once again against Giuliani, and, because of the release, on July 20th, of the report of an official state investigation into what happened in Crown Heights nearly two years ago, blood in Brooklyn streets once again threatens to make the difference in an election.

The front page of the *Post* on the day Governor Cuomo's director of criminal justice, Richard Girgenti, was scheduled to deliver the long-awaited report on the riots was a picture of an agitated-looking Dinkins with the headline "DAY OF RECKONING/ CROWN HEIGHTS REPORT DUE AT HIGH NOON." To most serious students of history, the date August 19, 1991, marks the day of the coup against the Gorbachev regime, which led to the breakup of the Soviet Union and permanently changed the world. To many New Yorkers, though, it has also come to be memorable as the date when three nights of rioting—nearly all of it blacks against Jews—began in Crown Heights. Eighty per cent of Crown Heights residents are black, many of them from the Caribbean, and ten per cent are members of the Lubavitchers, a Hasidic sect, who have their international headquarters in a fortresslike building on Eastern Parkway, the main boulevard that cuts through the neighborhood. Very early in the disturbances, some young Hasidim did throw

VICTOR JUHASZ

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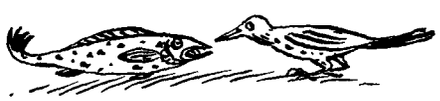
rocks, but from then on the violence was committed by roving bands of what were mostly young blacks, who attacked Hasidic Jews, other whites, and some blacks who got in their way. The events that began in Crown Heights on August 19, 1991, may not change the world (the state report described them as "the most extensive racial unrest in New York City in over twenty years"), but they have already shaken the local political landscape and could determine a mayoral election. The report was released at a press conference attended by more than a hundred members of the press and covered live by all seven television stations. *Newsday's* headline the next day was "DINKINS BLEW IT" and the *Post's* was "OUT TO LUNCH!" Headlines in the *Times*, which gave the report a three-column-wide lead story, described it as a "SCATHING PORTRAIT" and referred to "A CHAIN OF FAILURES." The *Times* editorial began, "The portrait of incompetence is breathtaking," and went on to blame the Mayor and the police commissioner at the time, Lee Brown, who was recently sworn in as Clinton's drug czar. The *News* called the report "a damning indictment of a government that failed to protect its people from grave peril, then fell far short in the pursuit of justice."

The place-name Crown Heights, now on so many lips, refers to a section of north-central Brooklyn—south of Bedford-Stuyvesant, west of Brownsville, north of Flatbush—that most people from the city's four other boroughs have never set foot in, and it is unfamiliar territory to quite a few people from Brooklyn as well. For those who want to keep up, there is no longer any need for Crown Heights' character and boundaries to be unfamiliar. Girgenti's admirable report—two volumes, six hundred pages—is full of excellent maps and photographs and diagrams of the neighborhood. However, this survey of historic racial unrest—perhaps in the hope of not stirring up even more unrest—only rarely defines the participants, attackers or victims, in terms of their race. The riots (or "disturbances," as the report called them) in Crown Heights were set off by the accidental killing, at eight-twenty on the evening of the nineteenth, of a seven-year-old black child, Gavin Cato, by a car in the motorcade of the Lubavitchers' then eighty-nine-year-old Grand Rebbe, who many Lubavitchers have hoped would declare himself the Messiah. The stabbing of Yankel Rosenbaum, three hours later, was in evident retaliation for the child's death. The subtitle of one of Girgenti's volumes was "An Assessment of the City's Preparedness and Response to Civil Disorder." The other was "A Review of the Investigation Into the Death of Yankel Rosenbaum and the Resulting Prosecution." The question was how it could have happened that Rosenbaum, who had come from Australia to study with the Lubavitchers, was surrounded by at least a dozen black rioters, but only one of these, sixteen-year-old Lemrick Nelson, was subsequently indicted, and he was acquitted. The verdict in that case was delivered in the late afternoon of October 29, 1992. The next day, Cuomo announced that there would be a state investigation, and on November 17th he handed Girgenti his commission to prepare the report.

About an hour after the verdict, Dinkins made one of his serious mistakes in the Crown Heights situation. A group of outraged Hasidim, including Rosenbaum's brother Norman, marched across the Brooklyn Bridge to City Hall, planning to storm it; the police persuaded them not to. By then, Dinkins had issued a statement saying that the jury had spoken, and that New Yorkers must assume that in acquitting Nelson the criminal-justice system had worked in a responsible way. Inevitably, some local citizens—and not only Hasidim and other conservative Jews, who are convinced that the Mayor's policies are hopelessly biased in favor of his fellow-blacks—contrasted the philosophical tone of this comment with past mayoral statements in which Dinkins had deplored verdicts acquitting white defendants of attacks on blacks, and particularly his official expressions of outrage over the acquittal of the white attackers of Rodney King.

The state report makes it clear that the verdict acquitting Lemrick Nelson was in fact a tragedy of errors. The prosecution, under the direction of Brooklyn District Attorney Charles (Joe) Hynes, came in for such a heavy attack that some saw it as proof that Cuomo—whom Hynes has long been close to—had not, as he himself maintained, seen the report ahead of time or amended it in any way. Many of the prosecution errors had to do with the handling of the police witnesses in the case, but the police had already done much of the damage on their own. There had been complaints that the jury, which was predominantly black, would inevitably favor the black defendant. The report concluded that, given the performance of the prosecution and the police, it was hard to see how the jury could have reached any other verdict. There was the question of how it could have acquitted someone who—as was widely reported—had had the bloodstained murder knife in his pocket. A cop had taken a bloodstained folding knife from Nelson's pocket, passed it to two other cops, and then put it in his own pocket. Later, he'd put some possibly bloodstained dollar bills found on Nelson in the same pocket, mingling the blood and corrupting it for forensic purposes. (A test of what seemed to be blood on Nelson's pants was never requested by the prosecution.) Eventually, the cop put the evidence in a brown paper bag he found in the station house, then turned it over to another cop, and that cop put it in his locker and didn't voucher it until thirty hours later. Rosenbaum was said to have identified Nelson as the killer, but the jury concluded that the alleged identification was coerced by the police. The cops did not take the names of possible witnesses at the scene, and not until eight days later did a search for witnesses begin. Nearly four hours after the stabbing, the cops attempted to get a statement from Nelson. At the trial, two policemen testified that he had confessed to them, but, if so, they did not record the confession, or even make notes on it.

The revelations about the Police Department must have been a special blow to Dinkins, since he has made more public appearances with members of the Police Department than with members of any other agency in his administration. When he moved to City Hall, he vowed to be "the greatest mayor against crime this city has ever seen," and the fight against crime—requiring frequent photo opportunities with the police—has been a constant ever since. His praise of the police has been devout. When, in the days of Desert Shield, someone asked him whether there was any danger that terrorists might attack New York, his response was "This city



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has the finest police department in the world." After the release of the Crown Heights report, which noted that he had never questioned reports made to him by the Police Commissioner that the situation was under control, he said, "I had no reason not to believe what I was being told by the finest police department in the world." Former Police Commissioner Brown, the city's second black police commissioner, whom Dinkins appointed in January, 1990, and who served here until August, 1992, when he resigned because his wife was seriously ill, was often referred to by the Mayor as "the greatest police commissioner in the history of the city"—and sometimes even "of the country." He made much of the fact that the report cleared both him and Brown of having given the police an order to let the rioters "vent" their rage, as a rumor popular among the Hasidim had charged.

What did happen, according to the report, was that, wherever the directives came from, the police in Crown Heights "decided to exercise restraint." For the most part, they maintained fixed positions, though the marauders were frighteningly mobile. The report recounts that on several occasions some of those in a line of policemen being pelted with rocks and bottles by the enemy moved to take action but were admonished by their captains to stay in position. For all the reports of injuries to Crown Heights residents, Girgenti pointed out, most of the injuries had been to policemen—a hundred and fifty-two cops were hurt, five times the number of civilians. One of several representatives from the Mayor's office who were sent to Crown Heights to report back said that he had seen an astonishing sight: cops running away, in full retreat. From Day One through Day Three, as the report labelled the days of the riot—August 19th being Day One—the number of policemen on the scene was wholly inadequate. According to the report, it appeared that Brown "did not closely oversee the police response to the disturbance," and "failed to fulfill his ultimate responsibility for managing the Department's activities to suppress rioting and preserve the public peace." Throughout much of the rioting, Brown remained in his office at Police Headquarters, just northeast of City Hall. He did not realize how bad things were until his own car was attacked, three days into the violence. On Day Four, a large force of police was brought in, and calm finally returned. After the report came out, Brown's comment from his Washington office was that hindsight is always twenty-twenty.

"This is Sharon Stone, naked."

• •

There had been some expectation—"hope" would surely be the right word at City Hall—that the state report would be a rather plodding, on-the-one-hand, on-the-other-hand document, particularly in view of the fact that Cuomo, who commissioned it, is himself running for reëlection next year and will badly need the black vote, much of which he might lose if he is associated with a report politically damaging to Dinkins. Several Hasidic figures predicted that it would be a whitewash. A leak in late June of a small part of the report, which indicated that Dinkins and many other people would not be given a free ride, was what brought out the full-court press when it was released.

Anyone who has tried to secure the Mayor's help on a serious governmental project knows that it is often very hard to get his attention, in view of his full schedule of photo opportunities. What the investigators for the state discovered was that after returning from a visit to Crown Heights on Day One the Mayor simply accepted the assurances of Commissioner Brown that all was under control there. At the City Hall police desk, calls piled up from Crown Heights residents asking for help. Dinkins' trusted friend and political adviser Howard Rubenstein called to tell him that people were being hurt and many more police were needed. The Mayor said he could not remember such a call. Representatives of his own administration, members of his Community Assistance Unit, were out in the field and were reporting back that "all hell is breaking loose," and the police could not handle the rioters. However, they were expected to report not directly to the Mayor but to others, including Bill Lynch, who was then Dinkins' deputy mayor and is now his campaign manager (as he was in 1989). Lynch said that on Day Two the men in the field never told him that matters were out of control, although late that day he told reporters, "The thing is quote unquote out of control." The report expressed doubt that Lynch would not have told this to the Mayor, but the Mayor nevertheless insisted that he had had no inkling. Asked at the press conference if someone—say, Lynch—was lying, Girgenti said that it might be a question of "memory or of credibility." The report noted that the Mayor could have read the papers, including the *Post*

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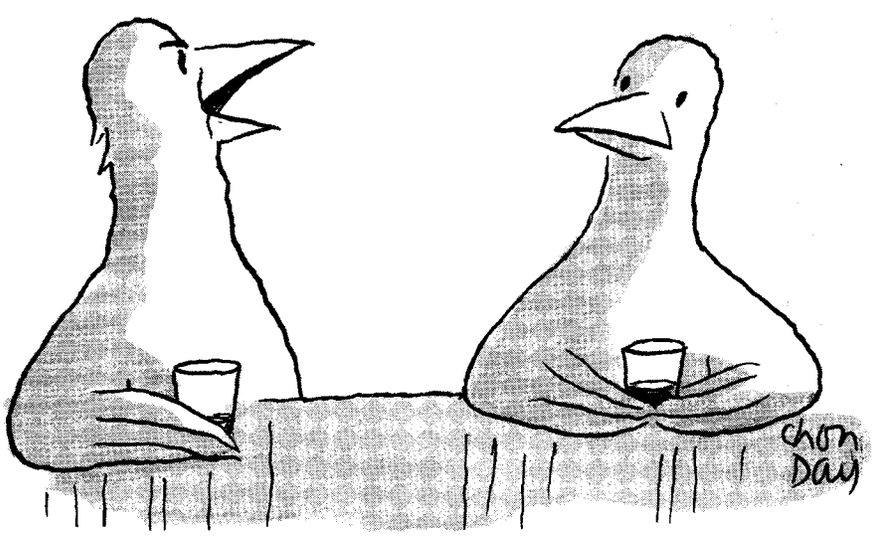
headline "RACE RIOTS IN BROOKLYN," or turned on the television and seen live reports of the fighting and people running as if for their lives. However, it wasn't until the morning of Day Four that he and the Police Commissioner agreed that more police should be brought in. On the night of Day Three, Dinkins had gone to Crown Heights and had himself been the target of rocks and bottles (none actually hit him) as he stood with a megaphone urging the rioters to "increase the peace." Later, he had had to beat a rapid retreat in his car. By his slow reaction, Dinkins failed to protect "the lives, safety, and property of the residents of Crown Heights," the report declared, and it also said, "The Mayor . . . did not act in a timely and decisive manner." The investigators were struck by the fact that when they told Dinkins that members of his own staff had reported throughout the week that many more police were needed to handle the Crown Heights rioting he declared that he had never heard this. The report added, "It was, he said, unclear to him what he was expected to have done with such information." Twice during the press conference, Girgenti observed that in the city during the riots there had seemed to be a vacuum of power, an unwillingness to take charge, and that it would have made all the difference if "someone had just stepped in."

It undoubtedly did not suit the Mayor that the report suggested that during the riots he should have enlightened himself by reading a headline in the *Post*, his least favorite paper. He gives the impression that he has never forgiven it for a front-page headline in 1990 when there was a bad summer crime wave: "DAVE, DO SOMETHING." Three years later, he still quotes it every week or so, in aggrieved tones, although what the *Post* was suggesting was that he step in and act the part of mayor. In the City Hall pressroom hangs a portrait of Mayor William Gaynor, who, as he was preparing to run for reëlection in 1913, wrote a letter to City Hall reporters which concluded, "I have had a pretty hard time for four years to hold my own against all comers . . . but I have been mayor."

"DINKINS'S ACTIONS ON CROWN HTS. BECOME FOCUS OF MAYORAL RACE" was the *Times*' front-page headline ten days before the Mayor left, on the night of July 4th, for a four-day trip to Israel, which Giuliani had denounced as a transparent attempt to woo Jewish voters. It had seemed that the Mayor could look forward to the time in Israel as a blessed respite from questions about Crown Heights. He had found fending them off so tiresome that he began coming to City Hall for no more than an hour or so a day, and some days he didn't come at all. In Israel, he could count on not hearing a word on the subject from the thirty-six-member delegation he had invited to accompany him: they were all friends and political supporters. All but seven of the group were Jewish. They included Dinkins' friend Dr. Ruth Westheimer; Ruth Messinger and Claire Shulman, the borough presidents of Manhattan and Queens, respectively; and Manhattan City Councilman Stanley Michels. There were also two rabbis in the group. (The *Jewish Press* described his invited Jewish guests as "so-called Jewish 'leaders.' ") Among the non-Jewish travellers were three black Baptists (Dinkins himself is an Episcopalian) and two white Franciscan priests, from the St. Francis of Assisi Church on West Thirty-first Street. Also in the party was Brian O'Dwyer, a New York lawyer and the son of Paul O'Dwyer, president of the City Council from 1974 to 1978 and the last Irish-American to hold city-wide office. Mic Licastro, the president of the Institute for the Italian-American Experience, was the one Italian in the delegation. When he was asked about his mayoral preference, he said he felt that Dinkins was the right mayor for New York at this time. However, he also said that, "as a proud Italian," he was "saving Giuliani for something higher, possibly President"—a goal he may not have mentioned to the present mayor.

The trip was paid for by a combination of help from the Israeli government (it paid the expenses of Dinkins and one aide, and picked up the bill for the Mayor's suite at Jerusalem's King David Hotel) and city funds, which covered the expenses of seven members of Dinkins' staff (including a photographer, a speechwriter, two press assistants, and his two official liaisons with New York's Jewish community) and of six city cops for his protection. The question was raised of why the Mayor felt the need to travel with thirty-six invited guests on such a brief trip, and one answer seemed to be that just now what he badly needed around him was a cheering section, the kind of cocoon of all-approving companions that many officeholders enjoy, except in pesky election years. For one thing, the most recent polls showed him and Giuliani in a dead heat. And, just three days before he left, members of a Democratic club in a heavily Jewish section of Brooklyn bolted their party and, for the first time in the club's seventy-seven years of existence, endorsed a Republican: Giuliani. "Crown Heights certainly was a factor," one of the district leaders reported, but another cited a second reason. Under Dinkins, she said, "the city of New York is like the Titanic, except they had music." Fortunately, there was no band to play "Nearer, My God, to Thee" as the group stood on City Hall's steps wearing "Democrats for Giuliani" buttons.

All in all, it was fortunate that Din-



"My wife works, and I sit on the eggs. Want to make something of it?"

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kins had a bunch of friends waiting for him when, during the flight to Israel, he came down a curved staircase from his relatively private quarters, a kind of sky box, on the plane's upper level, to mingle with the delegation. (In April, the Mayor had responded indignantly to a speech by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan in which Moynihan declared that life in New York in the nineteen-forties was better than it is today. "In those days, *I* had to sit in the back of the bus," Dinkins said. In his life as mayor, there is, of course, no back of the bus and much sky box. In Israel, while members of the delegation travelled by bus between thirty-five events on the schedule during their three-and-a-half-day stay, he moved about in a Mercedes.) When he got to the foot of the plane's staircase, the delegation greeted him with a loud burst of applause. Later, in Jerusalem, when he glumly mentioned to the delegation that he might not be elected, they shouted, as one, "No problem! No problem!" It must have been a wonderful change from sitting in his office being constantly reminded that he was in trouble with the Jewish vote: the last poll before he left had shown Giuliani carrying it by fifty-nine per cent to twenty-nine per cent. After the first day or so of the trip, members of the delegation began to criticize questions from the press travelling with the Mayor which implied—or came right out and said—that the trip bore some relation to the fact that this was a mayoral-election year. NBC's Gabe Pressman spent some of his time in Israel tracking down Jewish tourists from New York and asking whom they planned to vote for. After he reported that he was unable to locate a single Dinkins supporter, one member of the delegation berated him, saying that if he wanted to speak to representative Jewish New Yorkers he should consult the people who had come to Israel with the Mayor.

Except for a small headline at the top of the *Post* the day after the Mayor left town, his tour didn't make the front pages of the New York papers or the Jerusalem *Post*, but it did cheer him and build up his strength for the Girgenti report. The events on his schedule included visits with Mayor Shlomo (Cheech) Lahat, of Tel Aviv, and Mayor Teddy Kollek, of Jerusalem. Kollek noted that he has no bodyguards as he travels about the city. He and Lahat both endorsed New York's mayor for reëlection. Foreign Minister Shimon Peres did not endorse the Mayor, but he declared that New York was close to his heart, because, like Israel, it was a place where large numbers of people of different ethnic backgrounds tried to live in peace, and he vowed that "we shall change the land of the Middle East as you have changed New York," a statement that caused a few members of the Mayor's delegation to exchange nervous looks. Some of the stops on Dinkins' itinerary were familiar: a hospital, an immigrant center, a sports complex, a day-care center, museums, tree plantings—the kind of daily exercise of his official powers with which he often fills his time back home, and which, some of his critics complain, he seems to confuse with governing. There were exchanges of ceremonial gifts, mayor to mayor. (When the mayor of Bethlehem gave him a plaque that said "Bethlehem Pilgrim," he commented—no doubt thinking of Crown Heights—that this was one of the nicest things he'd been called lately.) His remarks to the people he was visiting were often the same ones he makes in the five boroughs. He mentioned fourteen times (by one count) that he likes to call Borough President Shulman the queen of Queens.

It was clear as Dinkins posed for pictures in Jerusalem's old city, at the Temple Mount, and at the Western Wall that the scenes would have stayed vividly in his mind even if his official photographer had not been on hand to make sure they would be at the ready for campaign purposes. At the Western Wall, however, he could not escape reminders of his troubles back home. When he put a written prayer into a crevice of the wall, a Jewish visitor from New York called out that it was a desecration for him to be there, in view of what had happened in Crown Heights, and an Australian Jew shouted "Pray for Yankel Rosenbaum!" and told the press that Rosenbaum had been his friend. One of Dinkins' loudest local critics, Avi Weiss, a Riverdale rabbi who is the head of a group called the Coalition for Jewish Concerns, followed him to Israel. After Weiss arrived, he declared himself gratified to learn that Dinkins had said in a press conference that events like those in Crown Heights would "never again" happen—using the ritual rallying cry usually associated with the Holocaust. Weiss and about twenty supporters arrived early for the dedication of New York Place, which was the formal reason the Mayor had given for his trip to Israel. Whatever he had expected to dedicate, it was not this. The monument, if that is the word, is a narrow stone object, tapered at each end, which sits on a traffic divider on a main Jerusalem highway. It is about eleven feet long and five feet wide at its widest point, which is the width of the traffic divider, and has the words "New York Place" on one side. From that widest point rises a sculptured object about eight feet high made of odd pieces of metal twisted into an antic approximation of the Statue of Liberty. The Jerusalem *Post* commented, " 'Dinky' is the kindest word one can find for New York Place"—an assertion that the Mayor did not take personally. He wore a proud smile as he posed at the dedication. Avi Weiss had sent notices around that he would make sure that New York Place was immediately renamed Crown Heights Place, and he and other protesters arrived early with armfuls of placards bearing that name. Before the ceremony, the police removed not only the placards but the protesters.

Mayor Lahat had said that Crown Heights was not an issue in Tel Aviv, to what was surely Avi Weiss's chagrin, but it continues to be in New York, and some people here hope it will be in Washington. On July 21st, a delegation of conservative Jews, led by Senator Alfonse D'Amato, arrived at the Justice Department to demand a federal probe into violations of civil rights in Crown Heights. Just in case anyone had thought that the state report would calm the deep anger over the events, also on hand was the Reverend Al Sharpton, who had come to demand that any inquiry into civil-rights violations include an investigation into the death of Gavin Cato. "BLACK RESPONSE: WHAT ABOUT CATO?" was the headline in Harlem's *Amsterdam News*. None of the callers were able to meet with Attorney General Janet Reno, but she promised to conduct the inquiry personally, and "as expeditiously as possible." ♦

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PERSONAL HISTORY

CASUALTIES OF OXFORD

Many of his friends felt inadequate in the presence of Alasdair Clayre, an undergraduate who could brilliantly hold forth in dinner-party conversation with Oxford luminaries. But at a time when it was still considered that to excel at Oxford was all the preparation a man needed to succeed in life, Clayre was one of a promising few who found it impossible to adjust to the world outside of academe.

BY VED MEHTA

In the late fifties, when I was an undergraduate at Balliol College, Oxford, most of my friends and I felt that we were living through our happiest years. One reason for this feeling no doubt had to do with the nature of Oxford itself. It was small and intimate, and yet very worldly. Practically every scholar or man of letters we studied, it seemed, had gone to Oxford or Cambridge. It had a mystique: even its spires were said to be "dreaming." Another reason had to do with our youth. However confident a persona each of us put on, our inner lives were full of Sturm und Drang. We craved certitude and order, and Oxford gave us both. All of us reading in a particular school studied the same texts, often the same prescribed books. (I remember that some of my friends found their fathers' notes helpful, if their fathers had read the same subjects.) Furthermore, it seemed that some of the best minds in Britain and the world beyond had been gathered at Oxford and Cambridge by a process akin to natural selection. Everybody had survived one open competition after another from childhood on. Indeed, there was a hierarchy among British schools, which competed with one another for places and scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge; a hierarchy among Oxford and Cambridge colleges, which, in their turn, competed for the best schoolboys; and a hierarchy among undergraduates, who competed for the best degrees. As we grew older, we discovered that many of these supposed certainties did not always hold true even in England, to say nothing of the larger world.

In 1981, Robert Ogilvie, in what appeared to be a passionate act of despair, shot and killed himself. When my friends and I were undergraduates, we imagined that few people at Balliol, or at the university at large, could have fulfilled the Oxford dream of a Renaissance man better than did Robert Ogilvie, who became Fellow and Tutor in Classics at Balliol in 1957. Robert had gone to Rugby, one of the half-dozen public schools in the first rank, and had come up to Balliol in 1950, when he was eighteen, as an exhibitioner, which is a status between that of scholar and that of commoner, and is based on the results of the college's entrance examinations; he had read in the Honour School of Literae Humaniores, the study of the ancient Greek and Latin languages and literature, ancient history, and ancient and modern philosophy; he had got a First both in the language examinations, known as Classical Honour Moderations, or Mods, and in the final history-and-philosophy examination, known as Greats. Before returning to Balliol as a tutor, he had been director of studies in Classics at Clare College, Cambridge, for two years. His father, Sir Frederick Ogilvie, who had also read classics at Balliol, had been Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, until his death, in 1949, and, when we were up, his mother, Lady Ogilvie, was Principal of St. Anne's College, Oxford. Robert had not tried for any of the university prizes or scholarships in classics, although, even in the Oxford setting of keen competition and competitive examinations, he was known to be unusually competitive. It was said that he must have decided early on that he would be an elder statesman of the university, and so had passed up trying for such special distinctions, for fear that he might not win. In those days, exam results and prizes, rather than postgraduate degrees, were the main road to academic fellowships. Robert's competitiveness may also have had something to do with his older brother, James, a Balliol classicist, who had been killed in a mountain-climbing accident on the Matterhorn in 1948, when he was twenty-three. The Ancient History tutor Russell Meiggs used to speak of James as having been even more brilliant than Robert; in fact, he used to refer to James as "the one and only Ogilvie." When I first heard that remark, it unsettled me. Can't people be good in different ways and at different things, I wondered. But in time I came to have such faith in the Oxford system of examinations that I almost came to believe that the examiners' judgment was infallible. I think everyone at Oxford believed that. One of the first things people told you about a person there was the class of his degree.

Robert was a young bachelor who lived in college. (In those days, most of the dons were married, had children, and lived out of college.) He was therefore much in evidence. He was a regular at the meetings of the select college societies, like the Arnold and Brakenbury, a debating society with about thirty members, of which he was elected a "senior honorary member," and the Leonardo, an intellectual society with about fifteen members. During a debate or a discussion of a paper, he was sure to deliver himself of a highly polished, brilliant, ironic remark, making us feel that he was at once one of us and superior to us. He was often in the Buttery, talking to dons or to successful or well-connected undergraduates—dispensing his intellectual or social approval. I remember that he would always offer dons whiskey and select undergraduates sherry. The rest of us, if we happened to be standing around in the Buttery, were ignored as though we didn't exist. I didn't mind that. To me he was like a Greek god, and it was right for him to cavort with his own kind and to be admired by mere mortals. Indeed, compared with him I felt like a piece of damaged goods: I was

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born and brought up in India when it was a colony of Great Britain; lost my sight when I was just short of four years old, as a result of meningitis; and received no formal education to speak of until I was fifteen and went to America, where I ended up in the Arkansas School for the Blind, in Little Rock. It was the only school that would have me at that late date, since for all anyone knew I was uneducable. There I managed somehow to compress twelve years of elementary and secondary schooling into three, and I gained admission to Pomona College, in California. It was at Pomona that I began my real formal education. The more I studied and read at Pomona, the more I became aware of the holes in my knowledge. Although I did well and got a B.A. there and was doing a second B.A. at Oxford, I felt that I'd done little more than paper over those holes.

Robert was less than two years older than I was and seemed to have everything one could wish for. He was a classicist, and so was at the top of the Oxford hierarchy of scholars. As a fellow of Balliol, he had tenure for life. He came from an old Scottish family, and so was born to the governing class. He had brilliance and energy. People thought that he would end up as the head of an Oxford college or a top public school, or as a minister in the government, possibly even Prime Minister.

In the fifties, it was still believed that a First in Greats equipped you to do anything in life—teach, run an industry, govern a country—especially if, like Robert, you were a member of the upper class and had gone to a top public school. In fact, in an earlier time, when Britain had its empire, Robert might have held a grand position and run a colony. The Greats education system still prepared people to do things like that, but, of course, there were now no colonies to run. A certain closing in of options for clever men was already apparent, and one could sense the creeping gloom among top undergraduates as they approached the end of their Oxford years: it made them reactionary in politics and out of sympathy with the mass culture that was taking shape around them. (Now that the mass culture has arrived, some people at Oxford speak of the New Dark Age.) They were misfits in their own country and culture. Many of them settled for academic careers not because they were natural teachers or because they felt there were certain books that had to be written but because there was nothing better to do.

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Like many good students from America, I had come to Oxford in the hope of perhaps becoming an academic, but I was beginning to doubt my own abilities. I felt I could never be as good as the Greats men, because I had long since missed the bus as far as learning the ancient languages was concerned. Nor could I comfort myself with the thought that I was as knowledgeable about Indian culture as they were about Judeo-Christian culture. I did not, for example, know Sanskrit. All my education had been in the West. But I felt that if I ended up living in the West I would always be a second-class citizen. In my heart of hearts, I wished I had been born an Englishman and had all the intellectual equipment, along with the symbols of privilege and power, of the best of them.

After I came down, I continued to run into Robert occasionally. In 1959, he married Jennifer Roberts, an Oxford graduate; in time, they had two sons and a daughter. For some years, Robert and my friend Jasper Griffin, who had been elected a fellow of Balliol, were colleagues and neighbors. The Ogilvies and the Griffins lived in adjacent college houses, and had rigged up a mechanical device that enabled them to listen for each other's children. Since I often stayed with the Griffins when I visited Oxford, I could have got to know Robert and Jennifer better than I did, but he simply seemed too grand. In 1965, Robert published his big book, "A Commentary on Livy," which made his scholarly reputation. In 1970, he resigned his fellowship at Balliol in order to become the headmaster of Tonbridge, a well-known public school. After that, I didn't see much of him, but I continued to get intermittent news of him. In 1975, he became Professor of Humanity at St. Andrews University, in Scotland. When he inexplicably killed himself, six years later, he was forty-nine years old.

There had been no warning that anything was seriously wrong. It is true that reports had reached Robert's friends that lately he had been drinking heavily, but then people in England, and especially Scots, are known for their heavy drinking. If it was a burden for him to be the

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son of two heads of Oxford houses, or if he felt that he was living in the shadow of his brother, he gave no sign of it. Rather, he carried off his position with a great deal of aplomb. In fact, on the face of it he seemed an extremely secure, self-confident, capable person. No one who knew him had an inkling of the demons that must have driven him. But after his death I remembered something that Ray Ockenden, who was up with me at Oxford and was reading Modern Languages, had told me after going down. "One afternoon, we were sitting on top of a Scottish mountain," Ray said. He had just been at a reading party with Robert in Scotland. "Robert suddenly asked me if I would be the best man at his wedding. That struck me as very strange—I scarcely knew him. At the time, Robert was so surrounded with friends, and I pictured him to be such a worldly don, that it didn't even occur to me that, deep down, he might feel lonely."

WHENEVER I think of Robert, I inevitably think of three other undergraduate friends: Roger Scott, who in my year came up as a scholar to New College to read Greats; Alasdair Clayre, who, also in my year, came up as a scholar to Christ Church to read Philosophy, Politics, and Economics, or P.P.E.; and my Balliol friend Richard Snedden, a scholar two years ahead of me, who was also reading P.P.E. They had all been scholars at Winchester College, which was spoken of, together with Eton, as the best public school in Britain. In their time, there were some five hundred boys at Winchester, of whom about seventy were scholars—the academic crème de la crème—and lived in what was known as College, an austere, monastic six-hundred-year-old building.

I once asked Maurice Keen what Roger, Alasdair, and Richard had been like at school. Maurice had been at Winchester with them, but he was a bit older than they were and had come up to Oxford to read Modern History a couple of years before I did. (A star pupil of my tutor, Sir Richard Southern, he later succeeded him as fellow and tutor of Medieval History at the college.) He was a friend of all of us.

"Roger, Alasdair, and Richard were all head boys," Maurice told me. He went on to explain that a head boy was always a scholar in his last year of school, chosen by the headmaster in consultation with the second master. Such a boy was supposed to represent the highest values of the school—indeed, of public-school education generally. He had to be an all-around golden boy—not only have academic abilities of the highest order and be good at sports but also enjoy the esteem of both the staff and the other boys. In addition, seniority could play a part. If someone sufficiently qualified stayed on for an extra year—boys were generally at Winchester for five years—he would be preferred as head boy to someone a year below him, however golden the younger aspirant.

REUNION

My grandfather stands on the front porch
watching the dogs come back, reassembled

from hair and grit and eyeteeth. Now
the twin mares browse by the fence

in their coats of dust. Nobody asks
what they mean, appearing so suddenly

when nobody needed them, or called.
In the back yard, the buried people—

great-grandmothers in spectator pumps,
the great-grandfather who died of sneezing,

the first baby, never named—
stay buried. It's not their overshoes

lost in the grass behind the smokehouse,
not their faces alive in anyone's

memory. But my mother waits
in the pecan tree's fingered shadow,

holding a broken milk jug full
of daylilies, waiting as if

she wanted someone to tell her again
it's all right to be born now,

now is as good a time as any.
In a month we'll find my grandfather's glasses

in their case under the front seat
of his car. "Oh goodness," my aunt will say,

as if it were a matter of his
forgetting them. As if we could

give them back. We're all convinced
we've missed the moment. We forget

that pause while a soul undoes
its buttons, the world falls away,

and one by one we step out
into this death, to be remembered.

—SALLY THOMAS

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"Were you a head boy? Could Jasper have been one at his school?"

"No. Neither of us is any good at sports."

I asked him how Roger, Alasdair, and Richard had all managed to become head boys.

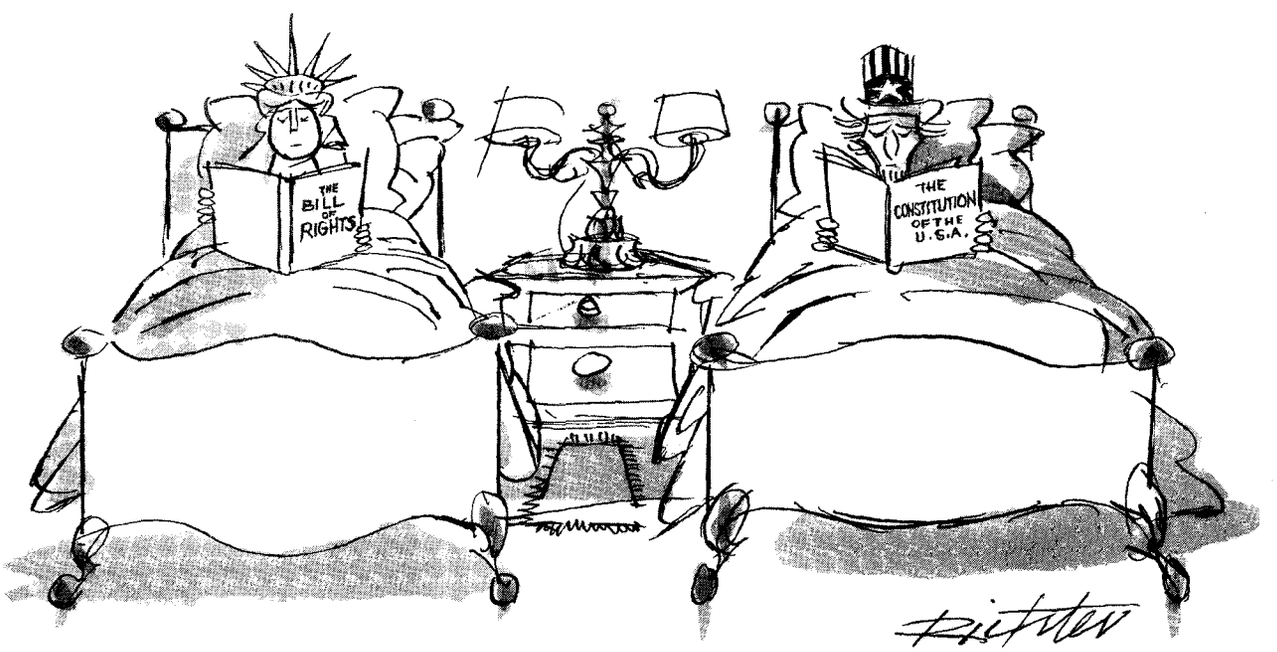
"They were a year below me, and theirs was, by any standard, a golden year. I left after five years, but, as it happened, one of my contemporaries, Leo Aylen, stayed on for a sixth year and was head boy for all of it. If he had not stayed on, Roger and Alasdair—but not Richard—would, by all contemporary reckoning, have been strong contenders for the office. Anyway, both of them decided to stay into a sixth year, I suspect partly because they both quite fancied the head-boy entry on their curriculum vitae. Roger became head boy for that autumn term, then left school. Alasdair succeeded him for the spring term, then left. Richard had also stayed on for the sixth year. He decided to stay the whole year, and was therefore next in line for the office when Alasdair left, and so became head boy for the summer term—no doubt keeping out of office the most golden of the next year down, whoever that may have been. After Winchester, Roger and Alasdair went on to spend two years doing their National Service before coming up to Oxford, while Richard came straight up from school."

At Oxford, Roger, Alasdair, and Richard all seemed to be destined for great things. Yet the later life of each of them was sad. I was left wondering whether the turns in the fate of all three were a coincidence or were in some way a consequence of their fast-lane education. It certainly seemed to me that their almost overbred intelligence could have developed only in the milieu of a British public school and the Oxford and Cambridge of the day. (Even people who had stable afterlives in a way my friends did not seemed to have been oddly affected by their school experience. One Balliol friend was so shy that during a conversation he would actually try to climb the wall—hoisting himself up onto a mantelpiece or the top of a bookcase, and perching there like a frightened bird. He did other odd things, too, like walking up to a piano in a room full of people, striking one key, and then looking around to see what effect the "ping" had had on them. He had come up to Balliol just after he turned eighteen, and it seemed that his mind had been forced far ahead of the rest of him.) Nevertheless, Roger, Alasdair, and Richard mastered their shortcomings sufficiently to become distinguished scholars, even if they never managed to—and, it may be, never wanted to—overcome a certain unworldly, eccentric attitude toward life.

Of the three, Roger was perhaps the handsomest and had the most dignified bearing. The legend of his school glory had preceded him to Oxford, and when he arrived he was taken up by several prominent Winchester dons, like John Sparrow, the Warden of All Souls. However, they soon realized that he was not what they had thought he would be. He was seen as oversensitive, fragile, ruthlessly honest, and in constant spiritual turmoil. Perhaps because I had come from America, at Oxford these very qualities drew me to him, but some of the high-powered Winchester, or Wykehamist, dons apparently saw them as a social handicap, and dropped him. He left Oxford after a year or so, in the middle of his studies. I remember thinking at the time that talented people everywhere have difficulty, and perhaps take longer than ordinary people to make their way in the world. Hardly anyone saw Roger after his departure. In 1970, he published a novel called "Downfall."

Alasdair was an especially close friend of mine at Oxford, but I didn't see much of him after I came down. One of my vivid early memories of him is an evening at the Royal Opera House, in Covent Garden. The father of one of my readers, Rose Donaldson, had just become a director of Covent Garden. Rose, a jolly, well-connected young woman, had the opportunity to take a couple of friends to a production of "Boris Godunov" and had invited me to go. As bidden, I dressed in my dinner jacket and met her at the Oxford railway station. I was enormously delighted to find that her other guest was Alasdair, a man who would have stood out in any company. He had fine, well-defined cheekbones, dark hair and eyebrows, and, always, a lively, interested expression, even when he appeared to be inwardly brooding. He made the air sparkle with his conversation.

Alasdair entertained us all the way to London, talking about operas he had seen and singing snatches from them; the other passengers in the compartment fell as much under the spell of his gaiety



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as we did. At one point, he launched into "Boris Godunov," singing the part now of the scheming monk, now of the distraught czar, now of the chorus of peasants, and also singing the ringing of church bells. Sometimes his imitations fell flat, but he pressed on, totally unself-conscious. He had a lovely lilt to his voice.

At Covent Garden, we were seated in the Royal Box; Rose explained that this was one of the perquisites of a director when royalty was not present. The box was a spacious room with heavy curtains on the stage side. When we arrived, they were closed. Here Rose's parents, John and Frances Donaldson, presided over a dazzling party, which included Sir Isaiah Berlin and several other people I didn't know—a merchant banker and his wife, and another couple, who, it seemed, had an estate near that of the Donaldsons. I was so intimidated by the company that I could scarcely find my tongue. Alasdair, however, went right up to Sir Isaiah and started talking to him. I was struck by the similarity of their voices: both were energetic and quick off the mark.

As an undergraduate, Alasdair was often compared to Sir Isaiah, as if people expected the younger man to lay claim one day to the older man's mantle. Like Berlin, Alasdair enjoyed chasing ideas and attaching them to thinkers, and puzzling out why those men had thought and acted as they had; like Berlin, he was a natural synthesizer. (Berlin, it seemed, couldn't mention Kant without mentioning Fichte and Hegel, as if he always saw connections among thinkers.) Like Berlin, he was passionate about music. And then there was Alasdair's shout, which sounded as if he had picked it up from Berlin. When I first met Alasdair, I thought that it was part of the hearty English manner, and imagined that many people at Oxford shouted like him. Later, I heard it said that Alasdair had learned his particular shout from Berlin, who, in turn, had learned it from Sir Maurice Bowra, another great Oxford figure. But the differences between Alasdair and Berlin were equally striking. Berlin seemed to have a sombre side, while Alasdair always seemed to be in high animal spirits. Berlin seemed set in his ways, while Alasdair was free.

As we were all standing and chatting, champagne glasses were pressed into our hands, and the waiters kept topping them up. A dinner table materialized,

SWINGTIME

BY ROGER ANGELL

COMING up out of the dugout before his next at-bat in a big game, Reggie Jackson was always accompanied by an invisible entourage: he was the heavyweight champion headed down the aisle for another title defense. The batter's box was his prize ring, and once he'd dug in there—with those gauntleted arms, the squashed-down helmet, the shades and the shoulders—all hearts beat faster. It really didn't matter what came next—a pop-up or a ground ball, a single or a dinger, or one of those tunnelling-to-Peru strikeouts that ended with his helmet askew, his massive legs twisted into taffy ropes, and the man lurching and staggering as he fought for balance down there in the center of our shouting—because what he gave us, game after game, throughout a twenty-one-year career, was full value. Now Reggie is headed for Cooperstown, where the customary sweet ceremonies, on August 1st, will transform him into the two-hundred-and-sixteenth inductee into the Baseball Hall of Fame. By an odd twist, he will be the only player so honored this year: exactly right.

The laurelled plaque will present Reggie in a Yankee cap (his choice), and the bronze lettering will mention his five hundred and sixty-three homers, sixth-best on the all-time list (ahead of Mickey Mantle, Jimmie Foxx, Ted Williams, Stan Musial, and Lou Gehrig, among others). A longer space would include his ten World Series home runs and his eleven American League championships (with three different teams) over a fifteen-year span. All that, plus the 2,597 lifetime strikeouts—the most among all comers, the most by a mile.

From first to last, he was excessive; he excelled at excess. He was, as Catfish Hunter said, the hot dog that couldn't be covered by all the mustard in the world. He was the straw that stirred the drink, as he himself said. He talked about "the magnitude of me," and also declared, "I represent the underdog *and* the overdog in our society." One of his autobiographies is dedicated to "my biggest supporter of all—God." His ego, like his swing, took your breath away, but the dazzled, infuriated beat writers and columnists had to concede that it probably arose from the same deeply hidden, unforgiving self-doubt that whipped him to such baseball heights, mostly in the hard late going. He was Mister October: nothing he said could ever take that away.

My own autumnal Reggie-memories require no brushing up by box score or encyclopedia. Among them are two deadly doubles against Tom Seaver in the sixth game of the 1973 World Series, and the home run against Jon Matlack the next day, which helped throw down my Mets and bring the Oakland Athletics the second of three straight World Championships. There was the splendid 1978 melodrama out at Dodger Stadium when young Bob Welch went *mano a mano* with Reggie in an extended, glaring at-bat and then whiffed him to end the game. (How many of the ecstatic Dodger fans there that day, I wonder, still recall Act II, when the same antagonists met once again on the same site, in Game Six, and Reggie took the kid deep on the first pitch, as the Yankees claimed another Series?)

I was also at Yankee Stadium on October 18, 1977, and hold in memory (along with the 56,407 fans there that night) the sound and sight and arc and afterglory of each of Reggie's three successive home runs (in three successive at-bats, against three different Dodger pitchers, and each on the very first pitch), which won the game and the Series, and set him unmistakably on the journey that he will finish upstate on Sunday. He paused for a bit in the box while the third and farthest-hit ball bounced joyfully around in the black-background rows beyond center field, savoring the magnitude of what he had done for himself—but most of all, of course, for us. ♦

RICHARD MERKIN

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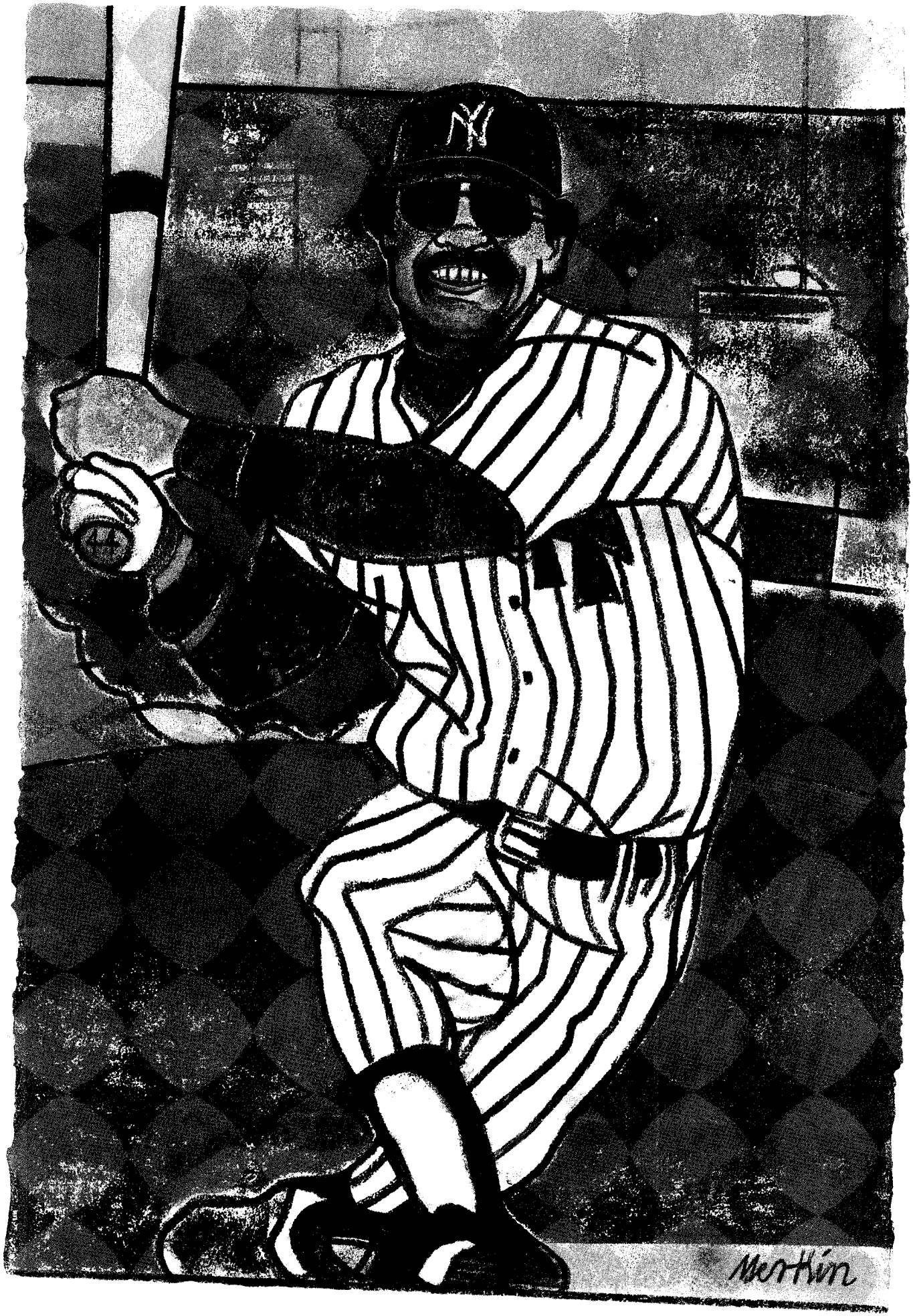

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"And the Lord said, 'They shall gradually, so as not to cause unemployment, beat their swords into plowshares.' "

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complete with damask cloth, silver, and crystal. There was still some time before the beginning of the opera, and the Donaldsons seated us as if we were in their dining room, Alasdair and I being on either side of Rose. We were served a smoked-salmon course—with very special white wine—and demolished it to the sound of the orchestra tuning up. Just before the curtain rose, the table and the dining chairs were carried out and comfortable armchairs carried in, transforming the private dining room into a ringside parlor, and the thick curtains of the box were drawn back.

Between acts, over more courses, with appropriate wines—and appropriate switching of furniture—almost everyone commented volubly on the voices of the singers and the quality of the sets; on Boris Christoff, the lead, and Rafael Kubelik, the conductor; on this production and others that people had seen. I knew the opera only from a set of records I owned. Although that allowed me to follow the story and the singing, more or less, I felt that if I opened my mouth I would only expose my ignorance, yet it would not do to continue to be silent. I resorted to the time-honored American technique of posing questions, asking at one point how Mussorgsky's opera was different from the Pushkin drama on which it was based, and whether anyone knew the differences between the earlier and the later versions of the opera.

Berlin was fast with answers, but Alasdair was not far behind. He was able to hold his own with Berlin on the subject of Pushkin. Indeed, I was floored by his knowledge and erudition. He was a year and a half younger than I was; I already had an American college degree, obtained while he was doing his National Service. How, I wondered, had he managed to learn so much? Was it Winchester or the English culture? I told myself there was no way to explain the springs of talent. After all, Pushkin, perhaps the greatest Russian poet, died at the age of thirty-seven.

"What a silly way for Pushkin to go," I said now. "If Pushkin hadn't died in a duel—"

"The ifs and coulds of history!" Alasdair broke in. "What if Marlowe hadn't been stabbed to death in a tavern? We might have had a poet as great as Shakespeare."

The dining chairs were almost pulled out from under us, so that the parlor could be reassembled for the last act.

SINCE Alasdair and I were in different colleges, we didn't run into each other as a matter of course. We would arrange to meet by sending each other notes through the colleges' messenger service; there were several pickups and deliveries per day, so we could write to each other in the morning and meet a few hours later. He would usually come by Balliol, and we would go around the corner to Cornmarket Street and either lunch at La Roma, a cozy Italian restaurant, or have morning coffee or afternoon tea at the Cadena Café, to the strains of a live orchestra. (Auden's patronage added a touch of poetry to the atmosphere.) Alasdair was quite a university figure, yet there was nothing condescending or pretentious in his manner. Almost from the start, he made me feel like an old friend, although there were a number of people he knew better, from school, from National Service, and from P.P.E. studies.

One recurrent topic in our conversation was Oxford philosophy, and whenever we talked about it I felt particularly sad that I wasn't a philosopher. In the nineteen-fifties at Oxford, the linguistic analysis of many chestnuts in the philosophical fire was causing a revolution in Western philosophy. Being an Oxford undergraduate at the time and not taking part in this revolution was a little like being a worker in Paris in 1789 and sitting out the storming of the Bastille. I relied on Alasdair to bring me up to date on the latest bulletins from the barricades. Not only was Alasdair a regular at the lectures of J. L. Austin, Elizabeth Anscombe, Gilbert Ryle, Stuart Hampshire, and other Oxford philosophical luminaries but he also saw many of them socially; his natural brilliance, his good nature, and his charm attracted undergraduates and dons alike. Many of us saw our dons outside lectures and tutorials—Oxford fostered the feeling that we all belonged to a community of equals—but Alasdair got more out of such friendships, because he had both the Winchester passport and the intellectual ability. (In due course, as everyone expected, he became a colleague of his

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former dons.) He was also lighthearted, even to the point of being a marvellous gossip. It was as if his high-minded principles found release in animated chitchat. After all, Oxford undergraduates and dons were like a big family, whose quirks, preoccupations, and habits were a perpetual source of amusement and entertainment to its members. To hear Alasdair talk about the philosophers was rather like being the proverbial fly on the wall and watching them wrestle with their ideas.

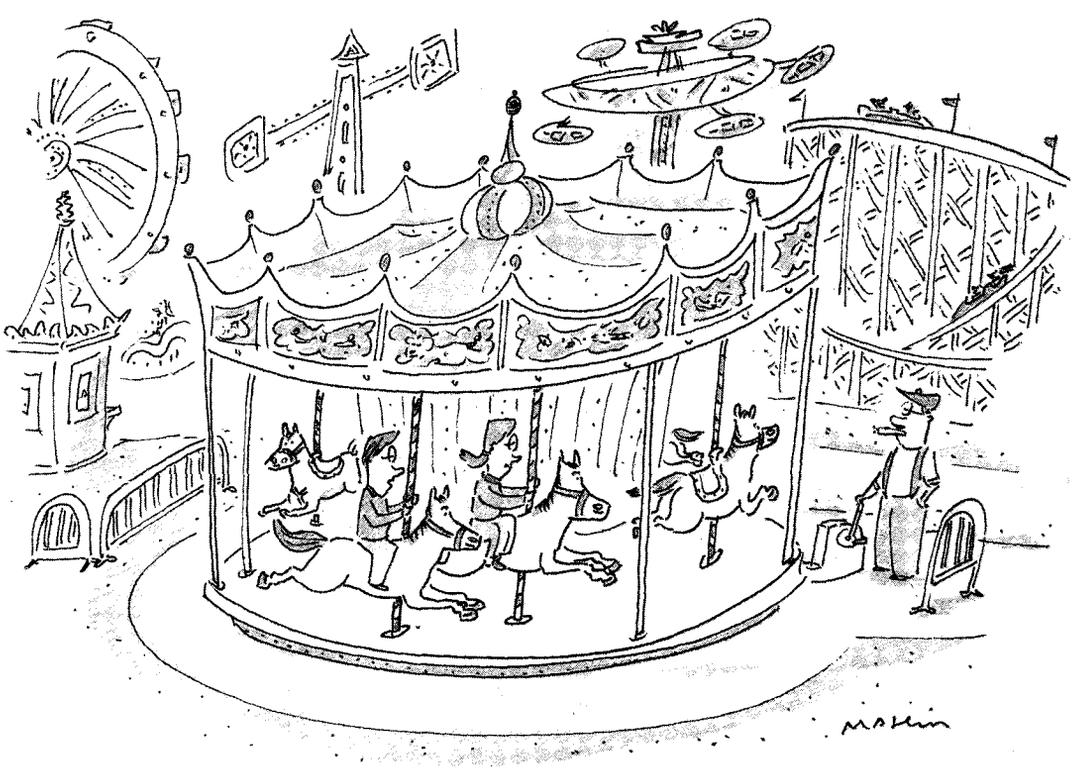
Some years later, I found myself writing a book much of which concerned Oxford philosophers, and I realized that a large part of what I knew about them I had absorbed from my conversations with Alasdair. Like a good teacher, he had imparted knowledge to me in such an informal way that I had the impression I'd picked it up on my own. I wanted to acknowledge his help in the book, but didn't want to embarrass him by associating him with it and making him a party to what might be controversial or might ruffle the feathers of the people I was writing about, who were his friends and were now also his colleagues. When the book came out, I fully intended to thank him, but I never did. I expected him to say something about it, but he never acknowledged its existence. Almost without knowing it, I took his silence to be a sign of disapproval, and felt wounded. Rather childishly, I responded to his silence with a silence of my own. From a distance, he seemed so successful in the intellectual world that I felt as if our relationship of equality had ceased with my Oxford years. Sustained silence was so out of keeping with our easy undergraduate rapport that I was confused. The thread of our friendship was broken, and the explanations I gave myself for that—for instance, that it was difficult to maintain a friendship from opposite sides of the ocean—were insufficient. Years went by before I realized that his judgment of the book had nothing to do with my gratitude to him. By then, it was too late. On January 10, 1984, around eleven o'clock in the evening, he killed himself by jumping under an oncoming train in the Underground station in Kentish Town, North London.

I remember that when I heard the news I thought of many things, and especially of the death of Anna Karenina, for the novel was a favorite of both of us, and we'd often discussed it. But there could hardly be any comparison between a death near midnight in a gloomy station in the Underground and the death under the wheels of a pounding nineteenth-century Russian train in a bustling, crowded provincial railway station—and, more important, no comparison at all between Alasdair hurling himself out of this world without abiding faith and Anna crossing herself and begging God's forgiveness with almost her last breath.

The tremor that Alasdair's death created in the English intellectual community is still palpable. In fact, whenever his friends meet, they—that is, we—are apt to remark upon his absence and fall to discussing his manifold gifts, seeing in one aspect or another of his life a reflection of our own. Perhaps I should mention that one of his friends still refuses to accept the idea that Alasdair committed suicide. He maintains that Alasdair probably fell under the train in a drunken stupor. (In later years, Alasdair was drinking a lot—wine, whiskey, just about anything.) Suicide, however, was the finding at the inquest, where the motorman, who was sitting at platform level, testified that he saw Alasdair actually throw himself under the train.

ALASDAIR was born on October 9, 1935. He was the youngest son of John Clayre, a doctor in Southampton, whose original surname was Christianssen, and who was Danish by birth. For several generations, the Christianssens had been doctors and lay missionaries, and it was by way of Australia that John Clayre had come to live in England. He seems to have had a great love for the Scots—for their robust yet puritanical character—and he gave his children, three sons, names with what he thought was a Scottish flavor: in addition to Alasdair, David and Iain. Dr. Clayre died when Alasdair was eleven, and the children were brought up by their mother, Doris, who settled near Winchester.

Alasdair was particularly close to his mother, a forceful, energetic, inquisitive, determined woman, who, like many women of her generation, hadn't re-



"It does come as somewhat of a surprise, Carla. I thought marriage was a roller-coaster ride."

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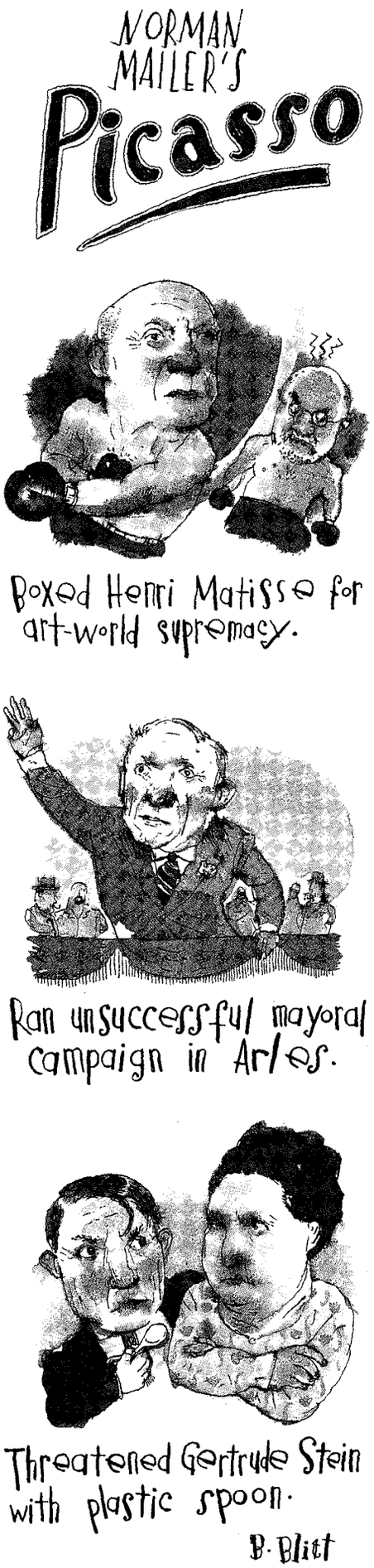

ceived much formal education. Apparently, because he was both the youngest and the cleverest of her children, she favored him, and after he became a scholar at Winchester she invested ever more pride in his achievements, although his brothers were also intelligent, even if they did not win scholarships to great public schools. (Iain did engineering at Cambridge and has settled in Canada. David is a schoolteacher in Denmark.)

At Winchester, Alasdair was a favorite of the headmaster, Walter Oakeshott, and, as it happened, Oakeshott left to become the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, a couple of years before Alasdair came up. Because of Oakeshott, when Alasdair came to Oxford, after doing his National Service, he had a leg up, and quickly got to know many dons of various colleges. He soon became well known at Oxford in his own right, however, through a column he wrote for *Isis*, an undergraduate weekly. Even people who sneered at the pretensions and frivolities of the "rag" looked out for what Alasdair had to say. In fact, there was a marked disparity between Alasdair's thoughtful pieces and the silly headlines the editors put on them, such as "Clayre Soup" or "Clayre Out." The pieces had a certain kind of intellectual seriousness and political engagement, without the doctrinaire leftwing ideas so characteristic of undergraduate publications then. As a columnist, he seemed to enjoy manipulating abstractions, and forming moral judgments upon the whole social spectrum of England. In one column he attacked the language in which the social sciences were couched. In another, instead of adding his voice to that of the campaign for nuclear disarmament in purely emotional and moral condemnation of "the bomb," he advocated an empirical approach to British unilateral nuclear disarmament, inviting those who airily espoused pacifism to consider its consequences: it might involve renouncing "our trade, our standard of living, our position in the world, our political independence, even our lives." In a third column he reviewed Roy Jenkins' book "Sir Charles Dilke, A Victorian Tragedy" and discussed the Victorian moral code, which if it was publicly violated could spell the ruin of an eminent figure. (Dilke's career was ruined, just when he was on the verge of coming into a high office, by charges of adultery levelled by a self-proclaimed mistress; she was probably prompted to make them by Dilke's apparent actual mistress, who, as it happened, was her mother.) In a fourth he reflected upon the relative uselessness of writing and thinking, his particular métier, compared with the usefulness of building bridges and manufacturing goods, the job of the worker. In looking up the pieces recently, I was pleasantly surprised to find how clearly I recalled them.

In 1959, Alasdair was awarded a congratulatory First in P.P.E.—that is, his papers were so brilliant that the board of examiners specially commended him in person—and that autumn he was elected one of the two new prize Fellows of All Souls. As its Fellow, Alasdair became one of the then just under sixty select, self-electing, self-governing, self-perpetuating Fellows of one of the richest colleges at Oxford, which had no students—indeed, no formal obligations of any kind. At All Souls, he was ensconced in rooms, panelled in mahogany, that are some of the most comfortable in Oxford, and in a setting that is, in its way, as exquisite as that of Winchester or Christ Church—indeed, as exquisite as any setting in England. The college, which was founded in 1438, has great physical beauty. Its northern quadrangle, designed by Nicholas Hawksmoor and completed in 1734, ranks as one of the finest examples of eighteenth-century architecture in Britain, and on a clear day its high twin towers and, beyond them, the outlines of the Radcliffe Camera, a library in the shape of a rotunda, and the spires of the Bodleian Library provide a striking vista. It was here that Alasdair was left alone to think and write. In "A Room of One's Own" Virginia Woolf, while bemoaning the social exclusivity of British higher education, says, "Intellectual freedom depends upon material things." Alasdair was now provided with those material things as a result of his success in a series of competitive examinations, beginning, in effect, when he was eleven. (Competition, like flogging, had, of course, been one of the principal values that built and sustained the empire.) He used to say that as a sinecure for intellectuals All Souls had few, if any, equals anywhere in the world. An All Souls Fellowship was an unparalleled passport to almost any

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establishment position. Indeed, traditionally, many of the Fellows had not gone into academic life at Oxford but had held such positions in London—in the Civil Service, in banking, in publishing, in Parliament—and had visited the college only on weekends. Over the years, the college had played a very important part in British politics. Between the wars, for instance, it boasted such London fellows as Curzon, Chelmsford, Halifax, Simon, Dawson, and Sir Arthur Salter. Some of the most important, if misguided, decisions of the period were substantially made in its common room: not to bring down Mussolini, not to help the Republicans in Spain, not to collaborate with Russia against the Nazis, not to defend Czechoslovakia.

In the early years when I saw Alasdair at All Souls, he seemed to take to the college as if it were his birthright. (I remember one garden party he gave at the college as perhaps the most dazzling Oxford party I ever went to.) A passionate, outspoken Marxist, John David Caute, was elected the same year as Alasdair, but he soon began to bridle at the old-fashioned comforts of the place. In fact, he and some other young fellows took it upon themselves to try to reform the college and bring it into the modern world, by making it, at least in part, into a graduate school—with actual students, and a new building to house them. Their plans eventually fell through, and Caute was so indignant that he resigned his Fellowship and made a public issue of this life of privilege by writing an article about it in the British monthly *Encounter*. In his article Caute fastened the blame for the failure of the reforms on John Sparrow, charging that the Warden was clearly offended by the atmosphere of modern intellectual life, since he preferred gentlemen amateurs to professionals, classical discipline to practical subjects, bachelor dons to married dons. (Once, it is said, Sparrow quipped that nowadays young fellows were giving up "All Souls for one body." He himself was a bachelor.) Caute also charged that Sparrow found distasteful such notions as a college's accountability to the state and the opening up of higher education to greater numbers. Caute felt that he was silent about which side Alasdair had taken in the affair, and Alasdair was too discreet to violate All Souls' code of secrecy, which was so strict that Caute could not have written the article and remained a Fellow. I do remember, however, that Alasdair was torn by the row, and his distress made me think he might have had a foot in each camp. Caute, like Alasdair, had been brought up by his mother, had gone to a public school, and had garnered certain marks of Oxford success: as an undergraduate, he not only published "At Fever Pitch" but also got a First in Modern History. Sparrow, like Alasdair, had been a Winchester scholar, and, unlike Caute, was a pillar of the establishment: he had read Mods and Greats at New College, taken his mandatory Firsts, been elected to All Souls, called to the bar, and become an important figure at Oxford. Alasdair seemed to see their clash as a family feud, and to be pained by it.

At All Souls, Alasdair took advantage of the international standing of the college, and the social and intellectual groups it opened up to him, but he never settled down to any particular line of work. While most of us at Oxford marched purposefully toward a goal, he was constantly jumping from one thing to another, picking up things, making a success of them, and dropping them, as if he were trying to prove himself in different fields—in effect, continuing on the road of competition. One sensed a certain tension in him, as it seemed that he was increasingly drawn out of the cloistered, cozy world of Oxford, an extension of his Winchester life, into the larger, glamorous world of London.

Perhaps taking a cue from Wittgenstein, he worked for a time as a gardener for the writer Richard Hughes, who was a friend of his. He took up architecture, and was awarded a scholarship to study the subject at the Architectural Association School in London for five years, but he abandoned it within a year. He tried his hand at fiction, publishing a novel, "The Window." (The *Times Literary Supplement* review of the book began, "Mr. Alasdair Clayre has written a book about faith, hope and love. He is not able to cope with these high themes in terms of character; and there are difficulties of feeling that he does not approach.") He also published a volume of verse, "A Fire by the Sea." He produced television programs and delivered lectures over the air for the Open University—a nonresidential university for students of all ages (often employed), in which television is used as a teaching aide. He wrote a book, "Work and Play," in which he considered the ideas of philosophers on work: he discussed the value of work that is fulfilling, and, drawing upon quotations from workers, he argued that the problems posed by repetitive industrial work can be solved not by more pay and fewer working hours, as is generally assumed, but by less industrialization, since tedium kills enthusiasm for leisure. At one time, he fell for Scientology, being taken with its idea that one could maximize one's production and creativity by joining the community of its adherents; he was especially attracted to the commune style of living that some of its adherents had adopted. Members were required to turn over their money. Alasdair had no money to give, and after a few months the scales dropped from his eyes, and he escaped. Escape proved much more difficult for friends of his who had followed him into the movement; one of them had made over a good part of his substantial wealth.

For a while, Alasdair was a folksinger. He published a collection of his songs, and performed them on a couple of records. The liner notes on one record were written by the novelist Iris Murdoch, the notes on the other by the writer and critic John Wain; he described Alasdair's songs a little in the manner of Polonius—as in turn "lyrical and elegiac," "purely satirical," "satirical with an undertone of pathos," "argumentative-satirical," and "philosophical and lyrical." Actually, Alasdair's songs were often fatalistic and had about them something of the troubadour, perhaps his most famous being "Adam and the Beasts," in which Adam asks God, "Is it with the hunting beasts that I belong?" Some of Alasdair's songs were also recorded by a Persian folksinger, a young woman named Shusha Guppy, who had moved to England from Iran when she married.

I met Shusha once. "I was introduced to Alasdair in the late sixties or early seventies," she told me. "In those days, he and a friend were running a very successful Sunday-night folk club. I did an

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evening of singing there, and that launched my career in Britain. Alasdair's songs were perfectly all right—as a typically sixtyish poet's songs. It was as if he were trying to be Bob Dylan, but the songs were not as good as Bob Dylan's, so he thought that they were no good."

Like his professional life, his private life was turbulent, and was notable more for conquests than for stability. "When we were undergraduates, I once saw Alasdair near the sports field," David Pryce-Jones, a friend of both of us, recalls. (Alasdair had always been very good at football.) "As I was driving away, I saw Alasdair just hustle a girl into a ditch. I can still see her little feet going up into the air. This was the first time I had seen such an approach to courtship, and I think it was symptomatic of the way he set about things with women—I mean, he simply got on top of them. In the early years after we came down from Oxford, when Clarissa and I were living in our little matchbox of a house, in the Knightsbridge area"—David was among the first of us to get married—"at least four brokenhearted girls must have come to the house to talk to Clarissa. All of them had been shattered by their experience with Alasdair. I remember having a conversation with him when he had got two of them pregnant at the same time. He was ashamed of it, but also proud of it. You see, he was a great moral figure, but had something wolfish about him, too. As he grew older, he got hold of younger and younger girls. Sometimes the wives of his close friends had to worry about the virtue of their daughters. He was a little like the Minotaur waiting for the next shipment of virgin flesh from Greece."

Alasdair's mother began to fret that her son would never get married and settle down, but Alasdair seemed unconcerned about the delay. He was the first to admit that he had trouble committing himself to one woman. And he once pointed out to me, "After all, Isaiah didn't get married until he was about forty-seven." In October, 1974, however, when Alasdair was thirty-eight years old, he married Felicity Bryan. They had been living together for two years. Felicity, a literary agent, was the twenty-nine-year-old daughter of Sir Paul Bryan, a Conservative member of Parliament. (He represented the constituency of Howden from 1955 to 1983.) The wedding took place in the crypt of the Houses of Parliament, another of the old and beautiful settings that had formed Alasdair's experience. Their marriage lasted six years, during the last two of which they lived apart.

ALASDAIR'S final piece of work was a twelve-part survey of China, for television, entitled "The Heart of the Dragon," and an accompanying book that bore the same title. The series, in a sense, had its origin in his friendship with Peter Montagnon, his former boss at the Open University and a long-time, distinguished producer for the BBC, whose credits included the series "Civilisation," with Kenneth Clark. In 1979, when Channel 4, a new commercial station, was mooted, Alasdair and Montagnon formed a television-production company and called it Antelope—because, Montagnon explained, "we thought the animal smelled good and it was able to run pretty fast when required." One of the few conditions of the partnership was that sometimes Montagnon would be the front legs and Alasdair the back legs, and sometimes they would change ends; another was that they would work only with people they liked. Although it was clearly in Alasdair's interest to work with Montagnon, it was not so clear why Montagnon wanted Alasdair as an equal partner. He once said that he thought of Alasdair as heir to the late poet Louis MacNeice, and as being in the tradition of the Third Programme, for which MacNeice had done some of his best work. (The BBC's highbrow Third Programme had carried the banner for international high culture in Britain until 1970, when it was discontinued, to the accompaniment of an enormous storm in the British cultural establishment.)

Alasdair wrote the proposal for the China series in consultation with China scholars, to whom he had access through his All Souls connections. On the basis of that proposal and Montagnon's repu-

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tation, Channel 4 funded the entire project. Alasdair then scouted for locations—a job that meant travelling extensively in China, ahead of the film crew.

In the course of the work on the series, Montagnon often found Alasdair an extraordinarily joyous and extroverted collaborator, as is suggested by this entry in his diary, dated October 23, 1981, which he shared with friends in his address at Alasdair's memorial service. It was written when they were in Turfan, in western China: "Last night there was a grand party given by the chief of 'the Foreign Office' in Turfan. He comes from a minority group; a Vega. Alasdair saved our bacon; we had to perform after the local girls and the local bands had just given over with their dances and songs. He was fast asleep in the front row. We dug him in the ribs, whispered 'Alasdair, you're on.' He leapt up and into the breach, and sang two of his own songs brilliantly, then topped it by doing a Scottish reel, much admired by us, the locals and a visiting herd of American tourists." At other times, it seems, his work habits showed a different, rather anxious side of Alasdair. According to Montagnon, he would often stay up until sunrise, going through a couple of dozen drafts of a chapter, and in the morning his colleagues would find him unshaven and surrounded by the debris of a sleepless night.

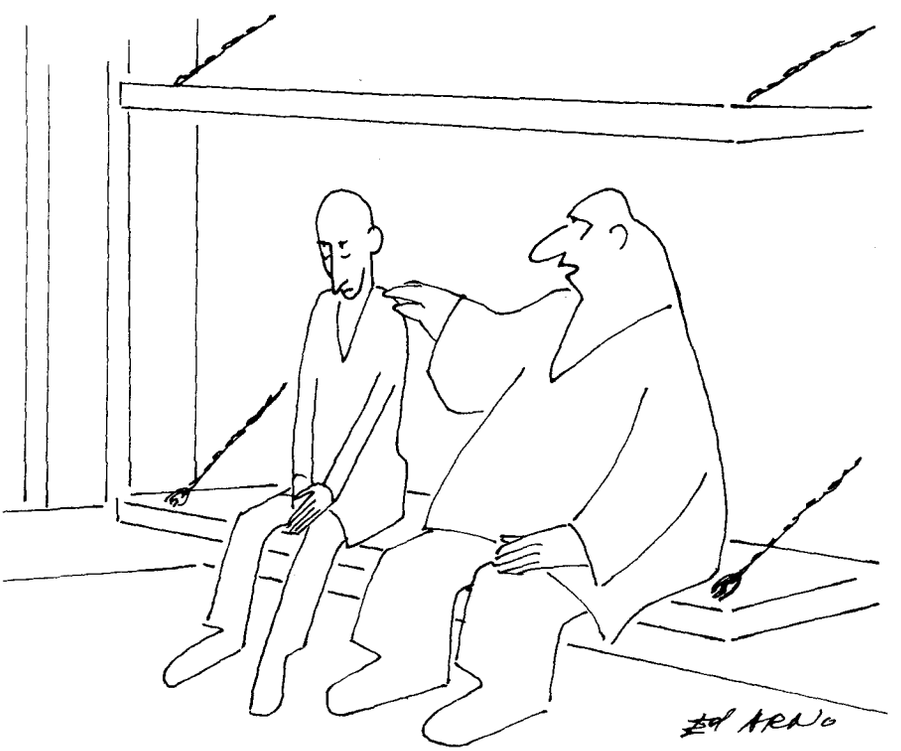
Alasdair spent three years on the series and the book. They dealt with China's history, culture, and economic conditions and, together, perhaps constituted his longest-sustained piece of work. The date of the publication of the book was January 10, 1984, twenty days before the first installment of the series was to be broadcast. As publication day approached, Alasdair's friends noticed in him signs of anxiety; it seemed to them that he didn't want to expose himself to the criticism of reviewers, as though doing so would interfere with his sense of perfection. It was on that day that he killed himself.

A MEMORIAL service for Alasdair was held in February, 1984, in St. James's Church in Piccadilly. It fell to Felicity to organize it; neither his elderly mother nor his brothers, living abroad, knew who his friends were. The task was none too easy for her, not only because she had remarried and had three small children but also because since the divorce many of Alasdair's closest friends had ignored her or seemed embarrassed to acknowledge her. "It is very frustrating to run into people you know—at the opera or the theatre—and have them simply pretend that you don't exist," she told me.

Among those attending the service were some of the most notable figures in British intellectual and social life. David Pryce-Jones, Peter Levi, and Peter Montagnon—three of Alasdair's close friends—spoke, with Levi giving perhaps the most moving eulogy. "He was in the tradition of Diderot and Voltaire, except that he was shouting with laughter," Levi said. "He made philosophy as comic as it was serious. . . . He made a walk across a quadrangle feel like a wild intellectual adventure. . . . He even made All Souls sound like an endless opera by Mozart: not a usual view. . . . Alasdair was one of the few moral philosophers who understood the fundamental importance of pleasure and of course its tragic nature. He did as much as anyone to infect our entire generation with liberalism, a love of liberty. . . . He was one of those minor characters in Shakespeare who make the whole play live. He died after weeks of severe strain in a moment of desperation, by an unconsidered act of desperate courage. 'Against the leaf, that is violently taken with the wind, thou showest thy might, and persecutest dry stubble.' "

FELICITY now lives just outside Oxford with her second husband, Alex Duncan, who is an agricultural economist. In 1989, when I was a visiting fellow at Balliol, my wife and I saw something of them; they came to us, and we had dinner with them at their house, in the village of Kidlington. Naturally, one of our topics of conversation was Alasdair. In fact, Felicity and Alex had become romantically involved when Alex was working in Gambia and she went to visit him for the Christmas of 1980 to recover from the final breakup of her marriage to Alasdair. (She and Alex had first met almost ten years earlier, when she was twenty-six and he was twenty-two, after her mother died and her father married Alex's mother.)

One day, Felicity came to lunch at the college, and we had coffee in my room. The subject of suicide was very much on my mind. That Michaelmas term, two undergraduates had committed suicide—one by taking cyanide crystals, and the other by jumping out of a fourth-floor window. It was reported that Oxford and Cambridge had higher



"I've served under five Presidents."

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suicide rates than any other universities in Britain, and, apparently as a precaution, many gas fires in college rooms had long since been replaced by electric ones.

"Was Alasdair prone to depression?" I asked Felicity.

"Not in the early years of our marriage," she said. "His troubles had more to do with his fear of settling down, and his wish to remain perpetually youthful. When he wasn't running around after very young girls, he was often involved with quite aristocratic, fashionable women."

"Were the two of you happy together?"

"We certainly had a very sociable life. In the early years, we had a lovely time. We travelled a lot. Though we did once go to America, and once to Denmark, to visit Alasdair's relatives, who were very jolly, we mostly went on little jaunts. On Friday, he would get the idea of going to France for the weekend, and within minutes we would be on the road on his motorbike. He was deeply committed to his motorbike, had it long before he married me. He liked it because he could go anywhere with it—put it on the train or ferry. We would go to Waterloo, take the train to Southampton, and go over to Le Havre, and we'd be in France. We would stay in a small hotel in Paris, look at things, have good meals, stay up late talking and drinking, and come back on Sunday. Then, in London, too, we were always going to parties on the motorbike. It made him feel fancy-free. There was a bit of the gypsy in him. Alasdair was a very interesting mixture of the reclusive and the gregarious. He preferred dinner parties to cultural evenings, but we did go to some plays, and I used to drag him along to operas—I'm a great opera fan."

"Alasdair couldn't have been a very easy person to be with," I observed.

"When we first got together, he was trying to write for six months of the year; for the other six months, he was working for the Open University. I think it's a difficult thing for an agent to be married to a writer, and particularly a writer who doesn't feel he's doing very well, so we didn't share our work, and that made things easier. He rarely wanted me to read his writing. I never even read 'The Window.' "

"That's surprising," I said.

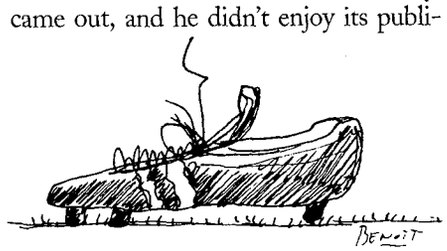
"I suppose he didn't feel proud of it and therefore didn't want me to read it. We did do a lot of work together, though, getting his records off the ground. We also used to sing a lot together. He had a lovely tenor voice."

"As you know, I didn't keep up with him during the years you were married," I said, "but it seems that he found settling down to a particular kind of work very difficult."

"Yes, though he was always involved with the media—especially television. At one point, he left the Open University and started working for the BBC in Manchester on a sort of television magazine program. He saw it as a chance to get out of academic television and do something more general, but the program was not a success, because it was the first time he had had to work like a reporter, and he didn't come off very well. He tried to go back to the Open University, but he'd lost his slot there. Then he worked for *The Economist* for a time. He had done some long essays for the magazine, and the editor, Andrew Knight, had the inspired idea to have Alasdair do a political column. He tried his hand at it, but it wasn't a success, either, because it meant that he had to hang around the lobby of the House of Commons and talk to politicians. Reporting just wasn't his line."

"I wonder why he didn't stick to the academic life," I said. "He was so well suited to it."

"He did, of course, have his room in All Souls, in the tower, as part of his fellowship, and he would disappear there. But he didn't seem to have any really close friends there, of the sort he could confide in. Anyway, Englishmen of his upbringing often have trouble talking about their feelings, particularly with other men. In fact, I think that's why some of Alasdair's closest friends were not English. Also, he was fearful of judgment by his All Souls colleagues. He felt that he had already let down so many people who had put a lot of faith in him. You see, he felt he was a failure. While we were married, 'Work and Play' came out, and he didn't enjoy its publication at all—he was so fearful of reviews."



"You lived mostly in London?"

"Yes. We lived in a flat, which he had bought before I knew him. It was on Mill Field Lane, halfway up Highgate, West Hill, and from its roof terrace one had a lovely view of the Highgate ponds, on the Heath. Alasdair was very much attached to it, because it was unusual and out of the way. It was a delightful walkup for a bachelor, but it had only one big room, and that doubled as his study and our living room. As far as I was concerned, it wasn't an appropriate place for a couple. Moreover, it was isolated and inconvenient. The entire time we were married, I tried to get him to move to a house—get more settled, have children—but he resisted the idea."

"Was that why you broke up?"

"Yes, although the immediate cause was my finding out that he was having an affair. He continued to have the affair, and was very much involved with the woman, but he couldn't see why that should get in the way of our marriage. We went to a marriage counsellor who was a Jungian analyst. I think she was recommended by Montagnon's wife, herself an analyst. I found the whole process of therapy incredibly tearful and difficult. The hour would completely knock me out. Then Alasdair and I would have lunch together, and have a bright and jolly time, but there was no way to save the marriage, because he wouldn't have children. Just before I remarried, he invited me round to a splendid house he had bought in St. John's Wood. I couldn't stop crying. It seemed to me extraordinary that he should have got this big house—just the sort of house I'd always wanted for us—after I left him."

"Still, you kept in touch after that?"

"He came to see me at our house in Oxford right after we moved there, in 1983. I'd recently had Max, my second child, and Alasdair had just returned from China. I was eager to hear his impressions of China, but he kept saying, 'This could have been us. This baby could have been ours.' He seemed to want to start the marriage over again. I imagined that it was seeing me with my baby in our beautiful old Oxford house that had upset him. I tried to change the subject to 'The Heart of the Dragon,' but he kept saying that he was very, very

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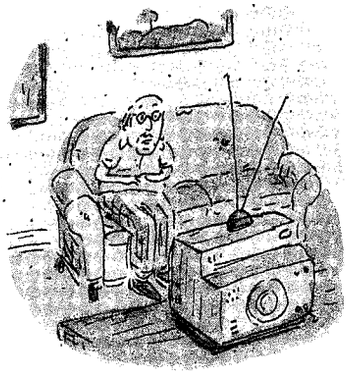
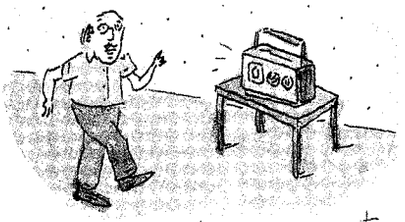
SCIENTISTS DISCOVER THE GENE FOR HETEROSEXUALITY IN MEN

Stoic indifference to Judy Garland

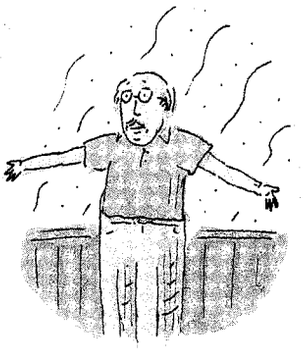
Urge to join Shriners



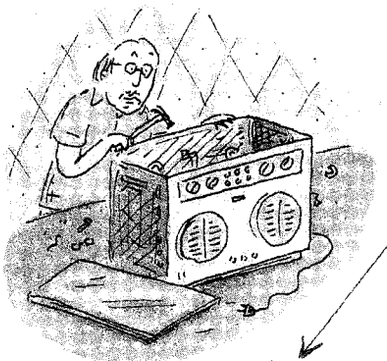
Understanding of and interest in football strategies



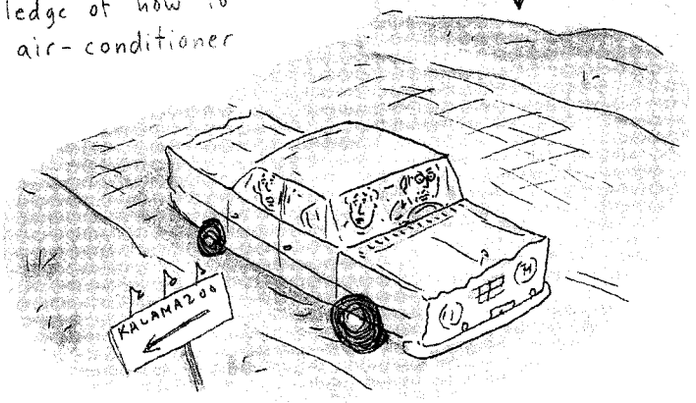
Inability to dance, except for the Texas Two-Step



Fondness for Sansabelt slacks



Knowledge of how to fix air-conditioner



Fear of asking directions

Desire to eat steak and eggs for breakfast

R. Chast

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lonely—that an American girl he was involved with had left him and gone back to the States. 'But how is the series going?' I persisted. He said that he wasn't sure how it would do—he considered it a secondary, rather than an original, work and dreaded the prospect of seeing it reviewed. All kinds of people were against him, he said. He sounded very paranoid. Toward the end of his life, he was telephoning me regularly. Generally, he would stay on the line for about an hour. There was no way I could calm him. One day, he called me and he just went on and on, and I finally put the phone down on him. I'd just had Ben, and I was breast-feeding him. I was very tired from having had three children, one after another. He phoned back. Alex picked up the phone and said, 'Alasdair, will you please stop phoning Felicity—it upsets her too much.' After that, we didn't speak until the Christmas before he died, when he phoned me at the office to say that he had lost his driver's license. He said that he had been caught speeding by the police and discovered to be over the alcohol limit. He thought he was going to be sent to prison. I assured him that he wasn't—that he had only lost his license. That was the last time I spoke to him."

"Did he talk about anything else?"

"He talked obsessively about money problems. That was ironic, because he died quite well off. After all, he owned the flat and the house, both substantial residences. And then Antelope went public some time after he died, and did extremely well. I often felt guilty about that last telephone call, and I often thought of him, but I didn't really mourn him until I got the news that 'The Heart of the Dragon' had won the Emmy—it was really extraordinary that an English television series should have won the Emmy. I burst into tears, and for a whole week I found myself thinking of him and crying. I felt that the Emmy was a symbol of success that would have meant a great deal to him, that would have given him self-esteem."

"But he had so many symbols of success much grander than the Emmy."

"But he needed a new one each time he did something."

RICHARD SNEDDEN, the third of my Winchester friends and the only child of Sir Richard and Lady Snedden, came up to Balliol two years before I

THE MEETING

This was the kind of life that needed help,
an afternoon when the rain was warm and unexpected,

when there was a familiar walk toward feelings,
and he met her at a place

where just the bar was open
and the owner served them, then excused himself

as though he had been paid to disappear,
and for the longest time no one else came in.

She told him she had never answered ads before,
and was still unsure except she'd heard hello

and here she was. He said the best letter
had been hers, the last one he would answer.

There were women who had written out of loneliness,
whose letters would sometimes begin

"I am writing to you out of loneliness,"
from Lufkin, Texas, above a shoe store;

from Island Pond, Vermont, with a copy of her résumé
and a Polaroid of her parents' farm.

But today was like meeting an old friend.
There was happiness here, even if he spoke of it,

in the sudden spring rain, in the shadows
a bar cat turned his back on while sleeping,

even in the two men who came in
and talked quietly, waiting patiently for the owner,

who was off setting tables and let some cutlery
slip from his hand and strike the floor.

But when he heard it she had suddenly looked at her watch
and said it was getting late, but yes

he could call her again, and he thought of the women
whose letters were adventurous and moving

but on the phone they spoke as if he'd caught them
as they were about to go to sleep

or as they were going out, and when he called again
he thought the red eye of each answering machine

recognized persistence, and when he stayed behind
it was just to finish his drink and watch her leave,

the check stirring gently from their table,
the wet street filled with sunlight and ways to meet women.

—DAVID PETRUZELLI

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did, when he was eighteen years old, as a scholar. In contrast to Alasdair, Sned was a self-contained chap, who epitomized a certain kind of conventional British attitude and attention to style. He seemed to be comfortable only in his gang of public-school men, and for him people were either "in" or "out." Because he had gone to Winchester and was a scholar, I imagined that he would end up in the exclusive Foreign Office. As an undergraduate, he was particularly interested in holding offices—in societies, in the Junior Common Room, in anything at all. He seemed to be fascinated by the trivia of the elections, like a child with an all-consuming hobby. In my first year, he was elected treasurer of the J.C.R., a student office outranked only by the offices of its president and secretary. The next year, he stood for president against Peter Davison. Peter was an outsider—he was a Canadian, and the only undergraduate at Balliol reading Theology—and he was very personable. Sned was perceived as a stiff, establishment candidate, and he lost. (Sometimes it seemed as though Americans and Canadians were the only people who could get elected to any office, because the public-school and grammar-school boys wouldn't vote for each other.)

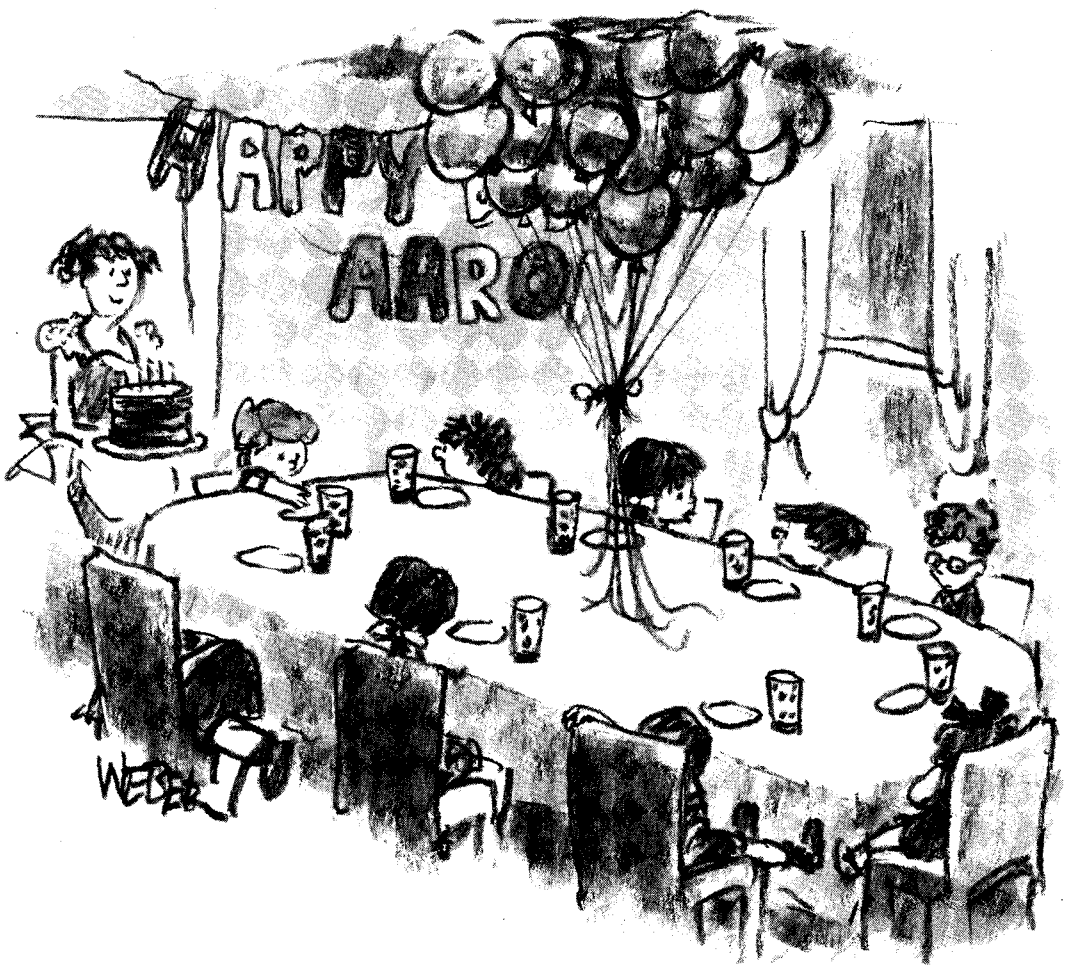
The only reason I got to know Sned at all was that both of us were members of the Leonardo and the Arnold and Brakenbury. At most other colleges, I would probably not have been taken into such select societies, and would never have crossed the path of someone like Sned. But Balliol had a tradition of nonconformity and openness, which threw people from different worlds and backgrounds together. At meetings of the Leonardo, when a paper was being discussed Sned was usually silent, or would let drop an enigmatic remark about extrasensory perception, or, if he did not like something someone had said, would groan—"Ugh." He shone only in private meetings. There he would be free with pranks and suggestions. Once, he proposed that the Leonardo invite Lord Hailsham, who was then the Deputy Leader of the House of Lords, as a guest speaker from London. People protested that such a grand personage would not deign to journey up to Oxford just to entertain fifteen self-important undergraduates. Sned maintained that if one summoned "the fellow" by telegram, rather than the usual formal letter, he would grasp the importance of the invitation and hotfoot it to Oxford. Sned, on his own initiative, did send the telegram, but Hailsham never appeared.

Sned really came into his own in the frivolous A. and B., where he held the offices of treasurer and president. He once made a speech on the subject of his habitual silence, and punctuated it with long pauses. Another time, he somehow got hold of a deck chair, brought it into a meeting, stretched out in it, and conspicuously fell asleep. Someone surreptitiously set a match to the canvas from underneath. Sned awoke, crying out "Dean! Call the Dean!" The president, Christopher Fildes, ordered Deputy Constable Jake Broadley to extinguish the smoldering fire. A member named John Albery was singled out as the culprit, but, upon his expressing contrition, was forgiven. The president then called upon another member, Toby Jessel, to help. The meeting concluded with Toby pretending to rock Sned in the charred chair while crooning Brahms' "Cradle Song." Sned took great delight in all the commotion.

Ray Ockenden, in a valedictory speech as ex-president of the A. and B., mocked two of Sned's conspicuous habits—feigned napping and secret telephoning. He was always rushing off to make a telephone call at the porter's lodge. We imagined that he must be telephoning his parents overseas—Sir Richard Snedden was a big wheel in shipping and travelled a lot. Ockenden's speech was in the form of rhymed couplets:

> And who's this, creeping wanly from his bed?
> Well, *well*, well, if it's not me old mate Sned:
> Like all great diplomats a firm believer
> In enigmatic 'phone calls to Geneva.

My own friendship with Sned was unexpected indeed. At the time, I could not have explained it, but in later years I thought of many reasons for it. He was



"I don't usually go to parties, but I'm very fond of Aaron."

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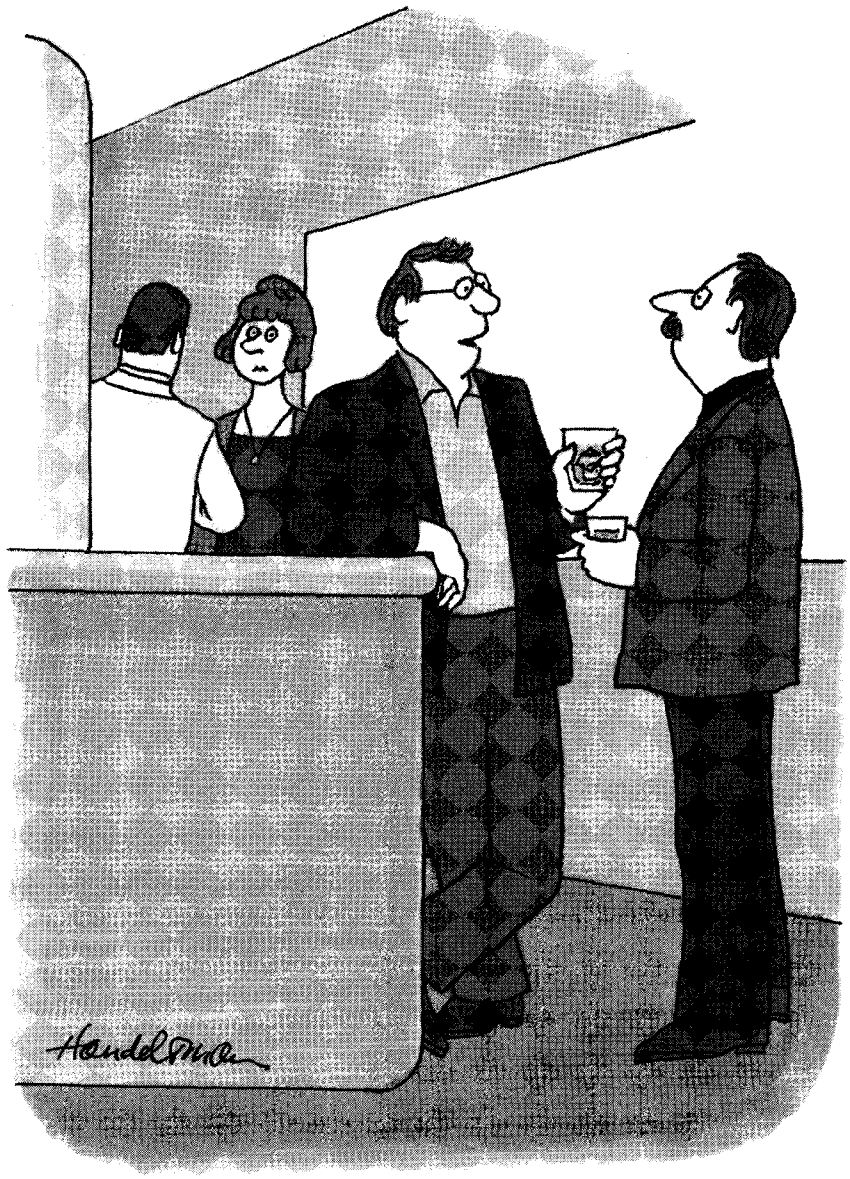
part of a group that one would have immediately picked out as being among the most interesting of the college groups. Though he himself did not put out much energy, I was drawn to him, because he and his group had a certain style, a natural elegance, and an air of superiority, because I saw winning their acceptance as a kind of challenge, and because I wanted to feel that I was fully in the stream of English life. Besides, not only was I drawn to eccentrics, which I imagined Sned, among others, to be, but I also believed in eccentric relationships, which I saw ours to be.

Sned and his handful of hard-drinking, poker-playing, hell-raising cohorts perpetuated certain antiquated college traditions. One of their capers was to get "tight" at the club dinner, dash over, in their tails, to the east wall, which separated Balliol from Trinity, a college known for its social pretensions, and make a spectacle of themselves. They would line up at the wall, urinate on it, and belt out the old anti-Trinity song, competing to see who could sing the loudest:

If I were a bloody Trinity man,
I would, I would,
I'd go into a public rear,
I would, I would,
I'd pull the chain and disappear,
I would! I would!
Bloody Trinity! BLOODY TRINITY!

One could hear them going back from the wall to the Massey Room singing "I Would Honor Yet the School I Knew" or "Lloyd George Knew My Father." No doubt when Lloyd George was Prime Minister one's father's being known to him must have opened all kinds of doors for one, but now those doors were supposed to yield only to merit. It was one thing to sing this song, a staple of all college dining societies, in the privacy of the Massey Room but quite another to sing it in the quadrangle, in the hearing of undergraduates, who, by and large, disapproved of privilege.



"I think you may be getting them mixed up—Perot is the one with charts, and Perdue is the one with chickens."

SNED got a Third in P.P.E. People had expected him to do better in Schools, but then again members of his particular set generally aspired either to a First or to an even rarer Fourth, which was just above failing—to either extreme, as opposed to a middling result, which was the lot of most undergraduates. After going down, he spent two years in the Royal Air Force. There he was assigned to the Department of the Scientific Adviser to the Air Ministry. Afterward, he got a job with the Bank of England. We thought he was selling himself short, since in those days an Oxford graduate from a great public school who was going into finance would have been expected to go into the much classier world of merchant banking. After a couple of years at the bank, Sned left it and started working for I.B.M., U.K. He eventually became product planner for the company in the Netherlands. In the late sixties, he returned to England as the company's market requirements coördinator, and went to live with his parents, in the village of Boars Head, in Sussex. They lived in a Victorian house called Aldwick Grange, built in 1873.

Sned had always felt inadequate beside his distinguished father. Sir Richard, born in 1900 and educated at George Watson's College in Edinburgh, at Edinburgh University, and at Middle Temple Inn, had been called to the bar in 1925. He served as a director of numerous companies, like Consolidated Gold Fields, but his main interest was shipping. In 1929, he joined the Shipping Federation, a business organization of shipowners, as assistant secretary, and by 1936 he was chief executive, a position he held until 1962, when he became the first life member of the Federation's executive council. He was by then well known as a labor negotiator, perhaps because he was ruthless to anyone who opposed shipping interests but, at the same time, was sincere in his concern for the sailors' welfare, and so enjoyed the

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confidence of both the shipowners and the leaders of the seafarers' societies. In 1951, he had been knighted for his work in industrial relations. As a person, he was said to be delightful and amiable, quick and shrewd. Though he was a quiet speaker, when he thought that right was on his side both his material and his delivery could be devastating.

On Friday, March 6, 1970, [illegible]ed, then thirty-four, came home from work seeming confused and upset. He had been depressed for some time, and particularly since the death of his mother about six weeks earlier. He had been very close to her, and in recent years had confided to some of his friends that his father mistreated her. It was hard to tell whether his perception was correct, especially since he himself had a history of psychiatric disorders, dating from at least 1965. In that year, his mother had found him with a loaded gun between his knees, as if he were intending to shoot himself, and he had spent three months in a mental hospital.

Father and son passed the weekend of March 6th together. Whatever Sned's own feelings of inadequacy, his father was very proud of him. Indeed, there was said to be a bond of deep affection between them.

But, as was later reported in the newspapers, on Monday morning Sned went to the garage, got an axe, and walked into the drawing room where his father was sitting, looking at his appointment book. With the axe, he struck his father two heavy blows across the forehead, fracturing his skull.

Then he went into the dining room with the axe, and said to Miss Winifred Lyall, who had been the family housekeeper for twenty years, "I couldn't stand Daddy worrying about me anymore. I hit him with this. You can kill me now."

Miss Lyall screamed. She feared that he was going to kill her, too.

"You are all right," Sned said, putting down the axe. "You can kill me. It was the right thing."

Miss Lyall told him to call the police. He dialed 999, the police emergency number, and said, "I think I have killed my father." He couldn't continue.

Miss Lyall took the phone from him and told the police what had happened.

When the police arrived, Sned gave himself up, saying, "Oh, God, what have I done? He was suffering because of me. I wanted to kill myself as well, but I didn't have time. I have been a burden on my father for a long time. I thought I would end it all, killing him and then killing myself."

Sir Richard was found slumped in his chair, the book in his lap. He was rushed to Pembury Hospital, near Tunbridge Wells, in Kent, and he died there that same day.

The murder made headlines not only in the popular tabloids but also in the intellectual papers. Later that Monday, at a special Magistrates Court in Mark Cross, in Sussex, Sned was charged with murder and remanded into custody. On May 14th, he was tried at Lewes Assizes, in the county. He pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity.

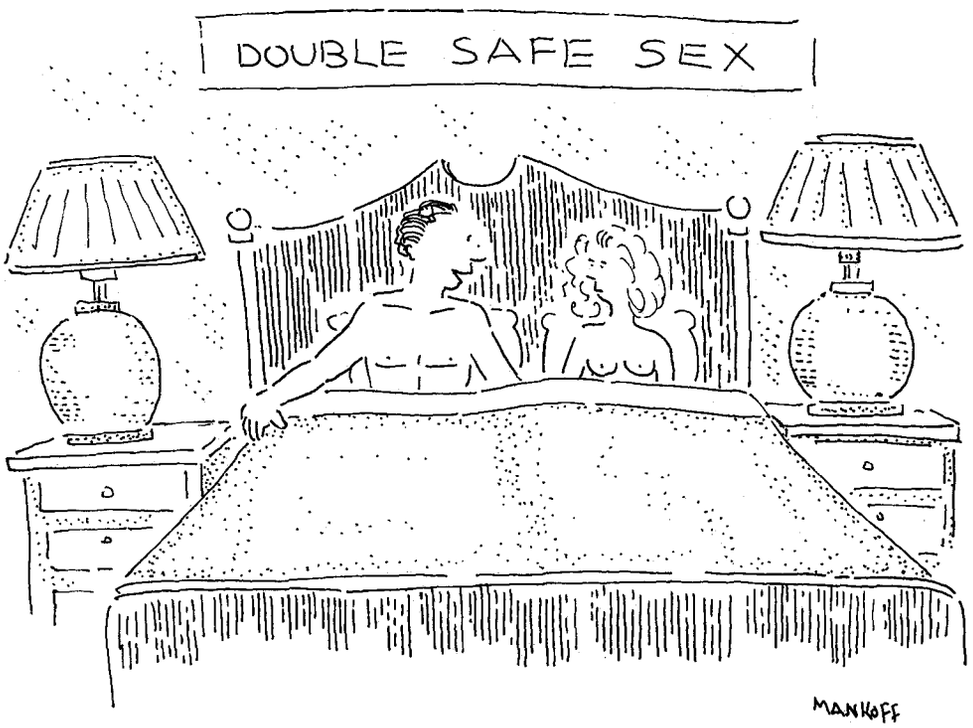
Mr. Basil Wigoder, Queen's Counsel, who was prosecuting, gave an account of the circumstances of Sned's crime, which was detailed in the newspapers. Therein it also emerged that on the day before the patricide he had decided to go back into the mental hospital, and had consulted the family doctor, John Elliott, about it. He had told Dr. Elliott that he might harm himself, and that, because this would worry his father so much, he might also do him harm. During the meeting, the doctor had noticed that Sned's moods fluctuated from deep depression to euphoria, but thought that he had calmed down. After extracting a promise from Sned not to do any harm to either himself or his father, Dr. Elliott evidently had felt sufficiently reassured not to commit him immediately to the hospital.

Dr. Jack Hobson, senior physician in the department of psychological medicine of Middlesex Hospital, who had visited Sned in prison, testified that for a period after his father's death he was certifiably insane, and said of his mental condition at the time of the murder that Snedden did not know he was doing wrong: "He felt it was the only right thing to do."

Sned was acquitted by the jury of the murder of his father, and the presiding justice said that, by court order, Mr. Snedden should be detained in a hospital specified by the Home Secretary. He was thereupon sent to Broadmoor hospital.

The British law that a person who has committed murder or manslaughter cannot benefit from the estate of his victim does not apply when that person is found to be insane. Sned therefore inherited nearly a hundred and forty thousand pounds. His inheritance was administered for his benefit by the family solicitor, Arthur Prothero.

Sned survived his father by only a few



"Good idea—I'll wear mine and you'll wear yours."

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years. I thought of visiting him in Broadmoor, but I was not sure he would want to see me. After all, I was not a close friend, and I had not met his parents or received his confidences about them. In fact, I later learned that hardly any of his friends visited him. By his heinous act, it seemed, he had put himself outside the pale. Christopher Fildes was an exception. He went to see Sned both in jail before the trial and in the hospital afterward. "In jail," he told me after Sned's death, "it was just like Evelyn Waugh's 'Decline and Fall' when the chaplain comes to see Captain Grimes and asks him if he is 'right with God': 'Course I wasn't, told the fellow so.' That was just the kind of meeting I had with Sned. At Broadmoor, we had only a brief conversation. I seem to remember he was wearing the standard scruff order of an undergraduate—an old tweedy jacket, flannel trousers, a soft shirt, and a tie. 'Fildes,' he said, 'you know what? My friend over there and I went to the management yesterday and complained that the radiators were talking to us. We made quite a song and dance over it. Then James, a party to our practical joke, broke in, saying, "Don't pay any attention to *them*. They're both absolutely out of their minds. It's ridiculous for them to say that the radiators were talking to them, because they were talking to *me*." You see, Fildes, you have to do something to keep sane in this place.' Even in Broadmoor, old Sned had style."

In "The Merchant of Venice," Arragon, one of Portia's suitors, delivers a memorable speech while examining the golden casket. He rejects it as the choice of

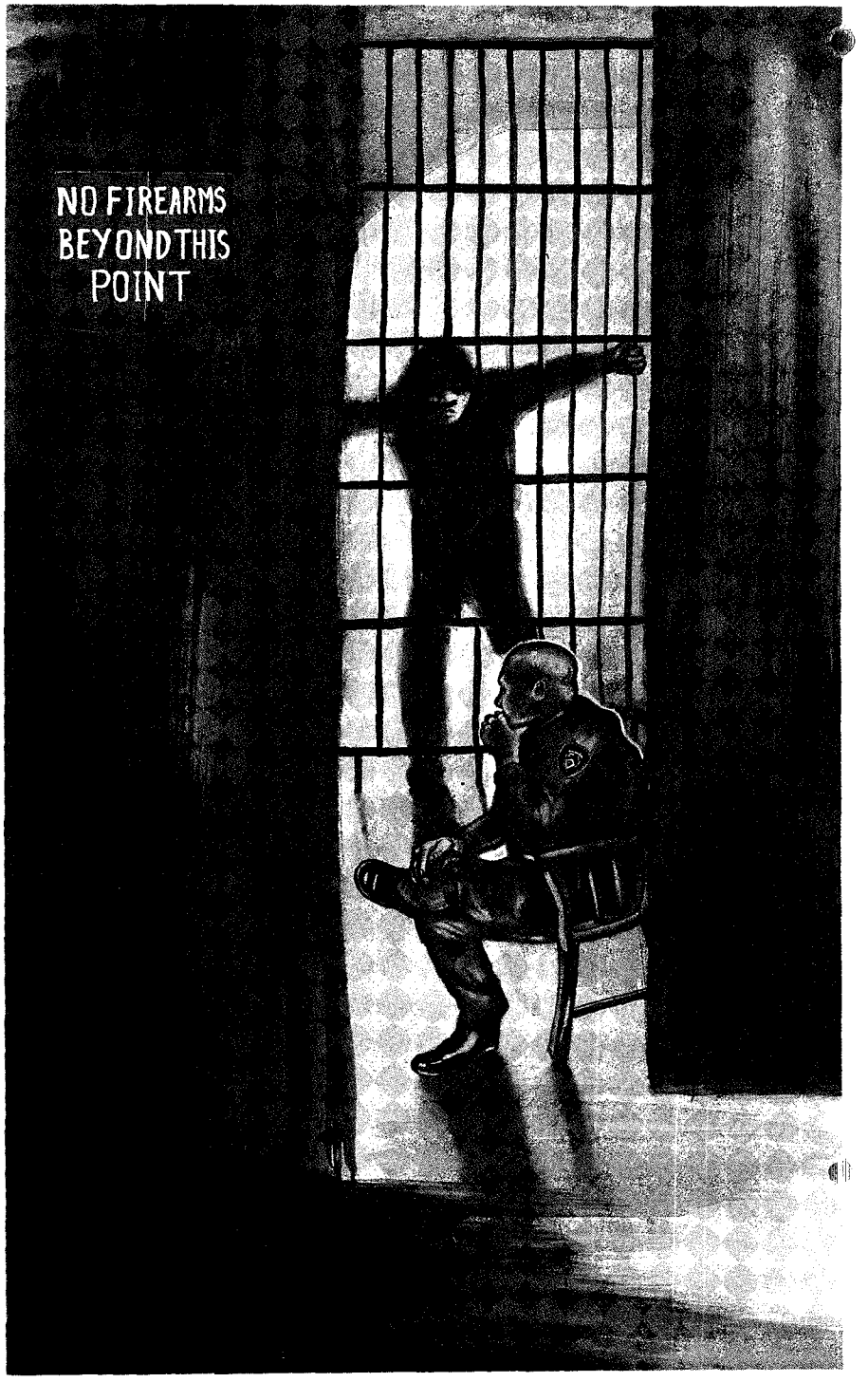
> the fool multitude that choose by
> show,
> Not learning more than the fond eye
> doth teach;
> Which pries not to th'interior, but like
> the martlet
> Builds in the weather on the outward
> wall,
> Even in the force and road of casualty.

I was one of that "fool multitude," who didn't always find it easy to look beneath the surface glitter of Oxford, or, as Anthony Trollope put it, in "The Bertrams," to look beneath the eating of much pudding and the making of much noise, at the young heart. But the casualties, no less than the victors, of the complex system of British education were witnesses to its enigma. ♦

ARTIST AT LARGE BY SUE COE

Night Court

After-hours stories from the criminal court.



Holding cells at back of courtroom. He says he earns $140 a week as a messenger and cannot afford $800 bail.

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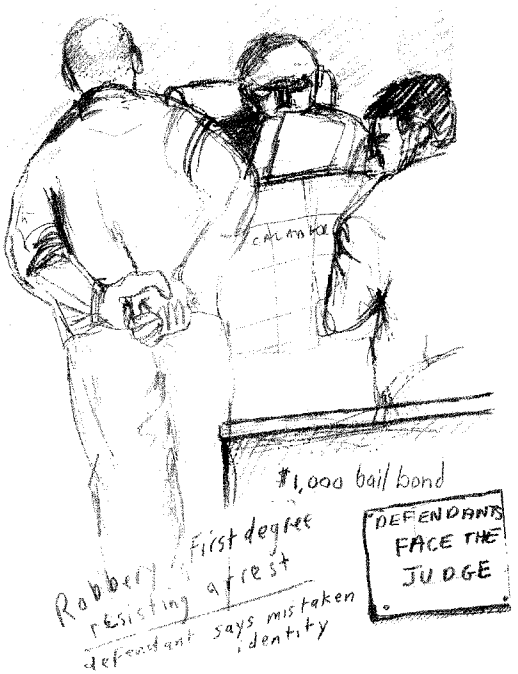

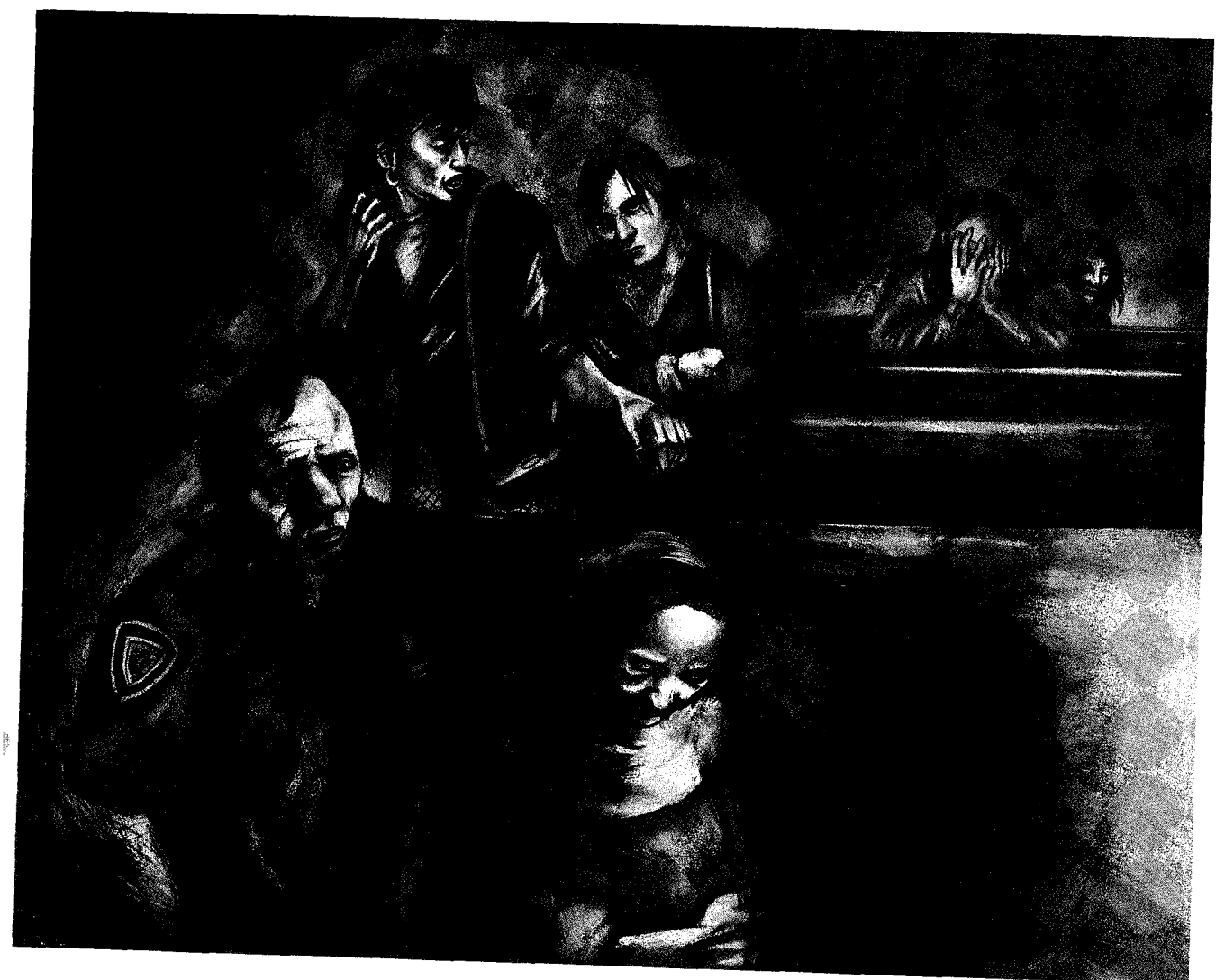

Alleged prostitutes waiting to go before the judge.

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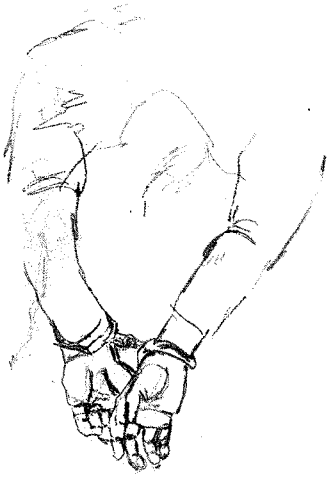
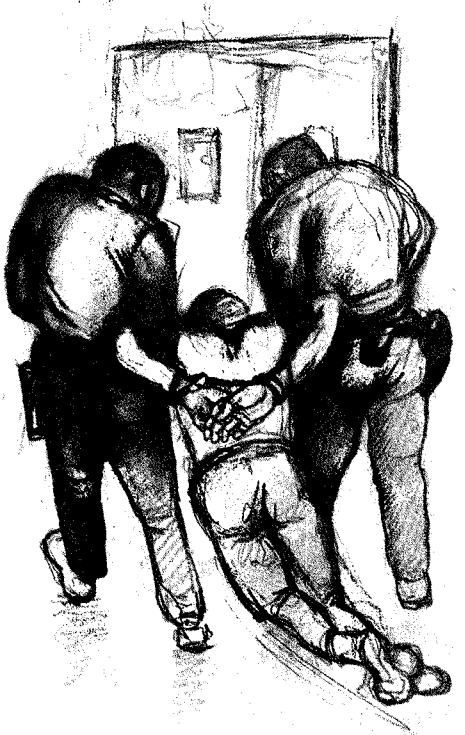
The Nigh
view from win



Robbery in the first degree, resisting arrest. His mother works in an all-night beauty salon, and can't show up in court.



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Haul
security gate

Gang member, arrested
in Chinatown: $750 bail
and medical attention.
In front of judge

Police Officer
during ten-minute
break.

Waiting to be arraigned

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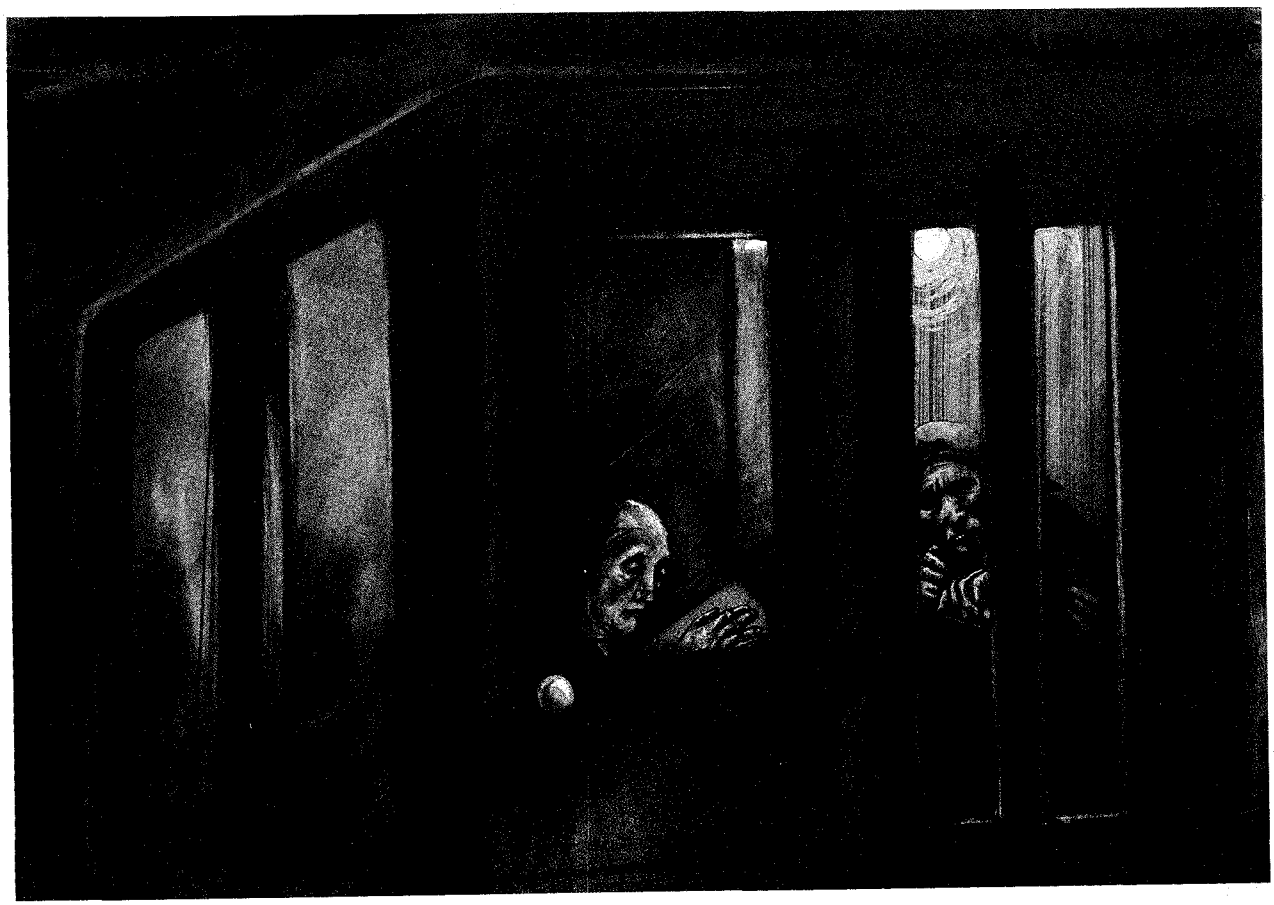

The booth in which the accused gets legal counsel from the public defender

Defendant says that burglars were breaking into her apartment, in the South Bronx. She called the police, but they didn't come - so she defends herself with a gun. The Judge sets her bail at $10,000, which she can't afford. She cries, "Why are you doing this to me?"

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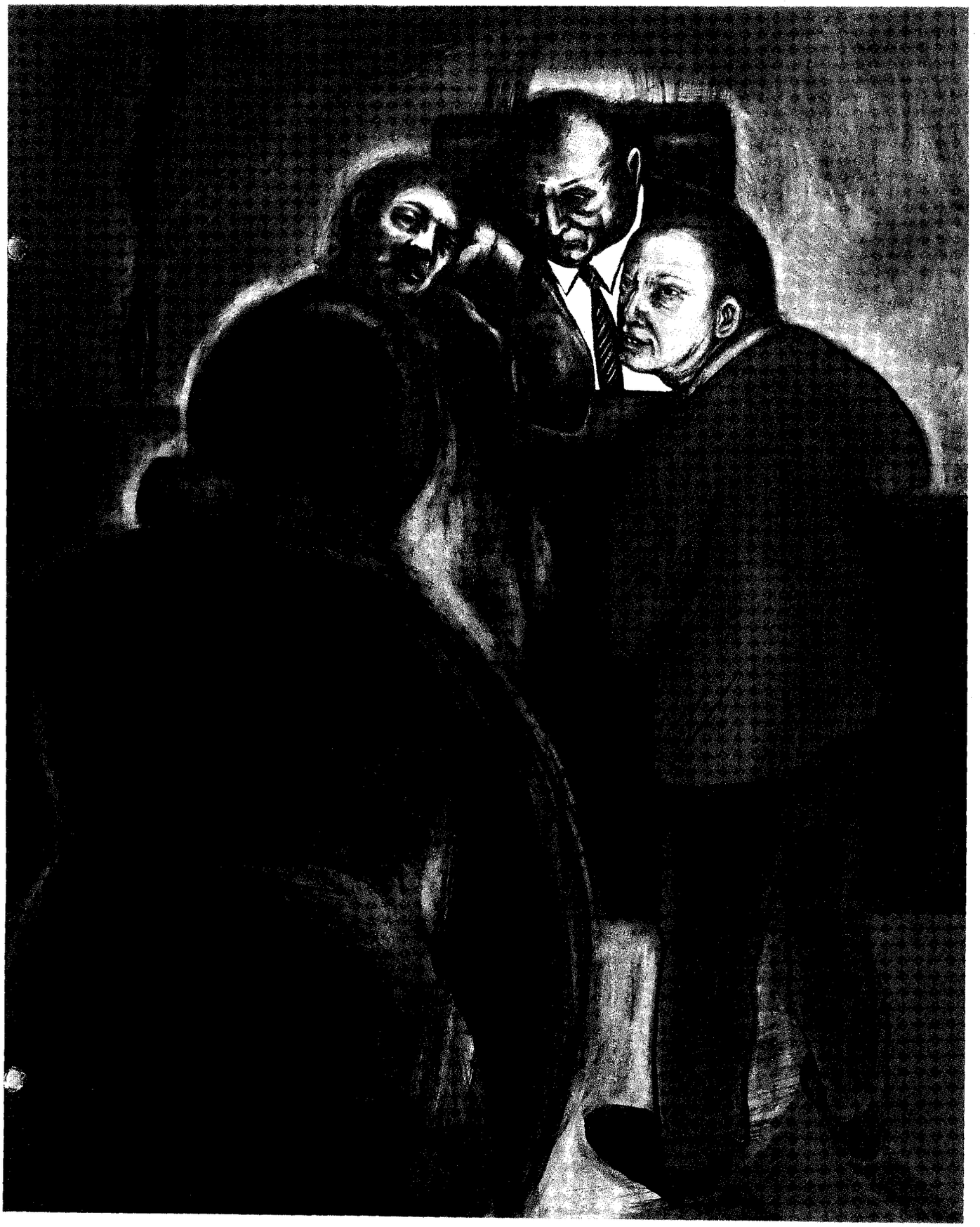

Her fate is in their hands.
She shot a burglar who was
breaking into her apartment in the S. Bronx.

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FICTION

THE WINDOW MAN

BY TOM DRURY

TINY DARLING came back to Grouse County, as everyone does. He drove past broken cornstalks, tall blue silos, and the handwritten roadside reminder that Sin Is Death. He imagined these scenes as part of a documentary about his life, with a soundtrack by John Cougar Mellencamp. This was an interesting thing to do on a gray day in November. He drove east through Margo and over to Grafton. The Johanson farm looked too perfect in the smoky light. The fields were stripped black and the drying bins arranged neatly, like polished-steel replicas of the family. "Grafton," said the town sign. "Pop. 311. The Small Town Where They Care About You."

Tiny drove directly to Annette Coyle's beauty shop. Annette was sitting in the chair nearest the door, looking out the window at the empty street.

"I heard you went to be a cowboy," she said.

"That's an unfounded rumor," said Tiny, lowering himself into the barber chair. "I worked on bridges in the state of Colorado."

Annette fastened a sheet around his neck. "And how short today?" she said.

Tiny took out his billfold and produced a glossy and much folded picture of a man holding a bottle of aftershave and watching some dolphins in the ocean. The man had wavy black hair.

"I want to look like this," Tiny said.

Annette studied the picture. She looked at Tiny's red hair. "I can try," she said. "Given your coloring, it won't be a perfect match. We can give it a whirl."

"The coloring is what I mean," said Tiny.

Annette looked at him uncertainly. "What? You want your hair tinted?"

"I don't know what to call it. Make it black," said Tiny.

Annette turned toward the mirror and lit a cigarette. "May I ask why?"

"Oh, change of pace."

"Tiny, are you in trouble?"

He leaned forward with his hands on the arms of the barber chair. "Why would you assume that?" he said.

"Because I could go to jail," said Annette. "And that's happened."

"I'm not in trouble," said Tiny.

"In Oklahoma," said Annette, flipping through a trade magazine. "A hairdresser altered the appearance of a postal employee who was stealing federal checks. The mailman made it out of the country, but the hairdresser went to jail for three months. Here it is. U.S. v. Hair Skin Nails."

"You're reading a lot into it that isn't there," said Tiny. "My life has changed, but my hair is the same tired color."

"I understand that feeling," said Annette. "More people feel that way about their hair than you would expect. But the fact is I can't help you, because I don't do tints anymore."

Tiny stood, swept the sheet behind him like a cape, and reached for a bottle on a shelf. "Then what's this?" he said.

"It's conditioning gel," said Annette. "Please put it back. Please put it back, Tiny."

"All right," said Tiny. "Here, it's back."

"Do you want a haircut or don't you?"

He unpinned the cloth around his collar. "I don't," he said.

TINY had business in Morrisville, so he might have taken the new Pinville blacktop, which headed southwest out of Grafton. Instead, he decided to swing over to Boris to see his mother. This took him by the farm, which he had not visited in almost two years. He and Louise had lived there when they were married. The house looked about the same. It needed paint more than it had. It was a white farmhouse with a tall gable and a lower ridge. They had hung a tire swing from the elm. Big deal. There was a gold Chevy Caprice up on blocks. This would belong to Dan, Louise's new husband. Tiny drove in, sounded the horn several times, waited, and wheeled his car behind the hedge that separated the yard and the barnyard. He walked into the garage and paused at the window onto the kitchen. Then he raised it and stepped inside. He walked through the house. In the living room there was a shiny blue photo album from the wedding. Tiny went back to the kitchen and got some cheese slices, and he unwrapped and ate the cheese and sat at the kitchen table looking at the wedding pictures. A photo of Louise embracing Dan generated a pain that seemed to begin in his ears and travel down his neck to his shoulder bones and from there into his arms until his elbows hurt. Tiny took the album upstairs to the bedroom. This was completely changed over. What could be as foreign as someone else's bedroom, especially if it used to be your own? The bed was so high it seemed like a children's clubhouse. It was half made, with an airy plaid quilt (new) lofted over tangled sheets, and Tiny could picture Louise running late, pulling on clothes, pausing to finish a cigarette with her shirttail hanging down. The walls had been stripped of paper, the scarred plaster painted white. A cool white nightgown (new) hung on a hook on the back of the door. The room smelled of lemons. Tiny held the photo album to his chest and lay on the bed. He kept saying Louise's name, and after some time he fell asleep. It was early afternoon when he awoke. There had been a loud noise downstairs. Tiny went down the steps quietly and replaced the album. The kitchen window had fallen shut. He lifted it again and went out.

The road from the farm was gravel, and the weather had been dry, so Tiny was accompanied by a cloud of rolling dust. His mother's house was in the dead center of Boris. The house had been painted years ago in a flesh tone that must have been cheap to make, judging from the number of poorly maintained places you see in that shade. To the left of the front door was a long porch, laden with junk and sinking into the ground. Colette Bent's house was a mess, and no sense could be made of the disorder. There were engineer boots in the sink, an animal trap shed-

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ding flakes of rust on the television set, and stacks of *Photoplay* magazines in the bathtub. Tiny found his mother standing in the back-yard weeds telling a story to some children from the neighborhood.

"And so, the wolf went home hungry," she said. "He was so hungry that he ran around his cave, and the geode that he had worshipped fell upon him. The wolf howled and howled until the townspeople heard his terrible cries. 'Help me! I can't move,' said the wolf. Then the mayor reported to the people. 'The wolf is pinned. He has no food.' 'Good,' said everyone. And they waited three months, until they were certain that the wolf had perished. Then they went into the cave, carried his bones out, and made a boat that carried them to the new land across the lake."

"Hello, Mom," said Tiny.

"Go home, children," said Colette. She and Tiny went into the kitchen.

"I don't want to see you," she said.

"Well, this is a hell of a greeting," said Tiny.

"I can't give anymore," she said.

"What are you talking about?" said Tiny.

"When you fell, I picked you up. When you were hungry, I handed you food. There are other examples. I'm not the endless well you seem to think I am. I'll be happy to see you children at Christmas. But that's it. Christmas and Easter. Otherwise, I must ask you to keep your distance."

Some parents get their children mixed up, calling one sibling by the name of another. But Colette seemed to have confused Tiny with the offspring of some other family. "I don't think I've been in this house in five years," said Tiny.

"Christmas or Easter—take your pick," said Colette. "Tell you what. Why don't you choose now, and your brother Jerry will have to take the other. What could be more fair?"

"I don't want either of those."

She sighed. "Well, what do you want? Everyone's needs come before Mother's needs."

Tiny went to the sink, moved the engineer boots, and got a drink of water. "Are you getting enough nutrition and stuff? Do you cook? What do you do?"

"Your father was a fool," said Colette. "Jerry's father was mean, and Bebe's father was weak, but yours was the fool of the group."

"Yeah, yeah," said Tiny.

"And stay away from my meter," said Colette. "I know you've been monkeying with it to make it look like I'm using more power than I do."

"This is all in your mind," said Tiny.

"Away with you," said Colette.

TINY went south to Highway 41 and west to Morrisville. His mother was crazy, and maybe insanity was all he had to look forward to. The drunk-driving people in Colorado had given him the address of something called the Room. This was a counselling group with an office in a brick building, above a jazz-dancing studio by the South Pin River. Tiny watched the jazz dancers in their colored tights for a while and went upstairs. There he found an office with the kind of furniture that indicates the business may be gone tomorrow—a metal desk with a wood-veneer top, a green file cabinet scarred by the removal of unknown stickers, and a flimsy chair of orange plastic in a seventies contour. Over in the corner Johnny White was hitting golf balls at a putting machine.

"Johnny?" said Tiny.

"Shhh," said Johnny. "If this goes in, I'll be a success in life." He hit the ball past the machine and into the baseboard. "That doesn't bode well."

"Johnny?" said Tiny.

"I know you," said Johnny. He had large red eyes that made him seem either hung over or very sincere. "We used to have belt-sander races in shop class."

"Those were some good days," said Tiny. "Listen, I'm looking for an organization called the Room."

"Yep," said Johnny. "Tell you what, though. I'm running behind in my schedule. I'm giving a talk up by Margo in about twenty minutes. You want to come along?"

"All right," Tiny said.

They went to Margo in Johnny's Bronco. It was a new truck with a black interior, and Johnny kept the air-conditioner blasting, even though outside it was only forty-some degrees.

"You hear a lot, Tiny—or I hear a lot, anyway—about the twelve steps," said Johnny. "At the Room we don't have twelve steps. We have one step. Step into the Room. Don't leave until you're substance-free. It's that simple. Once you're in the Room, of course, the idea is always to be moving toward the Door of the Room. But at the same time you can't just walk out, because you'll fall. But you do have to step out eventually. Understand?"

"No," said Tiny.

"The Room is not an actual room," said Johnny.

"I'm confused," said Tiny. "If you step in and then step out . . ."

"Right," said Johnny.

"That right there is two steps," said Tiny.

"Well, let's not get hung up on the number of steps," said Johnny.

The Little Church of the Redeemer was dark brown, with frayed red carpet on the floor. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and Tiny could see the gray hills and board-and-batten cottages out the window. This was an area on the edge of Grouse County where it was too hilly to farm. Joan Gower met Johnny and Tiny at the back of the church. Tiny did not know her. She was a wide-eyed woman with blond hair, and she wore a long white gown with a rose-colored cross on the front. Johnny introduced Tiny and Joan, and they sat in the front of the church as he gave his talk. Tiny turned around a couple of times. Some of the people in the audience were blind, and they aimed their ears at Johnny and consequently seemed to be looking right at Tiny. This made him nervous, even though they could not see him.

Johnny White told his own story—the bankruptcy, the divorce, how he missed his kids. This was the story he had told many times, but now, instead of being just sad, it established his credentials as leader of the Room. Johnny had grown his hair long in front in order to cover his bald spot, but the hair tended to flop forward, so he leaned his elbows on the pulpit and kept both hands free for managing his hair. There was a new element in his story, about drinking. Johnny did not really have an ongoing drinking problem. Judging from this anecdote, he had got drunk once and run into some spectacularly bad luck. Maybe this was a nit-picking distinction. He *had* ended up getting stitches. Possibly Joan Gower had not heard Johnny's story before. As Johnny spoke about his children, Megan and Stefan, Joan took Tiny's hand and

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held it tightly, and Tiny saw tears on her face.

At the end of Johnny's talk an old man came up the aisle with a bottle in his hand. "I'm a drinker," he said. "I fought with George Smith Patton in Sicily, but I can't fight this."

"Not alone, my veteran friend," said Johnny. "That's why the Room exists. Most people can't fight it alone. Some can. If anyone here can, I would advise them to hit the road, because they don't need us."

"I just get so thirsty," said the man. "During the day I'm O.K. But when night comes, I don't know—that's when it's bad."

"You're in the grip of a disease," said Johnny. "It's like anything. It's like breaking your ankle."

"Something's broke," said the man.

"We will mend it in the Room," said Johnny. "Out there is the land of make-believe. You might as well uncork that container and have a cocktail."

The man took a drink. "Should I sit down?" he said.

Afterward, Johnny White stood under a musty tent beside the church and answered questions. There was confusion about the Room and why, if it wasn't an actual place, Johnny talked about going into and out of it. What did he mean by that? And if it wasn't a place, what was it? And where? Meanwhile, Joan Gower took Tiny for a walk.

"This is our duckpond," she said. "As you can see, it's almost time to skim for algae. Continuing up the hill, we get a good view of the repairs being done gradually to our church roof. And here are the cottages. Aren't they the greatest? These were manufactured in Sioux City in the nineteenth century for farmers who would come to town on Saturday and wish to stay overnight for church in the morning. In that sense they are the first prefabricated houses, here in our own Margo. Our campers, or residents, come from the cities primarily—Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Louis—and they study with me and Father Alphonse Christiansen. Stepping in, we see the nice detailing and bead board that tell us these cottages are from a different time. The setup is pretty Spartan. We provide a hot plate, a desk, a chair, a dresser, and a plain but sturdy bed. This particular cottage has a nice view of the duckpond that we were just at. Look, some mallards are coming down for a water landing. Oh, hold me. Please hold me."

"Yes, I <u>am</u> going out again tonight!"

MARGO began as an outpost and has remained one. The houses are far apart and small. Whereas other towns thrived and then dwindled, Margo never thrived, so dwindling was not an issue. Even Boris has more handsome pages in its history than Margo. Margo has the lake, too, just south and east of town, which you would consider a benefit until you actually stood on its shores. Lake Margo is fed by the same aquifer as Walleye Lake, but, as is the case with some siblings, they could hardly be less alike. Walleye is clean and broad and, when viewed from above, has the shape of a fat and healthy muskrat. Most years it is full of northern and walleyed pike—hence the name—and many young campers on its shores have been sent to bed over the years with the promise "We'll get up and fish walleye in the morning."

Lake Margo, by contrast, has the outline of an elemental protozoan, and though it is deep, it is full of weeds that seem to have evolved specifically to foul the blades of outboard motors. There is a large gasoline distributorship to the east, and after a rain the water sparkles with fragile pastel oil rings. No connection has been proved, and the matter has been stalled in court so long that all the county judges are tired of it and tend to recess defensively whenever it comes up. But the lake often smells of gasoline, which helps explain why Walleye Lake has a thriving tourist business featuring a water slide, while Margo has the Little Church of the Redeemer with its falling-in roof and ragbag revivalists.

Tiny and Joan Gower kissed deeply for several minutes with the gray light coming through the window of the homely cottage. Then Joan straightened the pale cross on her gown and walked down the hill to the church. Johnny and Tiny drove to Morrisville, where Tiny picked up his car and a box of L'Oréal No. 3 Soft Black hair color before re-

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turning through the dark countryside. Joan was in the basement of the church playing "This World Is Not My Home" on the piano when Tiny came down the stairs. They made love on the piano bench, on the steps, and in the bell tower, where there has not been a bell since the big lightning storm of 1979. Finally they sat in the kitchen, worn out if not exactly satisfied, smoking Father Christiansen's Tiparillos and languidly reading the intimidating instructions that came with the hair dye. Father Christiansen was at a theological conference in Oklahoma City.

"You don't want to do your eyebrows, do you?" said Joan. "It could cause blindness."

"In that case, no," said Tiny.

"I like when the eyebrows are different," said Joan, and she smiled. Then she read, "Some people are allergic to hair-coloring products. Allergies can develop suddenly even though you have been coloring your hair for some time. The simplest and most effective way to find out if you are allergic is to do the following Patch Test."

"Nah, forget that," said Tiny.

He poured the coloring into the developer and shook the mixture while Joan pulled on the transparent gloves.

"I know what it is to go through profound change," said Joan. "I wasn't always in the ministry. I was an actress for many years in Chicago. I tried to be, anyway. It's a very hard business to be in. I come from Terre Haute, and when I left they all warned me. 'Joan,' they said, 'the only way people get ahead in that business is by sleeping around.' So I went to Chicago and I took an acting workshop and I did sleep around to a certain extent but apparently not enough, because it took me two years to get a part in a play. It was called 'Au Contraire, Pierre,' a French comedy, and I played a pregnant woman. I had a thing to wear on my stomach, and, you know, I really studied for that part, because I wanted to make it memorable. Wow, this is black. I mean, it's really black." She lathered the coloring into his hair. "Well, for instance, some pregnant women have to lie on their backs for months, and I knew this, so I suggested that it might be comical for me to lie in a bed onstage during the whole play and never move. But they said no, they didn't want that. Don't you think that could have been funny? If it was done right? And I knew that some women have to sit down all the time and put their legs up to keep from getting varicose veins, but they didn't want me to do that, either. The last thing that I thought might be interesting was the fact that pregnancy can cause forgetfulness. But instead of asking anyone, because of course they would say no, I just started acting forgetful—you know, as if I couldn't quite remember my lines. I admit it was tricky, what I was trying to accomplish. Then one day when I came to the set, they told me I had been replaced by another woman and should clean out my locker and go."

"You got screwed," said Tiny.

"I agree," said Joan. "Wait a minute. I got some on you. Hold still."

She ran a towel carefully over his forehead.

"Anyway, that night I happened to be in a bar, and I let it slip that I was an actress. Well, this man started talking about a well-known star, or starlet, I guess you'd say, who's always on TV. He said some terrible things about her and what she supposedly did in order to become famous. I mean unless he was a bug on the ceiling, there is no way he could have known what he was talking about. And the more he talked the louder he got, and the more bitter he got, and it was 'Fuck this' and 'Fuck that,' and the more he reminded me of the people back in Terre Haute and the warning they gave me. So finally I hauled off and hit him just as hard as I could across the face. But, you see, this is when I knew I had to change. Now we let it sit for twenty-five minutes. Then, let's see . . . we rinse your hair and apply the Accent de Beauté shampoo and conditioner."

"It tingles," said Tiny.

Joan Gower pulled the blackened gloves off, one finger at a time. "That means it's working," she said.

TINY went to see Johnny White. They could hear the dance music pounding in the exercise studio below. Johnny said there was a possibility that Tiny could get four hundred and twenty-five dollars a month to work for the Room. It all depended on whether he was any good at talking in front of a group. Johnny said it was not that hard, and, from what Tiny had seen at Joan's church, this had the ring of truth. Johnny said he would coach Tiny. Tiny would start off talking to kids and gradually work up to the adults. Johnny said there was fair, not great, demand right now for speakers in the high schools. Tiny would be required to wear a tie and to look everyone in the eye at all times. He would be expected to emphasize drugs rather than alcohol, because people were more afraid of drugs. So one Saturday night Tiny found himself sitting at a basketball game between Pringmar and Romyla in his new black hair and a clip-on necktie, waiting for halftime, when he would speak. Like many of the smaller gymnasiums in Grouse County, this one was cramped and outmoded, with a rounded ceiling so low on the sides that corner shots with too much arc would hit the rafters. Seeing this, Tiny felt less nervous. His efforts might not amount to much, but they could not be sillier than the spectacle of these children in badly fitting jerseys bouncing basketballs off the ceiling. Then the first half ended, a boy and girl swept the yellow floor with push brooms, and Tiny climbed onto the stage and with both hands took hold of a microphone that had been set up in front of the pep band.

"Hello, folks," he said. "My name is Charles Darling, and they call me Tiny. You might wonder how I got that nickname. Well, if you think that's strange, you should meet my brother Fats. Maybe I'll bring him around to your house. If you're not home, I'll just slip him under the door. But I jest. What I'm here to talk about today is no laughing matter, which I'm sure you'll agree with, and that's drugs." Tiny spoke for fifteen minutes and showed a film. The reaction was about what he had hoped for, which is to say that most of the students ignored him completely, the pep band played "Cocaine," and Tiny walked off the stage and sat down. The Room distributed questionnaires the following Monday in health classes at the

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Romyla and Pringmar high schools, and after Johnny White got the responses back, he said they were basically what you would expect, although a handful of students seemed to have got a favorable rather than unfavorable impression of amphetamines, which is something Tiny would have to work on.

And Tiny did work. He had never worked so hard on anything, with the possible exception of his big plan (never carried out, for lack of a decent accomplice) to steal fifty-five miles of copper wiring from the Rock Island Railway. And he was not even getting paid yet. He had money left from Colorado and was trying to launch a business in which he would go town to town washing windows. Squeegee and bucket in hand, Tiny thought he had found an unfilled niche, but others did not see it that way. Most people gave Tiny quizzical or suspicious looks and told him to keep moving. Some people with filthy windows got angry, asking, "What are you trying to say?" Once in a while he got a taker, but not often. The whole thing seemed kind of misunderstood and forlorn as Tiny drove the empty plain between the towns.

In this sense the window washing blended with the high-school talks, which Tiny did more of as the weather got colder. He gained confidence, as Johnny had said he would. Less and less fazed him. In Stone City, before the biggest audience Tiny had yet faced, his tie slipped from his collar and fell to the gym floor, and he was able to laugh along with everyone instead of, for instance, heaving the lectern into the crowd. Another time there was some kind of scheduling mistake, and he had to sit through a play rehearsal on the stage of the Grafton gym. Tiny didn't mind, because this gave him time to settle down. When he had last been in this gym, he had attacked an anti-vandalism display with a crowbar. The play featured Claude Robeshaw's son Albert and an Asian girl whose name Tiny did not know.

"You say it," said Albert.

"You say it," said the girl.

"In this scene—" said Albert.

"Don't say it like that," said the girl.

"How shall I say it?" said Albert.

"Go, 'In this scene, Melville's Pierre relays part of his daring plan to the mysterious and dark-haired Isabel,' " said the girl. "Put a taste of suspense in there."

Albert repeated the introduction, and he and the girl took their places on a wooden bench.

"This strange, mysterious, unexampled love between us makes me all plastic in thy hand," said the girl. "The world seems all one unknown India to me."

"Thou, and I, and Delly Ulver," said Albert Robeshaw, "tomorrow morning depart this whole neighborhood, and go to the distant city."

"What is it thou wouldst have thee and me to do together?" said the girl.

Albert stood. He put his hand on his narrow chest. "Let me go now," he said.

The girl rose and put her arms around Albert. "Pierre, if indeed my soul hath cast on thee the same black shadow that my hair now flings on thee . . . Isabel will not outlive this night."

The girl collapsed, and Albert held her by the waist. They began to make out. A handful of students standing around the gym clapped and whistled and stamped their feet, and a teacher said, "What did I say about the kissing? Pierre and Isabel! What did I say?"

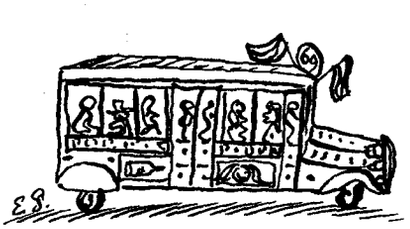
Tiny began his talk by acknowledging the damage he had done, not only in this gym but elsewhere. He blamed it all on drugs and alcohol, and examined in some detail the breakdown of his marriage and the pain involved in a bad hangover. He did not dwell long—he never did—on the concept of the Room, because no one understood it, and he did not understand it himself. His tie stayed put, and when he asked for questions Jocelyn Jewell stood up with a high-school annual and said, "Is it true that you graduated in 1971?"

"Yes," said Tiny.

"Do you remember by any chance the caption on your senior picture?"

"No," said Tiny.

"Well, I have it right here. 'If trouble were sand, I would be a beach.' Can you tell us about this?"



"I'd say it was self-explanatory," said Tiny.

"I also have something else, and this is more of a comment than a question," said Jocelyn Jewell. "Do you know the part in the film you showed where the boy is writing the letter to his parents?"

"Yes," said Tiny.

"And he goes—I forget what it was exactly—something like, 'Dear Mom and Dad, I'm having a great time in college, but I need more money for drugs.' "

"Right."

"I just think that's kind of unrealistic. Because I don't think anyone would just come out and say that."

"Perhaps not," said Tiny.

The next question was from Albert Robeshaw. "With so much emphasis on drugs, don't you think it makes our country look pathetic or something?"

"It takes a big nation to admit it has big problems," said Tiny.

Then Dane Marquardt stood, but Albert Robeshaw did not sit down. "I want to second what Albert said about our country being pathetic," said Dane Marquardt.

"Well, where would you go, assuming you could go anywhere?" Tiny asked.

"Copenhagen," said Albert.

"I would, too," said Dane.

"What's the drug situation there?" said Tiny.

"It's much better than this dump," said Dane Marquardt.

"It was founded in the twelfth century," said Albert Robeshaw. "It has a temperate climate."

Principal Louis Anderson walked up to Tiny and leaned his head over the microphone. "Mr. Darling is a drug counsellor, not a travel agent, people," he said.

"Well, I'm not really a drug counsellor, either," said Tiny. "Drug lecturer is what they call me."

"I have a question about drugs," said Albert. "You know when they fry the egg on television and say, 'This is your brain on drugs'? Well, I wonder how effective that is. Because I just get hungry for eggs."

It was cold and windy when Tiny left the gym. He liked the winter. To him it was the most honest of the sea-

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sons. He drove to Morrisville and stepped into the jazz-dancing salon underneath the Room. There were mirrors everywhere, and he practically didn't recognize himself. He danced along with the women for a minute and then went upstairs. Johnny sat on the edge of his desk spinning the cylinder of a six-shooter. "How'd it go, buddy?" he said. "Don't worry. This is a limited-edition replica."

"If I got through to just one person, it was worth it," said Tiny.

"I know damned well you did," said Johnny. "But forget that. You're on the payroll as of next week."

"That's good," said Tiny.

"You're going to do some grownups," said Johnny.

"Jesus, John, wonder if I'm ready," said Tiny.

"You've got what they're hungry for," said Johnny. "Straight talk." He pretended to draw and fire the gun and then laid it on the desk. Then he brought out a camera.

"We need your picture so we can make you a card," said Johnny. "It's kind of nice. I put mine in a leather holder so it looks like a badge."

"Hey, I have an idea," said Tiny. "How about if I go over to Kleeborg's Portraits in Stone City?"

"We don't have the money," said Johnny. "We're saving up for an overhead projector."

"I'll pay," said Tiny.

"Doesn't your ex-wife Louise work there?" said Johnny.

"Yes," said Tiny.

"Up to you," said Johnny. "But let's say you go over there and, who knows, an argument of some kind should occur. I would hate to see you throw away your good work. Because the Room would fire your ass, and I know it, because that's how I got this job. So my advice would be to let me take your picture."

"O.K.," said Tiny.

Johnny looked through the camera. "Hold that face," he said.

JOAN GOWER climbed the stairs with a flashlight at the Little Church of the Redeemer. The attic was cold, and she rubbed her arms, making the light dance in the rafters. She bumped the worn plywood figures of the Nativity scene and continued to the back wall. Here, under a dim and diamond-shaped window, were three trunks, each with her name written on it. She had labelled the trunks years ago, when she was spelling her name Joän. These were her things from Chicago. She had to open all the trunks before she found the canvas pillow she had worn as the pregnant woman in the French farce. It had two straps, one for her hips and one for her back, and utilized a crude and early form of Velcro. She now belted the rig over her jeans and sweater. Then she put on a long, gray houndstooth coat she had worn all the time back then. Joan went down the steps carefully. The hard part in the play had been to accept the weight as part of herself and to project that acceptance beyond the edge of the stage. The cast had been much nicer to her when she appeared to be pregnant, even though they knew it was an illusion. She walked through the drab church and out the side door. She got a rake from the shed and began combing the algae from the duckpond. The clouds were like the pieces of a broken blackboard. Sometimes Joan wished she had stuck with her acting a little longer. Of course, there was nothing that said she couldn't get back into it. Even now, anyone driving by would have thought for all the world that she was a pregnant woman walking in the hills. The ducks followed her around the edge of the water. "I am big as a house," she said.

Meanwhile, Tiny was standing in the reception area of Kleeborg's Portraits. He felt as though he had completed a long journey to reunite with Louise, although he might not have a lot to show for it. He rang the bell. Kleeborg eventually came out. He had thin white hair and a large pair of wraparound sunglasses. Gesturing with the squeegee, Tiny offered to wash the windows.

"I got a guy named Pete who comes around in the spring," said Kleeborg.

"With windows like these I wouldn't wait until spring," said Tiny. "I mean, it's up to you. But come over here. This is not good."

"I don't see very well since my car accident," said Kleeborg.

"Maybe there's someone else who can take a look," said Tiny. "I'm not saying this because of the money. I'm saying this as a friend."

"We've come this far with Pete," said Kleeborg. "Goodbye."

Tiny left the office and stood on the sidewalk. Kleeborg's occupied the ground floor of a three-story building with an awning. The door opened, and Louise came out. Her hair was pulled into a ponytail. She held a little paintbrush in her hand.

"Hi, Lou," said Tiny.

"What happened to your hair?" she said.

"I got it dyed," said Tiny. "What do you think?"

"It's dark, all right," said Louise.

"Thank you," said Tiny.

"What do you want?"

"Just to see you."

"Well, here I am," said Louise. "Happy now?" ♦

STARS FALLING

Fire-flakes, flints: the same old stars
still fiery in the unredemptive sky,
the silvery and hopeless midnight sky
that feels like home from here to Mars,
then gradually grows foreign into stars
we hardly recognize, that fill the eye
with lofty gleanings we ineptly scry
by framing legends of unending wars.

There is some comfort in the way they sprawl,
their vast composure in the cold and careless
spaces that absorb them as they fall,
their dwindling into dark with less and less
of anything a witness might recall,
the ease of their becoming homelessness.

—JAY PARINI

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THE CRITICS

THE ART WORLD

DEATH IN VENICE

BY ADAM GOPNIK

In the first weeks of June this year, the path of an art-minded American through Europe was as fixed and as well-worn as a medieval pilgrim's. People were going either from the Titian show, in Paris, down to the Biennale, in Venice, or from the Biennale up to the Titian show, with a little detour along the way in either direction to visit the Marcel Duchamp retrospective at the Palazzo Grassi, on the Grand Canal. Those of us who were trying to be exquisitely judicious about the "Venus and Adonis" at the Grand Palais were, a week later in Venice, trying to remain exquisitely judicious while looking at Damien Hirst's "Mother and Child Divided"—a cow and calf that have been slaughtered, bisected lengthwise, and pickled in formaldehyde in clear-glass cases. (Hirst, a kind of Pugsley Addams version of Jeff Koons, is an English artist who had previously worked mostly in sharks; for this international occasion, he moved up the evolutionary ladder.) The lesson this pilgrimage produced—at least, on the well-trodden center-right of the path—was just as predictable. The Titian show was a triumph, the Biennale was not, and the man to blame for the descent was Duchamp, who had made arbitrariness respectable in art. ("It is unmistakably the ghost of Marcel Duchamp that looms large over the proceedings," one critic wrote in the first week of the Biennale. "Here is a whole generation that has been led to believe that simply to have an idea, any idea, is enough.")

I've just returned from my own version of this pilgrimage, and it seems to me that the peculiar badness of this year's Biennale has to do less with a decline of "standards" than with the increasing stranglehold on art of an international manner—a process whose mechanics are illuminated, in an odd way, by the Titian exhibition. The trouble with contemporary art isn't that anything goes; it's that the same thing keeps going, on and on and on. The world may be coming apart at the seams, but the avant-garde has never been so united. As a consequence, contemporary art has lost its sense of mischief, its eccentricity, and its compulsion toward the margins—exactly its Duchampian virtues. Instead, it has settled into an international formula, a High Morbid Manner that is likely to survive as the signature style of our fin de siècle.

You need to lack historical consciousness to get indignant about this. All revolutionary art eventually produces a manner. You just have to hope that when the dust has settled you'll get a grand manner instead of a small one. The point of the Titian show should have been to demonstrate exactly how a truly grand manner gets made. It failed to do this, because of a series of technical and intellectual incompetences. Badly hung, horrifically lit, with slovenly scholarly standards and an unilluminating catalogue, the show was remarkable mostly as a successful act of cultural intimidation. It loomed over its visitors, genielike, and frightened them into praise. Of course, it contained a half-dozen great paintings—but no more than that. Anyone hungry for an education in Titian would have been better off going directly to Venice to see the "Presentation of the Virgin," at the Accademia, and the "Assumption," at the Frari. For that matter, a long weekend spent on Amtrak's Northeast Corridor, with stops to visit the "Rape of Europa," in Boston, the two Titians at the Met, and "The Annunciation," in Washington, would have been about as good.

Short on masterpieces from the Master's hand, the show depended for its existence on the idea of a Golden Age of Titianesque painting—on a sentimental notion of Titian as the presiding genius of a happy isle of artists. In fact, Titian's historical accomplishment was to deprovincialize (or, if you prefer, deracinate) Italian painting. Titian sits at a pivot point in the history of art—the moment when it became a commodity produced for the international market. Titian helped turn painting from a local, bespoke operation into a mail-order business, presiding over the transformation that took art from its dependence on neighborhood churches and guilds, and made it into décor for the absolutist European courts. He worked for and accepted titles from the big powers in Europe, including the Emperor Charles V. This ambition made Titian, who had a long working life—he claimed to be ninety-nine the year he died—a very rich man, the first artist tycoon. Almost single-handed, he invented the grandmaster life style, from the palazzi to the literary cheerleaders. His influence on his contemporaries and followers therefore had little of the modest, artisanal spirit of, say, Carpaccio or Bellini. Rather, it was formulaic—or, at least, arrogant and dictatorial. When a genuine original showed up at the studio, Titian

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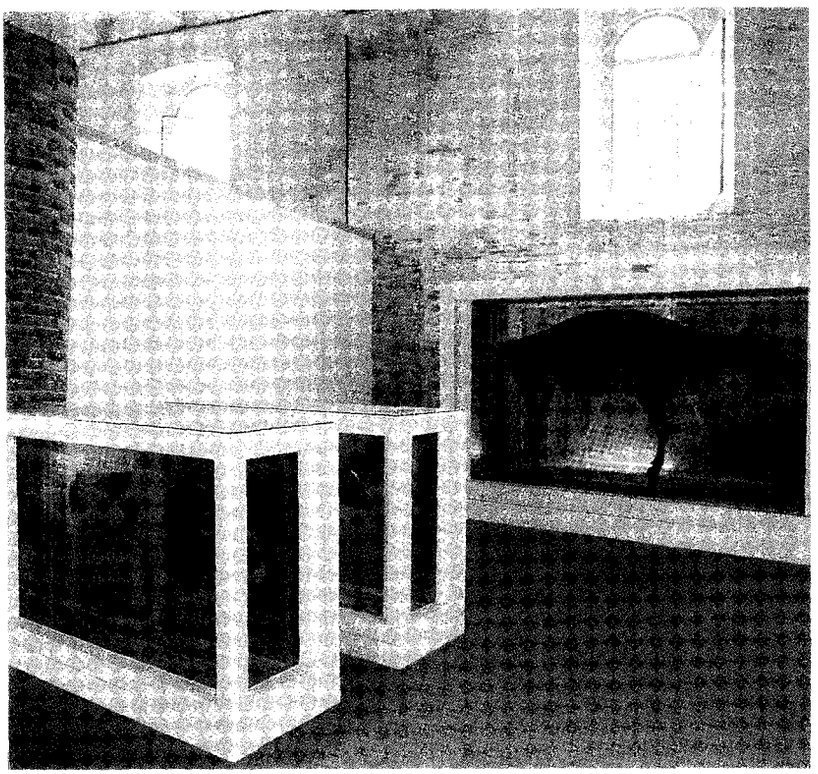
kicked him out; this is what he is said to have done, for example, to the young Tintoretto, who admired Titian but nevertheless took his revenge by pointedly sending a posse of Titianesque blondes tumbling down into Hell, pearls and all, in his "Last Judgment." You don't have to be a religious fanatic to feel that he had a point. Lovers of Venetian art as different as Mary McCarthy and John Ruskin have come to feel that Titian was almost a traitor to the Venetian Republic, what with his toadying to the Pope and the Spanish emperor, and that he foreshadowed the Baroque not just in his spiralling, cursive compositions but in a certain sleazy readiness to grant that the end of art was to sell, and to sell anything, including sex and religion.

Still, if there was a formula it was a resplendent one; the very least you ought to have had is a good-looking show. But the Titian show looked better in the catalogue than on the walls. The trouble began with the space it was hung in. For all the *grands projets* that the French have launched in the past twenty years, Paris still lacks a first-class temporary exhibition space. (The Louvre's, down in the basement, is far too small; the Musée d'Orsay's, up in the rafters in that most dysfunctional of all modern museums, is far too mean.) So "Le Siècle de Titien"—to give the Titian show its full, Avenue of the Americas name—had to be held, like the Seurat show two years ago, in the Grand Palais, the vast Right Bank greenhouselike exhibition hall left over from the World's Fair of 1900. The Grand Palais, to work at all, needs to have a second, makeshift museum built inside it—a cellblock inside the greenhouse. (It's as if New York had to house its Old Master shows in the Trylon and the Perisphere.)

Worse, the "story line" of the show was muddled by the absence of a major picture by Giovanni Bellini—Titian's predecessor as the supreme Venetian painter, and the originator of much of Titian's attack and style (and an incomparably greater and more profound artist). The organizers tried to make up for this absence by leaning very heavily on the work of Titian's other teacher, Giorgione—a far more glamorous and *recherché* figure than Bellini. Giorgione (the name just means Big George) is one of the great mystery men in art. Though his career, which fell between the careers of Bellini and Titian, lasted hardly more than a decade, he is usually credited with having stocked the entire property room of poetic, secular painting as it endured for the next three hundred years—everything from the misty landscape to the happy picnic to the sleeping nymph. But the number of uncontested autograph pictures from his hand is small, and the amount of speculation large. When word got around that the Titian organizers had assembled a room of eighteen solid-gold Giorgiones, it seemed incredible.



Damien Hirst's "Mother and Child Divided" at the Aperto.

COURTESY OF JAY JOPLING

And remained so. The Giorgione on view in Paris was an unconvincing artistic personality. In this Giorgione, there were at least four different artists at work, and one of them—the author of some really ghastly oversized heads of musicians making faces—didn't even look particularly Venetian. The three or four true, breathtakingly beautiful Giorgiones (or, at worst, near-Giorgiones) were crowded by a dozen unconvincing and ugly pictures. To be fair, the problems that confront a curator trying to mount a show like this are huge. You cannot ask the National Gallery of Smolensk to lend you its Giorgione and then send it back to Smolensk no longer a Giorgione—not if you hope to get another loan from Smolensk. Doubtful cases have to be hung as if they were certain cases. Yet there was no need to muddy these waters at all; the Giorgionesque is inherently more interesting than Giorgione. What Giorgione actually painted is by now an insoluble issue. But what Giorgione invented is not mysterious at all. Suddenly, around 1500, in Venice, a new set of subjects enters art, and a new way of portraying them. A new style makes itself felt, which is neither quite like early Titian nor at all like the late Bellini. You have only to look at one of the few uncontested Giorgiones—"The Tempest," at the Accademia, in Venice—to get it: the lightning-lit scene; the ability to render not only the way the people look but the weather around them; the lulling, contemplative softness; the broad, enigmatic faces caught in soft light. Giorgione is one of those artists who invent a manner so seductive that it instantly leaps out of their work to become the manner of an entire epoch. The influence *is* the accomplishment. The fact that after five hundred years the trained eye still can't be sure what in early Titian is Titian and what is Giorgione is not the problem; it's the point.

But, having invented an isolated, unconvincing Giorgione, the organizers of the show insisted on maintaining this narrow, old-fashioned monographic approach. Within each picture bay at the show, there were plenty of paintings to look at, mostly by lesser Venetians (of

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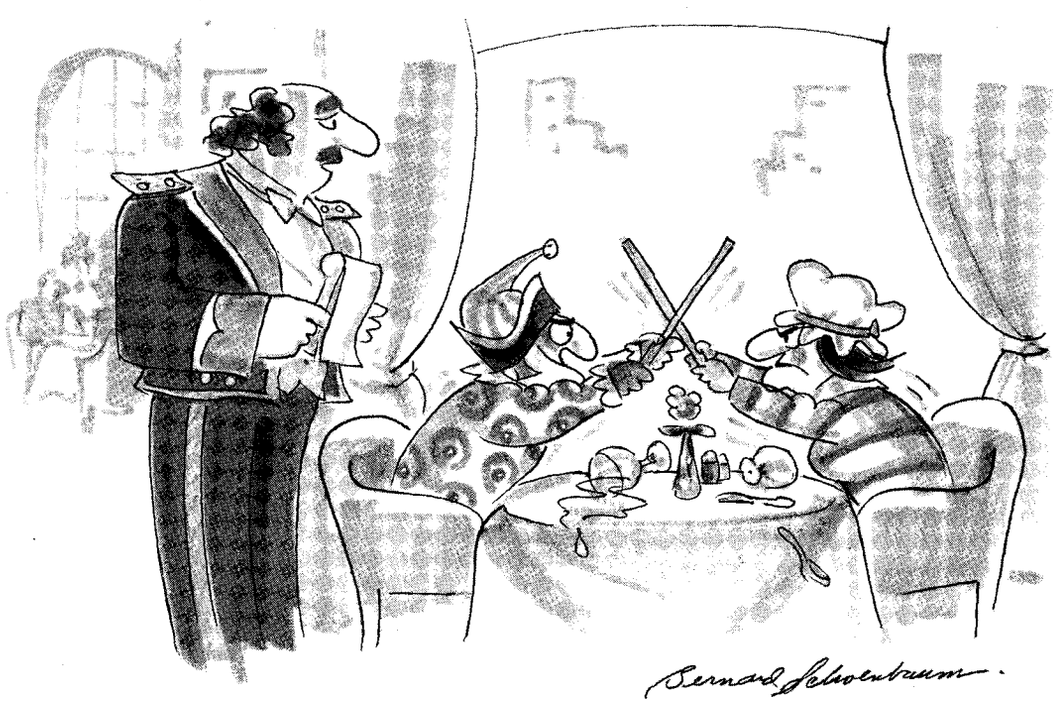
whom Lorenzo Lotto and Dosso Dossi take the prize, in a slow field), but relatively few mint Titians. Looking at them, one came to feel that it was not Victorian piety alone that made Ruskin believe, in the end, that Titian was a man of dubious artistic virtue. Titian is inarguably a great painter, but of all the inarguably great painters he had the least interesting mind. The reverence for the concrete world which makes the painting of Carpaccio and Bellini one of the heights of human achievement was driven out by Titian. What takes its place—elbows it out, inch by glorious inch of pneumatic flesh—is a manner. A big manner, to be sure, even a great manner, but a manner all the same: huge, unreal nymphs, noble saints, elevated souls pursuing elevated subjects.

Titian's mature style is, with Raphael's and Michelangelo's, one of the pillars of the Grand Manner properly so called—that set of elevated, generalized, idealized, coercive formulas which kept its grip on painting in Europe for three hundred years. Modern art was, in essence, a century-long revolution against that manner, and it's hard for anyone who loves the modern tradition not to have ambivalent feelings as he watches that manner being constructed: the suffocatingly unreal language of elevated gesture; the compositions pointing inexorably toward the dramatic climax; the unreal, vegetable beauty of the women and the unreal, noble action of the men; the elimination of anything that is there simply for its own sake. The radiant love for the actual in the highest Venetian painting is in Titian replaced by a rhetoric. You feel the whole soulless Baroque machinery of martyrdoms and Ascensions coming just around the corner. Even the portraits, for all their marriage of polish and immediacy, have in them the first whisperings of the kind of flunkydom that leads directly to van Dyck. Confronted by the endless reaches of high-minded painting at the Grand Palais, one longs for the great, thoroughly *Venetian* Titian of the "Presentation of the Virgin," in the Accademia, where the imperturbable little girl is trailed by a kind of mummers' parade of Venetian life, each egg and each inch of particular silk registered with as much delight as the major, necessary characters are—a picture where a certain democracy of vision still seems solidly in place.

In the exhibition, there are only two real masterpieces from Titian's hand: the "Danaë," from Madrid, and the "Flaying of Marsyas," from Czechoslovakia. The "Danaë" is one of the great erotic pictures, all the more impressive because Titian is honest here about a subject that must have been close to his heart—the near relation of ecstasy and money. It shows a nymph having an orgasm as she is struck by a shower of gold coins. It ought to be a hopelessly cheap subject, but it becomes a riveting picture, largely because in it Titian gave up his usual nymph type for a figure taken right off a Michelangelo tomb, and the combination of Michelangelesque power and Titianesque delicacy makes for something genuinely crazy and sublime. (The "Danaë" benefits, too, from the girl's still having her original face; the faces of some of Titian's Venuses look as though they've been heavily restored; at least, that is the most charitable explanation of their insipid, oddly nineteenth-century, Lillian Russell character.)

The best thing about Titian is his brushwork; even when he's empty, he's dazzling. But this is just where the awkwardness of the exhibition was most apparent. Most of the paintings were so badly overlit that you had to approach them at an oblique angle to see them at all, and the paint surface itself disappeared. A couple of years ago, when the "Flaying of Marsyas" hung in the National Gallery in Washington, it was exquisitely underlit. By dimming the room so that the silvers and the violet light of the picture became, in effect, the ambient light, the curators made the painting come alive in all its horror and loveliness; it had the dim fascination of a half-remembered nightmare. In Paris, the same picture was lit head on, and so its middle range became unintelligible. What you saw was *mostly glare*, with a few figures protruding on either side.

In the end, the real lesson to be drawn from "Le Siècle de Titien" is pleasingly insular and chauvinistic. For all the attacks on their virtue, honor, and probity, American museums, particularly the Metropolitan and the National Gallery, have, over the past quarter century, become incomparably more expert at putting on large Old Master shows than any other museums in the world. Standards of installation (and of scholarship: the catalogue in Paris is mostly a recap of old connoisseurship, combined with some redistribution) at our two national museums are so much higher than they are any-



"Are you folks ready to order?"

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where in Europe that European Old Master shows these days look merely old-fashioned. Now that the great American museums seem to be coming to the end of their high period, slain by the double blows of multiculturalism and a changing tax code, we may at last be able to appreciate what they did. That's probably the way it is with all Golden Ages. It isn't until they're over that you recognize them.

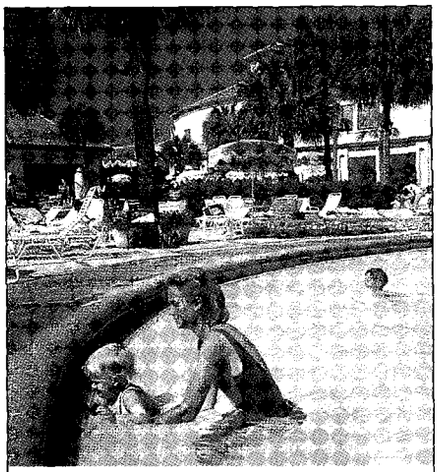
THE Venice Biennale is a constant occasion of hypocrisy—hypocrisy motivated in part by journalists' guilt. The amount of invective the show regularly receives is almost directly proportional to the pleasure you get from going to Venice. You can't turn a corner in Venice without wanting to drop to your knees in gratitude, so it seems almost indecent to tell the truth, which is that no amount of bad or depressing art can really alter the joy of being there. Nonetheless, this Biennale is a terrible show, but terrible in more memorable and more poignant ways than might at first seem to be the case. Though the show is a misery, it's not a mess. Americans have been so preoccupied by the debate over "politicized" art that we haven't noticed that that art is really just a tiny subsection of a new, full-blown, one-size-suits-all-moods international style.

The emergence of that uniform style is the more remarkable because everybody associated with the Biennale tried to do everything they could to keep a single style from emerging. Faced with organizing the first Biennale since the breakup of the old political blocs, the Italian curator Achille Bonito Oliva, who is the overseer of the show, realized that the familiar system of national pavilions in the Giardini, where the bulk of the Biennale is held—a system that has been in place for most of this century—looked dated. So he encouraged each nation to include in its pavilion some work by artists who happened to belong to another nation. (The Aperto—the junior-varisty version of the Biennale which is held around the corner, in the Arsenale, showed, as it always does, a roundup of contemporary art.) This was a nobly anti-tribal idea, and didn't need to be intellectualized. But to defend it he employed two new ideas—that a spirit of "trans-nationalism" had already appeared in art, and that this style had been produced by an open-minded, free-spirited, museum-wandering "cultural nomadism."

The trouble is that all the nomads seem to have gone to art school at the same oasis. The number of things young artists are encouraged to make, or do, seems remarkably limited and stereotyped. There are Macedonian site sculptors, Slovenian practitioners of Fluxus-type conceptualism, Danish minimalists, Chinese appropriation artists. Walk through even the distant pavilions out on the edges of the Giardini, and you feel that you have explored these issues of gender and identity before. The situation seems, in a way, nearly medieval: a fragmented, disordered, and increasingly tribalized world, bound together by a lingua franca of official art. The eeriest instance of this standardization occurs in pictures by Li Shan, from China, which use the Warholian imagery of Mao—the winsome, silk-screened Pop icon—as a figure in what seems sincerely meant to be paintings about the actual experience of Maoism.

Among the national pavilions, the repetitiveness looks a little like the doings of an international cartel of the avant-garde. The familiar figures from every Documenta and Carnegie in memory pop up again, only this time in unexpected countries, like basketball players with doctored transcripts being shifted from one junior college to another. Hans Haacke, for instance, a thoroughly New York artist, represents Germany, along with, of all people, the Korean video artist Nam June Paik. The Hungarians asked another New York artist, Joseph Kosuth, to show them how to do one of his installations: the walls of their pavilion are covered with improving slogans and clippings taken from other people's writings. Some of the shufflings from country to country are rote, some touching. The seventy-one-year-old Romanian artist Damian, who has lived since the forties in Paris, represents his native land with two of his signature columns. In the past, these have been wooden columns set on a heroic diagonal and tethered to a kind of handmade gantry—folk-art Saturn 5s. A new one, though, is dead prone—finished.

Of the big-name exhibitions, by far the most talked about and successful was Haacke's for Germany, which managed to get its work done economi-



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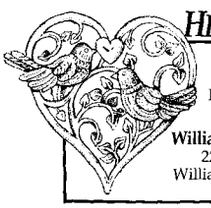

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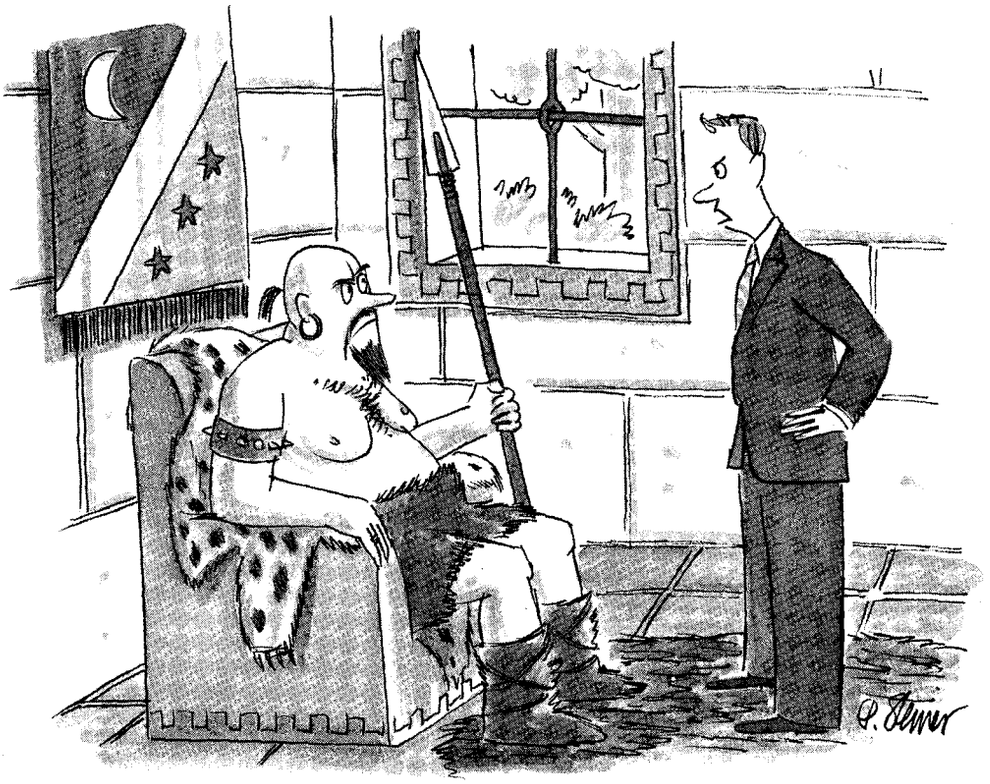

"Just because you're Attila the Hun, Dad, doesn't mean I have to be Attila the Hun."

• •

cally. Haacke took a pneumatic drill to the marble floor of the German pavilion, breaking it up into a thousand rough fragments, and then hung a sign reading "Germania" on the back wall and invited the spectators in to walk on the ruins. The sound of hard-shod feet on the rubble echoed as though in the ghost of a larger hall. As a theatrical piece of Piranesian sublime, it was very effective. But Haacke is not happy to let you stumble around in a ruin without telling you exactly what moral purpose you are stumbling around for, and in accompanying commentary he made clear his own view of the significance of the piece. Hitler, it seems, had visited the Biennale in 1934 (a photograph from this visit hung at the entrance to the pavilion), and it seems to be Haacke's thesis that the line running from Hitler's annexation of the Beaux Arts to the current corrupt relationship between art and power is pretty straight. The art world, Haacke believes, is part of the "consciousness industry," and he, with his hammer, is its Luddite. This analysis is typical of the innocence of so much art-world politics. Only someone who has never actually seen an industry can imagine that the art world—with its small-scale, speculative, boom-and-bust economy, its discoveries and outrages—is one. An industry produces a standardized product for a more or less reliable mass market of consumers. The art world is not an industry. It isn't even a business. It is a carnival with a casino attached.

Or it was a carnival, anyway; now it looks more like a morgue. For if there is a single stylistic tic that fills both the pavilions and the work of the younger artists in the Aperto it is the display of images of death, decay, and violence. Damien Hirst's bisected cow and calf is only the most immediately creepy of these gestures. Jean-Pierre Raynaud tiled the French pavilion with thousands of unvarying images of a skull; the American artist Andres Serrano's piece is actually called "The Morgue," and shows huge photographs of corpses; the Japanese Kohdai Nakahara displays a lifelike model of a mutant in front of a "module for floating" (two huge flesh-colored tanks, in which, presumably, the mutation took place); Marco Brandizzi offers a precise description of the procedure (and effects) of an electrocution; the American group TODT offers a war machine: a high-tech motorcycle armed with rockets and spears and machine guns—a prop for a Schwarzenegger movie. Bodies rot, faces are filled with maggots, surgical instruments and examination tables are on display.

Other than death, the set subject is sex. There's a lot of genital imagery in the show, including a Benetton ad by Toscani that lays out more than a hundred different, exquisitely printed closeups of crotches. But even here the arrangement is utterly clinical; formally, it has the same unbroken, drumbeat rhythm as the Raynaud skulls, and has the same benumbing effect. Other sexually explicit pieces are aggressively nasty, like Kiki Smith's wax models of a mom sucking on her own breast while her son sucks his own member, or like Sean Landers' video of himself engaged in affectless masturbation. (In lieu of a wall label, he supplies some of his own writings, which include the thought "I have way more self respect than you'll ever imagine possible from somebody who writes such horrid dribble.")

A little of this art has a specific political point to score, but most of it is vaguely, generally apocalyptic. It isn't hard to spot the stylistic sources, near and distant. The complaint has been entered that no single artist emerged into his or her majority at this exhibition, as, say, Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns did in Biennales past. Actually, the emergence of the Morbid Manner at the Biennale had a great deal to do with the work of a single world-class artist. He just didn't happen to be in the show. The immediate model for almost all the grimmest work—for the macabre fragment, the tortured videos, the cryptic neon signs, even the simple idea of assembling a lot of morbid bits and pieces in a darkened room—is the art of the American Bruce Nauman: he emerged at this Biennale as by far the most influential artist working today. It is Nauman's mood—the sense of building memorials-in-advance to an apocalypse whose causes are ill-defined but whose inevitability is grimly certain—that dominates the exhibition. This is doubly ironic, since the much-talked-of point of Nauman's work was to deny

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a signature style; what has happened instead is that each style Nauman has left behind has become a series of building blocks for someone else—an alphabet.

What Nauman really offers young artists, albeit in a compressed, laconic form, is a newly refitted kind of Surrealism, and if there is a revelation that this Biennale offers about "postmodern" art in the last decade of the century it is the triumph of academic Surrealism. Anyone walking through the Biennale would have no idea that not very long ago it was taken for granted that the central achievement of modern art was abstract painting. (I counted only two abstract artists in the whole exhibition, and one, from Iceland, had so much national modesty as to be practically invisible.) But no one would have any trouble seeing that a movement must have once swept through this century's art which put a premium on gruesome fragments, strangled expression, displaced objects, the celebration of the strange, and the upturning of the sexually taboo. (It's all wrong to see anything of Duchamp in this. As the show at the Palazzo Grassi reminded us, Duchamp was a comic poet of the tangible, with a lighthearted insistence on *things* for their own sake.)

And so it's also probably inevitable that the two older stars of this Biennale, Francis Bacon and Louise Bourgeois—even though they have been singled out as the humane exceptions to the glut of mannerism—are in fact the great-grandparents of the Morbid Manner: they represent academic Surrealism at its most accomplished. Bacon, who is the subject of a special retrospective, organized by David Sylvester at the Museo Correr, leaves the overwhelming impression that he spent his life in a battle with the urge to make his own misery into a universally applicable melodrama. The difference in psychic intensity between his pictures of the nineteen-fifties, with their little, Audenesque figures—smeared faces in violet suits and knit ties—crowded in little rooms, and his later, more famous, formalized popes and other screamers, with their unintentional cartoon look and their forced, theatrical pathos, seems now more marked than ever before. No painter was more moving or frightening when in touch with the particular, and none fled the particular quite so desperately, or sometimes so showily.

Bourgeois, who, at eighty-two, has been selected to represent the United States, is a more complicated case. Her story is familiar: she worked in relative obscurity for many years, showing her work to no one, and eventually created a style of her own—a collection of stage sets filled with repressed, obscure, sexual imagery. For the Biennale, she has created, most memorably, three "cells": little rooms filled with the paraphernalia of torture and remorse—guillotine blades, fragmented porcelain hands, fences, glass wombs, and laconic inscriptions.

Bacon and Bourgeois are masters of the Morbid Manner, but even in their hands it remains a manner. Both, for all the sustained emotional pressure they can achieve, are remarkably "elevated." The work isn't about some particular pain but about Pain. Bacon is a very *remote* artist; so is Bourgeois. This remoteness is both the armor of their work—what keeps it from dating or becoming trivial—and the armor's chink. Bacon is full of the messiness of death but has very little of the messiness of life. Place him beside, say, a genuine Expressionist like Max Beckmann, and how much more *personal* Beckmann seems—how much more rooted in a landscape (or cityscape) and an autobiography and a set of facts. Place Bourgeois beside an eccentric visionary like Joseph Cornell, and how fixed her imagery seems. Both belong to the tradition of rhetorical pathos, and the difference between rhetoric and poetry is that in rhetoric what matters most is the verbs and in poetry what matters most is the nouns. (Looking at Bellini, you see instantly each string on each angel's lute; looking at late Titian, you see the way things rush into each other; the only question is what the stock figures are going to do next.) The thingness, the inventory of objects, in both Bacon's and Bourgeois's work is fairly stereotyped and familiar: the agonized posture that stands for suffering; the blobby biomorphic forms that stand for sexuality. What makes them work is the way the familiar nouns are put together. The grand received themes of the Freudian century—sexual thrall, suffering, the animal nature of human life—come out in a measured,

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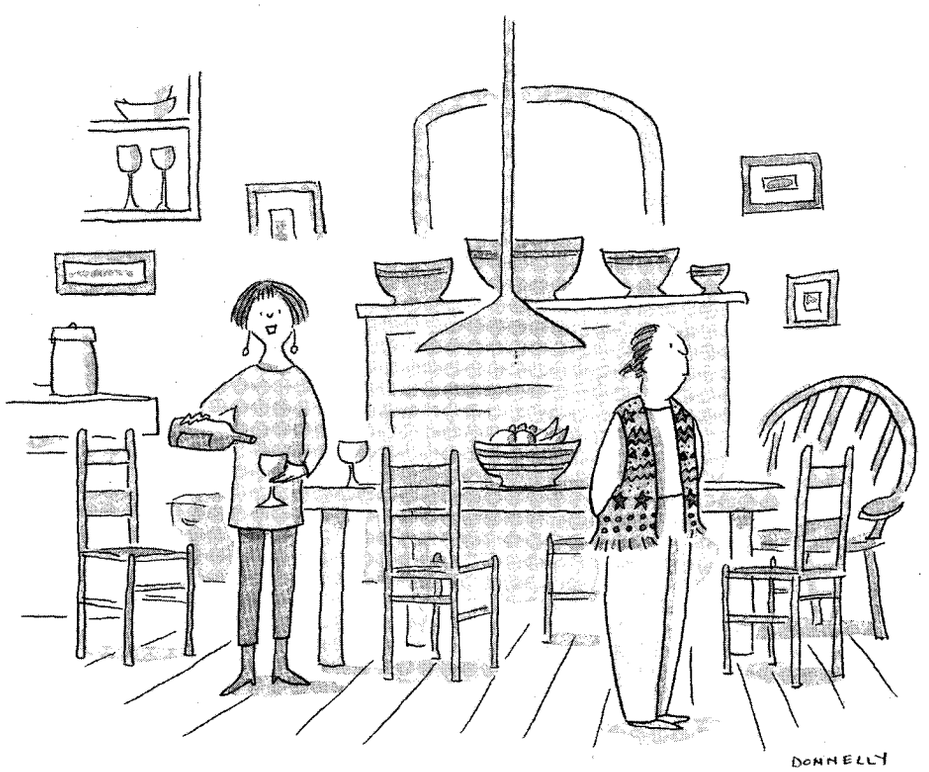
stately, chiselled, and magisterial form.

But at least Bacon and Bourgeois demonstrate that in its higher reaches the Morbid Manner can produce major art. When the rhetoric breaks down into mere stuttering and repetition, as in so much of the Biennale, the only interesting question is not whether it works (it doesn't) but what makes people believe that it matters. Anyone can see that the Morbid Manner offers, if not the spirit of the age, then at least the mood of the moment. A detached, distanced, oddly smiling presentation of violence—a *pageantry* of violence—is, as every evening's television and every summer's big movie demonstrates, as much the popular fashion as the avant-garde one. (The gaze that the new art suggests was first fixed in the popular imagination, I suppose, by a pop moment: by the famous opening of "Twin Peaks"—that new kind of ghostly, frozen, remote look at death and suffering. The affectlessness that everyone used to decry in the movies had passed from the characters to the camera.)

In both its popular and its highbrow forms, the new cult of violence always justifies itself with some pious reference to the responsibilities of realism: the young artists are obsessed with death and violence because the world has become so fatal. That's the apparent argument of the Aperto, which is devoted to the theme of "Emergency." The Morbid Manner is, officially, an alternative to the "old"—that is, late-eighties—culture of irony. But in the Aperto, just as in a pop movie like, say, "Batman Returns," the violence has nothing "real" about it; it's too distanced, too remote, too *patterned* for that. Looking at a Damien Hirst, you don't think that it's a terrible thing that cows are killed; you just register a dull shock of disgust and confusion at someone's having killed this cow. The presentation is so antiseptic and enclosed—so presentational—that it doesn't easily attach itself to any other feeling. The violence in the work of Hirst or Serrano is, like the violence in "American Psycho," so self-consciously "obsessional," so ripped away from any context of value, or even any feeling, however perverse, that it acts as a barrier to reality rather than as a window on it. The violence comes out of the prop room rather than the street.

A cult of violence has always been part of modernism, of course, but in the past it's been practiced as a protest against a merely formal aestheticism. The Biennale this year marked the moment when the cult of violence itself finally became a kind of formal aestheticism. This had less to do, I suspect, with the response of art to something outside it—the world has always been a fatal place—than with the formal paralysis of late modernism. Violence becomes an obsession of academic art, because it's the easiest way—sometimes the *only* way—of making something happen to stock material. Violence in art is a measure not of contact with reality but mostly of the opposite. (Virtuosos like Delacroix and Rubens are the masters of horror; Manet is almost unduly fastidious when he kills someone off.)

Of course, that kind of formal paralysis, the constant recycling of the past, seems part of pop culture now, and has similar effects. Tim Burton and Damien Hirst are on the same wavelength. When you're working within entirely banal cartoon genres, just as when you're working within a vocabulary where all the formal decisions were made long ago, about all you can hope to do to make it memorable—to make it *count*—is to make it scary. The shock of the new, which for most of the century could reside as much in a black square as in a slit eyeball, isn't available any longer. It's not possible to shock anymore by being new. The only way to shock is by being shocking. The difference between the cult of violence in, say, "Un Chien Andalou" and the cult of violence at this year's Biennale is a lot like the difference between, say, "King Kong" and "Jurassic Park." Monsters used to eat people for a reason; now they just eat people. The cult of violence has become, throughout our culture, self-propelled and self-perpetuating.



"Some wine with your vest?"

OF all the rumors and gossip that swept through Venice during the opening of this year's Biennale, the oddest was that Thomas Krens, the director of the Guggenheim, had somehow acquired, as a new Guggenheim annex, the Dogana—the customs house that extends from the Church of the Salute to the little spinning figure of Fortune that may be the only successful work of kinetic art on record. What made the story strange was that no one who told the story knew, or would say, exactly what Krens would put inside. The institutional momentum of modernism is by now mostly independent of its art, and is pretty much self-sustaining. And yet the myth of the wholeness of modernism persists—the belief that

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culture and civilization are continuous. One changes, and then the other changes, too. Civilization, the manners and social habits of real people living in the real world, and culture, the formal objects that people make and teach one another to admire, are still thought to be simple, interchangeable expressions of each other. Make a new kind of picture, and you make a new kind of life.

For the first half of the century, the mistake lay in treating culture as though it were the key to civilization—in thinking that the world could be remade the way you made art. Now the mistake is to treat civilization as though it were the key to culture—to believe that by adopting the right political attitudes, annexing the right buildings, and carrying on the right kind of "discourse" you will somehow produce new languages of form. But the space between the culture of modernism (the things it makes) and the civilization of modernism (the life it offers) has become so vast that nobody can any longer honestly believe that one changes the other. If you keep pretending that making art makes everything else happen, you're going to be led into the delusion that making something else happen is the same as making art. There's nothing to regret about giving up this myth. If you're realistic about it, you can actually like art for what it does, instead of demanding that it do the hundred things that it does poorly or not at all. Art changes the world by being art; after you've made some, there's more art in the world. That's enough.

The trouble is that if you're unrealistic about this—and right now being unrealistic about it is what the art world encourages—you end up with bad news at both ends. The manners of the art world become identical with the meanings of art, and, at the same time, the meanings of art become so prefabricated that they become a manner. All that is left to the institutions is an extension of the old receptacles, and all that is left to the artists is an inflation of the old effects. The Morbid Manner is therefore likely to see out the century—partly as an affectation, partly as an expression of genuine disaffection, and partly as a disappointed response to the knowledge that the civilization of modernism conquered the world just at the moment when the culture had lost most of its power to intervene. ♦

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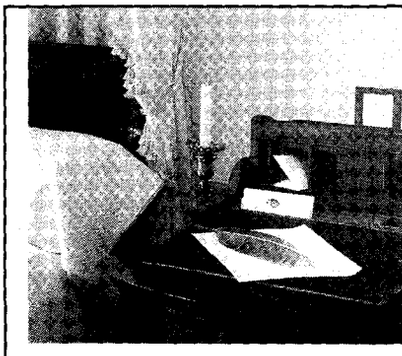

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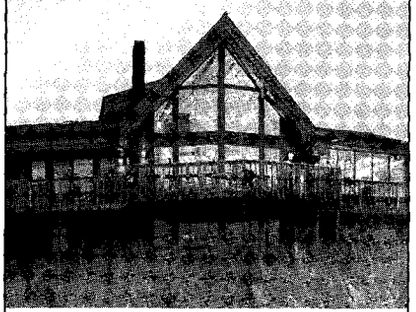

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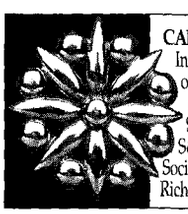

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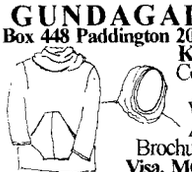

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MUSICAL EVENTS

THE BUFFALO SOUND

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

BUFFALO, NEW YORK, is a good place to test the temperature of new music, largely because its university has a distinguished history of fostering composers. This was one of Hindemith's first stopping places when he arrived in the country, in 1940. Then, in the nineteen-sixties, Lukas Foss instituted a Center for the Creative and Performing Arts on the campus, and so drew many leading composers and interpreters there. And in the seventies and eighties Morton Feldman was a professor. The present descendant of the Foss center, curtailed, in the manner of the nineties, is "June in Buffalo," a weeklong festival of seminars, teaching sessions, rehearsals, and concerts. Student composers come from around the United States and beyond, to learn from senior colleagues—this year, David Felder (the current professor of composition at Buffalo), Donald Erb, Bernard Rands, and Charles Wuorinen—and to have the rare chance of working with an ensemble of musicians who are not only highly skilled and experienced but also concerned to give new compositions a fighting chance. As somebody rather cynically observed, if instrumentalists are prepared to come to Buffalo, it can only be for love of music.

Students can learn a lot from hearing their music well performed—perhaps more than they can learn in instant tuition. Mr. Rands remarked at one session that the teacher-pupil relationship has to be long-term if the teacher is to learn what the pupil needs, if the pupil is to discover what the teacher can offer, and if they are to extend to each other the necessary trust and frankness. A three-hour class can only skim off a few hints. But at least student composers may gain some confidence from being around respected senior colleagues for a week when no one has any other obligations.

Mr. Erb was a particularly heartening presence, if also a monitory one. He played tapes of his two most recent orchestral pieces, "Ritual Observances" and the Violin Concerto, and talked freely about his musical loves (Mozart for clarity, Romantic music for feeling, jazz for generosity to the performer) and methods—how "Ritual Observances" grew as a four-movement quasi symphony out of motivic cells from the interrupted "Lacrimosa" that was Mozart's last creative effort and how the concerto was similarly riveted on a brief pattern. Confirmation of both the loves and the methods comes on a new compact disk of his music (New World Records 80415-2), offering "Ritual Observances" alongside his Cello Concerto and his Concerto for Brass and Orchestra.

The thrust, the boldness, the freedom, and the color of Mr. Erb's music are those of an American in the second half of the twentieth century: his own description of himself as an Abstract Expressionist was close to the mark. Now, he wondered, how were these eager students he was talking to—men and women forty years his junior—going to get on in a world increasingly set on instant gratification? What hope had they of enjoying a career such as his, when orchestras are commissioning either five-minute sprees or retro symphonies? Where was the place for the robust individual in, as he put it, the age of sleaze?

One answer to this last question is simple: safe in the ivory tower of the conservatory or the university music department. It begins to seem inevitable. Where most Western composers in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance were singers, and most between 1600 and 1900 were instrumentalists, the creative musicians of the last century have more often than not been teachers; Schoenberg, Hindemith, Sessions, Messiaen, Babbitt, Ligeti, and Ferneyhough are among the outstanding examples, from four generations of composers whose chief instrument has been the stave-ruled blackboard and a stick of chalk. So while such events as "June in Buffalo" are ostensibly about helping to

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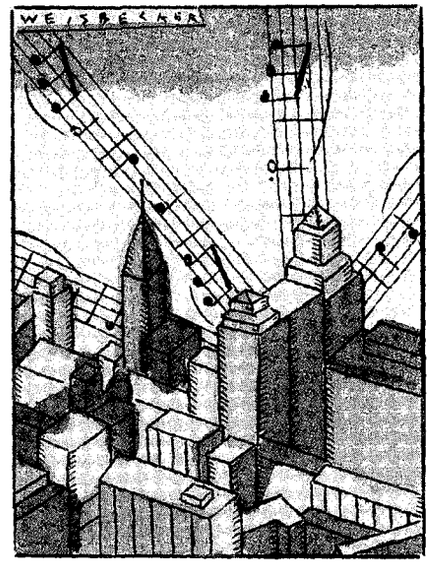
train the next wave of composers, their back-door function is to bring on the next wave of professors of composition. What students learn in the lectures and seminars is not only how to compose but how to teach.

The vulgar response to that situation—which has hardened into a way of musical life during the last forty or fifty years—is to dismiss academy-grown music as the useless by-product of a system devoted to careers and getting tenure. There may also be a tendency within schools to adapt to the ignorance of the world outside by a reciprocation of uninterest and contempt. Certainly there seemed little invitation to anyone in the city of Buffalo to venture onto the campus, which may be architecturally too brutal and bricky to qualify as an ivory tower, but which is also no place for strangers. The resulting lack of cross-sparking has to be much more damaging to cultural life off campus than it is to those within university composition departments. For one thing, professors and students can hardly be as unaware of the wider world as the wider world is of them. For another, the evidence in Buffalo was that there's nothing uniform about academic music. The oddball can still find a place, whether as student or as teacher.

Paul Elwood, a graduate student at Buffalo, presented himself as "Velcro tap-dance soloist" in his "Edgard Varèse in the Gobi Desert," a piece that managed to be at once funny, touching, and atmospheric. Mr. Elwood told us how Velcro tap dancing had been invented by a Kansas friend, who had asked himself one of those simple but unregarded questions on which great discoveries depend: What is the opposite of tap dancing? Once such questions have been formed, their answers are manifest. Tap dancing makes a noise when the dancing sole hits the floor; the opposite of tap dancing must therefore produce sound when the sole lifts off the floor. And how do you achieve that except by using Velcro? The Velcro tap dancer makes his steps while wearing Velcro-soled shoes and stationed on a few square feet of carpet: with amplification, the virtuoso is able, through executing hectic stomps and slow turns in Tai Chi style, to create vicious tears and exquisitely protracted squeezings. In Mr. Elwood's composition, these were accompanied by a sextet of piano and percussion, the latter doubling as chanters, clappers, and bird-whistlers, in what was a surprisingly fitting and complete homage to the composer mentioned in the title. The piece paid its respects to his pioneering of percussion music, to his use of non-musical sound generators (sirens, for example) as orchestral instruments, to his admiration for pre-Columbian cultures, to his love of the sounds and silences of deserts, and, of course, to his flirtation with Dada. One wonders what size shoe he took.

The principal concert, given by the Buffalo Philharmonic at the end of the week, was devoted to just two twenty-minute pieces—Mr. Felder's percussion concerto "Between" and Mr. Wuorinen's "Bamboula Squared," for a moderate-



sized orchestra occasionally interrupted or, less often, accompanied by synthesized electronic sound suggesting some hybrid of honky-tonk piano, cimbalom, and a few dozen stretched rubber bands. Mr. Wuorinen is a distinctly cooler customer than Mr. Elwood, but all his sophistication—shown in his musical language, in his fecundity, in his electronic expertise—can't disguise a similarly offbeat musical character. It's a moot point which was the more wonderfully crazy cadenza of the week: his for tape, with the orchestra sitting as if it were listening to a welcome address in Martian, or Mr. Elwood's for himself as Velcro tap dancer. In a time when there are no more rules, no more clear directions, perhaps college composition departments are being increasingly populated by genial eccentrics (besides making regular visits to Buffalo, Mr. Wuorinen teaches at Rutgers). In which case the problem for the future may be that of explaining—to students and to funding bodies—the value of research that has no verifiable validation beyond the researcher's imagination. But quite possibly this is already a problem in what we used to consider the "hard" sciences.

Outside its electronic incursions—and even, for much of the time, within them—Mr. Wuorinen's piece was typically spry, and typical also in having late Stravinsky in the background. In his case, as well as in Mr. Erb's, I have the opportunity to salute a new disk (Koch 3-7123-2H1), which brings together various works of the nineteen-eighties for trios, ranging from the normal (horn trio, piano trio) through the unusual (trombone with piano and keyed percussion) to the bizarre (bass trombone, tuba, and double bass). We may be losing new music in the concert halls, but the variety to be heard on record has never been greater, and in that there must be hope for the future.

Mr. Felder's music is less well known, and not at the moment readily available in record stores. It was therefore good to be able to hear two major pieces by him: "November Sky," a duet for flutist and computer, descending from piccolo screams to the cool dark of the bass flute, as well as the percussion concerto. Both works showed the importance to a composer of being around performers—something that is likely to be more commonly and perhaps more comfortably possible in schools than in orchestral residencies. Rachel Rudich was the intensively active human performer of "November Sky"; Steve Schick worked with athletic speed and grace on a battery of instruments front-stage in "Between."

Both orchestral pieces gave the Buffalo Philharmonic difficulties in rehearsal, but the eventual performances were compelling and often beautiful. Now the orchestra ought to take these works into its regular season, and develop the relationships formed with the two composers. In the nineteen-sixties, when Mr. Foss was this ensemble's music director as well as a teacher at the university, such connections would have been obvious and immediate. They're rapidly becoming unthinkable. ♦

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

BLANK VERSE

BY ANTHONY LANE

THINK of the worst possible reason that John Singleton might have had for calling his new movie "Poetic Justice." Now make it worse. And again. You still won't be close to the truth, so here goes: the main character is named Justice, and she writes poetry. Get it? She's the pivot of this meandering movie, in which four young Los Angeles blacks drive to Oakland in a mail van. Besides Justice, there is her friend Iesha (Regina King), brought along by her boyfriend, Chicago (Joe Torry), and his fellow mail carrier Lucky (Tupac Shakur). It goes without saying that this turns into a journey of discovery, motoring from lassitude to love with a shortcut via confrontation. Why can't people in the movies just *drive*, like the rest of us?

Words, words: Janet Jackson and Tupac Shakur in "Poetic Justice."

Justice provides the first starring role for Janet Jackson. If it should prove to be the last, I doubt whether Hollywood would mourn; she struggles hard, but can't do much with the absurd demands placed upon her by the movie. At one point, she has to gaze into the mirror and canter through a range of expressions: mope, snicker, pout, and so forth, rounding off with a lonely teardrop. Now, it's possible for an actress to get away with this, but she has to be Liv Ullmann, and the movie has to be "Persona"; it's not fair to expect a novice to come through unscathed. Singleton helps her out with a series of jump cuts, so that she can merely switch moods instead of joining them all together, but it still doesn't work: he wants the scene to suggest a quest for identity, and it looks more like a cover shoot for Jackson's next album.

Justice works at a beauty salon in South Central Los Angeles run by a career woman named Jessie (Tyra Ferrell). The first shot of Jessie is a disgrace: a leer at her endless legs and micro skirt emerging from a car. Even if she wanted to be more than an armor-plated sex machine, the camera wouldn't let her. Singleton makes Jessie immune to love and failure, dead set on her lively desires: "A man ain't nothing but a tool; you got to know when to take him out of the box." The problem is that, as a fictional creation, she isn't much better herself: she's a type—a tool employed by Singleton to hammer home his appeal for self-fulfillment. All the characters contribute to this message: if Justice equals depth without confidence, Jessie is the other way around. This may sound neatly structured, but in practice it squeezes the air out of the film. Every figure stands for something, but can't stand up of his or her own accord and fight for dramatic life.

This is bad news, because "Poetic Justice" doesn't have much going for it except characters. The motto urged upon us by Singleton's last movie, "Boyz N the Hood," was "Increase the Peace." Well, the peace has now been increased to the point where for long periods nothing happens. We have to make do with arguments, reconciliations, and shots of a mail van passing through pretty countryside. You feel that Singleton can hardly remember what action looks like. Little incidents emerge in a

ROBERT DEARCHIEF

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rush: toward the end, there's a shooting, but it takes some time to work out who the victim is, and there's a fashion show, which I couldn't place at all. If this is supposed to be a road movie, someone forgot to bring a map.

There is one scene of immense and rather worrying charm. Driving along, Lucky sees a sign saying "Johnson Family Reunion." None of them is a Johnson, but who cares? They turn in and discover a pastoral idyll: young and old strolling about in the sunshine while the soundtrack sings of togetherness. Lucky is amazed: "I ain't seen so many black folks in one spot that there's no fighting." Singleton is in his element, choreographing happiness for the benefit of his wandering camera: the peace has been increased to maximum. It all looks delightful, but it makes you realize what a deeply conventional filmmaker he is. "Boyz N the Hood" was a two-tone piece of work: there was the gangland saga, which felt edgy and wired, and then there was a father's campaign to stop the fighting and heal the wounds. All the life of the movie was in the first of these, and that should have been Singleton's takeoff point for "Poetic Justice," but he went for the second—the domestic responsibility, the hope, the drama that dies on its feet.

"Boyz N the Hood" got itself a reputation, of course, when some screenings were followed by violence; it manufactured its own hype. Singleton was a producer's dream, and you can't help thinking that someone must have given him carte blanche to do what he liked next—always a recipe for disaster. It's as if the new movie were scared of making trouble again and wanted to atone for past excesses. But take away the menace and the inflammation, and there isn't much left. Opinion will always be divided on Spike Lee's "Do the Right Thing," but it remains a thrilling panorama of social crackup—a wide and worthy development of themes that Lee had been mulling over since "She's Gotta Have It." He asked himself the big question: What if *everybody* had to have it? Can freedom spread like fire—too far, and too fast? John Singleton seemed to be following the same path of inquiry, but he has shied away from it, in favor of a more simpleminded option: Let's pack up our troubles and get out of town. Leaving South Central, the van

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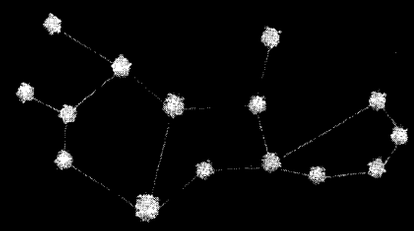

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"Once upon a time, there was a frozen pizza, and inside the pizza some very bad monsters lived. Their names were refined white flour, reconstituted tomato, and processed cheese. But the worst monster of all was called pepperoni!"

• •

passes a building wrecked and blackened in the 1992 riots, but that is soon forgotten. The emotional peak of "Poetic Justice" looks more like "The French Lieutenant's Woman": Justice wraps herself in a blanket and stares out to sea.

Just occasionally, the movie flickers with the old frustration. Lucky has a child, whom he goes to visit; the mother is in bed with another man, and there's evidence that she's doing crack. Lucky gets mad, grabbing his little girl and kicking out. He wants to protect her from violence but can do so only with violence of his own; you see the cycle starting to turn, and Singleton spins it along with a darting hand-held camera. It's a rare moment of fury for Lucky, who is by far the most interesting character in the movie. Tupac Shakur finds a cool fatigue in him that isn't there in his lines; Lucky's distrust of life goes so deep that it comes out as nonchalance. We see it in his eyes, and in the slothful contempt of his movements—more than in his banter with Justice, which is meant to have an angry comic hustle to it but soon descends into clockwork rant. A typical exchange goes: "Fuck you." "Fuck you, bitch." And so on, over and over—a loop tape of favorite oaths. The soundtrack raps home the argument "Niggers don't give a fuck."

This pitch of profanity needs editing to match; when Scorsese cut back and forth between the mobsters in "GoodFellas," the kick of it woke us up—we caught the full blast of their foul mouths. Singleton seems to lag behind the beat; we soon get tired of the talkers, and beg them to stop. But when they do, that means it's time for a snatch of verse from Justice. There's no middle ground here, nothing between the coarse and the highfalutin. "You got a poem for me?" Jessie asks. "Lord knows I need one." It makes poetry sound like drink, or crack—something to be sold for the quenching of an immediate need. Maybe it's always been like this; maybe Londoners sidled up to Milton in the street and whispered, "Hey, John, give me some of that Paradise shit. You know, the stuff with no clothes?" At least, they got high-grade epic for their money. "Poetic Justice" proceeds on the dreary principle that the only possible cause of poetry is self-expression—the confessing of inward torment and the itch for better times. "Alone," Justice murmurs. "Lying, thinking. Last night. How to find my soul a home . . . I came up with one thing. And I don't believe I'm wrong." When I heard this, I thought that Singleton had made it up for the movie. Then I decided that it must be a bunch of old, unused lyrics that Jackson had borrowed from her brother Michael. At the end of the movie, however, I discovered that every single word of verse had been written by Maya Angelou. Whoops.

Unwittingly, in fact, the film suggests a new use for Angelou's collected works: set them all to music. There was a gust of giggling in the theatre when Justice put on her best speaking voice and intoned the lines:

> I'm a woman.
> Phenomenally.
> Phenomenal woman,
> That's me.

No, it isn't—not unless Janet finds a smoochy tune to fit the words, brings in Quincy Jones to beef up the orchestration, and sings the whole damn thing herself. Then we'd have a ballad to make us swoon, and a movie with real zip. After listening to Jackson's latest album, "janet.," I decided that there was a stronger pulse of sexual determination in a single chorus of "This Time" than in the whole of her début movie. According to Jackson, someone suggested that she should make a musical—stick with what she knows. "I listened carefully to this advice," she told an interviewer. "But my instincts said, 'This is not a way to grow.' " She sounds like a little girl measuring herself against the bedroom door. Why not carry on performing, and let growth take care of itself? No wonder "Poetic Justice" reeks of earnestness: Jackson, Angelou, and Singleton have bonded together into a growth team, and it's infectious. I could hardly get my soul through the door on the way out. Poetic Justice, indeed. I think her parents should have called her License. ♦

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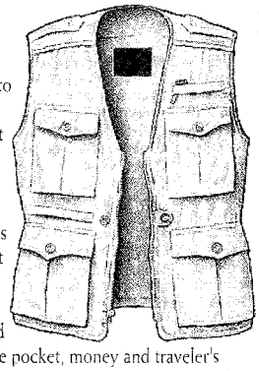
RAOUL & ROXANNE



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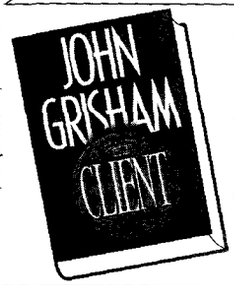

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BOOKS

COLD FACTS

BY DANIEL J. KEVLES

On March 23, 1989, in a press conference at the University of Utah, in Salt Lake City, the chemists B. Stanley Pons and Martin Fleischmann made the astonishing announcement that they had achieved in the laboratory the type of nuclear-fusion reaction that fuels the sun and fires hydrogen bombs. They asserted, moreover, that the reaction had been obtained at room temperature, using simple tabletop apparatus. Cold fusion, as this alleged phenomenon came to be called, violates the known laws of physics, and Pons and Fleischmann were, to say the least, vague about the experimental arrangement that had permitted new laws to be revealed to them. Nevertheless, their scientific miracle appeared to point the way to cheap, clean energy, the philosophers' stone of the late twentieth century, which governments had been fruitlessly spending hundreds of millions of dollars trying to find. Chase Peterson, the president of the university, said enthusiastically that the breakthrough "ranks right up there with fire, with cultivation of plants, and with electricity."

"Bad Science" chronicles the cold-fusion follies of chemists Martin Fleischmann and B. Stanley Pons.

The news from Utah drew headline attention. Resonating with the high-technology ambitions of the nineteen-eighties, cold fusion promised to make rich anyone—starting with its discoverers—who managed to get in on the action. It was hailed in many quarters not only as a panacea for the nation's energy problems but as a counter to the competitive force of the Japanese. President George Bush was soon briefed on it, with the result that the Department of Energy created an authoritative scientific panel to evaluate Pons and Fleischmann's claim. In Utah, Governor Norman Bangerter was quick to offer Peterson five million dollars for work on cold fusion at the university, and the state legislature voted almost unanimously to appropriate that sum. By early August, money was flowing into a new National Cold Fusion Institute, situated on a hilltop above the campus. As Gary Taubes, an investigative science journalist, puts it in "Bad Science: The Short Life and Weird Times of Cold Fusion" (Random House; $25), "On a clear day, the researchers would be able to see, at least spiritually, all the way to Las Vegas."

Taubes' tale of the cold-fusion craze, enriched by his supple command of the physics involved, is punctuated throughout with irony and skepticism. He illuminates the background of the craze and then focusses on its high-pitched season, the several months during which Pons and Fleischmann's claim was heatedly debated and its fate determined. Fashioning his account from more than two hundred and sixty interviews, he deftly interweaves explanations of technical steps and missteps with animated portraits of the people who made them. Because Pons refused to talk with Taubes, and Fleischmann would answer only a few questions, "Bad Science" is necessarily less about them than about how the scientific community responded to their announcement.

The Utah press conference prompted

J.W. STEWART

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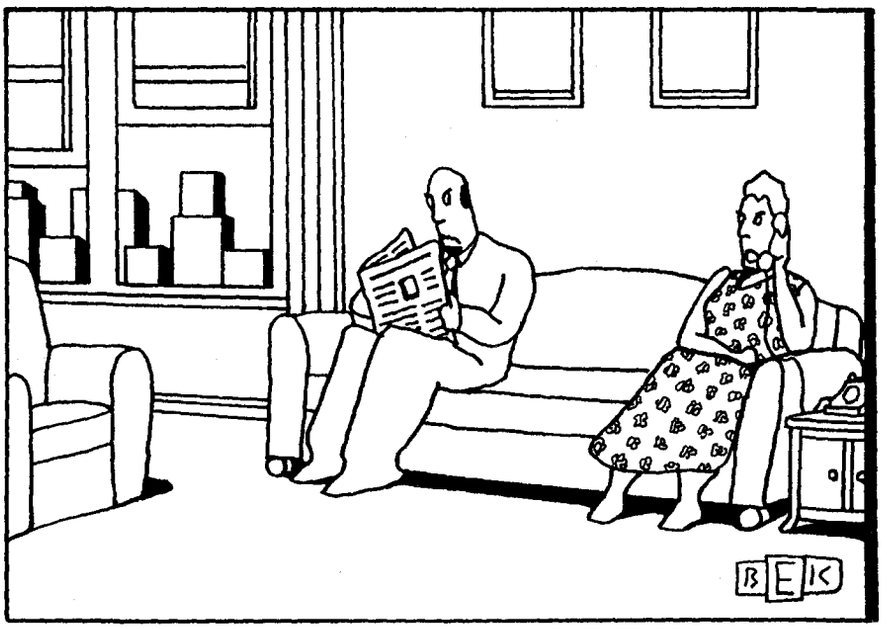

"This summer, we decided to stay home and complain."

• •

scientists in the United States, Europe, and Japan to gear up their laboratories so that they could either witness the miracle first hand or debunk it. Fleischmann, a distinguished professor of electrochemistry at the University of Southampton, in England, had collaborated many times before with Pons, an American who had been his graduate student there, and had since earned a tenured professorship on the Utah faculty. Fleischmann was a fecund source of scientific ideas, and enough of them had proved right to win him entry into the Royal Society. Perhaps he was on to something with cold fusion, too. In the press conference, the two chemists had revealed enough details of their experiment to allow rough checks of their work. Their fusion apparatus was a cell consisting of two metal electrodes—one of palladium and one of platinum—immersed in a small container of heavy water (water in which hydrogen is replaced by deuterium, one of its weightier isotopes) with a dash of lithium. Pons and Fleischmann reported that when an electrical current was passed through the electrodes the cell produced an excess of heat—enough, at one point, to melt the whole palladium electrode and far more than could be accounted for by the passage of the electrical current or by ordinary chemistry. This heat, they said, had to be a product of fusion, made possible by the use of the palladium electrode.

The facts of deuterium fusion dictated several decisive tests for verifying that claim. The most basic was to do a control: to perform the experiment using palladium cells filled with ordinary water, which should not produce excess heat. The other tests involved looking for what any cells generating so much heat by fusion should be giving off in abundant quantities—tritium (another isotope of hydrogen), neutrons, and gamma rays at a precisely specific energy.

At the time of the press conference, Pons and Fleischmann had not done the control and had not detected neutrons. No matter: in a paper on cold fusion that they quickly published in the *Journal of Electroanalytical Chemistry* they showed part of a gamma-ray energy spectrum that they had measured with a peak at precisely the energy to be expected from the release of deuterium-fusion neutrons. Putative evidence that cold fusion met other tests cropped up in announcements from several other institutions—notably, the Georgia Tech Research Institute, where a nuclear engineer named Joseph Mahaffey released a statement that he had detected neutrons directly; Stanford, where one scientist said that palladium cells with heavy water were running much hotter than those with ordinary water; and the University of Washington, where it was reported that tests for tritium had turned up positive.

However, many other laboratories found none of the telltale signs of fusion. (Indeed, some scientists wryly noted that fusion cells running as hot as those constructed by Pons and Fleischmann should have been producing enough neutron radiation to kill anyone nearby, yet Pons and Fleischmann were still very much alive.) Mahaffey, realizing that he had been misled by his experimental apparatus, bravely held a press conference four days after his original announcement, at which he said he had not, after all, seen significant levels of neutrons. (He told Taubes that it was "like going to a hanging, where I was the hangee.") At Texas A & M, Charles Martin—a close friend of Pons, and a capable young electrochemist—thought that he had detected production of excess heat in several cells; he refined his measurements, which were tricky to accomplish accurately, found no excess heat, and, after struggling to decide the meaning of the data, resolutely withdrew a paper reporting his original results. Richard Petrasso, a physicist at M.I.T., claimed, in a letter published in *Nature*, that the energy of Pons and Fleischmann's gamma rays was not what they had said it was, let alone what it should have been for deuterium fusion. In July, the Department of Energy evaluation panel declared that existing experiments "do not present convincing evidence that cold fusion exists." Cold fusion ended in a debacle rather than a deliverance, indelibly tarring Fleischmann's reputation, and contributing to Pons' departure from the university in the fall of 1990 and Peterson's resignation from its presidency the following summer, on the same day that the Cold Fusion Institute was closed.

Taubes' narrative shifts repeatedly among the numerous laboratories and meetings where cold fusion was examined. The vignettes are absorbing, and together they form an authoritative and revealing saga of science gone wrong, but the book's episodic nature taxes the reader's ability to keep matters straight. It also costs Taubes' assessments some analytic force. Why was so much bad science embraced so seriously? Local institutional and economic ambitions had a good deal to do with the answer,

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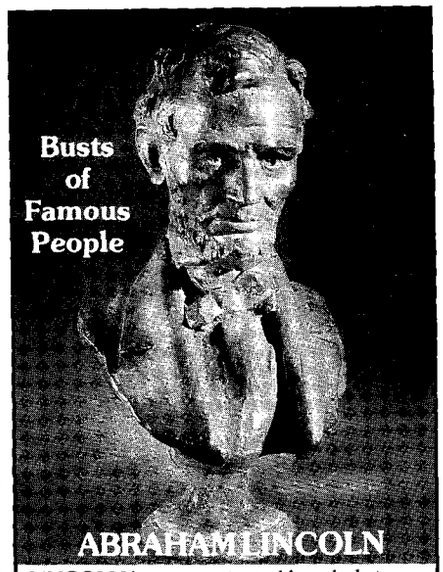
and so, in the background, did federal policy, which during the nineteen-eighties encouraged universities to help pay their way by exploiting for profit discoveries made in their laboratories. Chase Peterson had been vice-president for health sciences at the University of Utah when it attracted months of worldwide attention for the operation that put an artificial heart in Barney Clark. For Peterson, cold fusion promised to be a similarly spectacular event, and one that might score a big cash hit for the university, whose budget he had been forced to cut several times in five years. Taubes shows that Peterson and his lawyers had, in fact, decided to hold the March 23rd press conference not because the evidence for cold fusion was unambiguous but because they feared being scooped in the fusion sweepstakes by nearby Brigham Young University. A physicist there named Steven Jones, who had long been researching a different type of cold fusion, had recently begun working with palladium cells (doing so, according to Taubes, after judging a grant proposal from Pons and Fleischmann, who considered him a pirate), and was about to publish a paper on the subject.

Utah officials expected cold fusion to add vitality to the state's economy, and they were encouraged in their wish by a good deal of uncritical, local-booster reporting in the region's newspapers, particularly the *Deseret News*. Charles Martin, of Texas A & M, told Taubes, "The press can't filter. They can't tell whether the thing I've said is bullshit or right." The gullibility extended to the national press—Taubes singles out Jerry Bishop, of the *Wall Street Journal*, as particularly uncritical—although a number of reporters and newspapers, including some in Utah, did distinguish between scientific fact and hyperbole.

To assist its efforts to capitalize on

cold fusion, the University of Utah recruited the business consultant Ira Magaziner (the same Ira Magaziner who is now a principal in designing Hillary Rodham Clinton's overhaul of the health-care system). He encouraged Peterson and his colleagues in their eagerness to obtain federal dollars for a cold-fusion institute, emphasizing that to hold its own in the world the United States had to invest in the engineering of technical ideas even before they had been proved correct. On April 26, 1989, Pons, Fleischmann, and Peterson, accompanied by Magaziner, testified before the House Science, Space, and Technology Committee, in a much publicized hearing that Wayne Owens, a Utah congressman, took credit for arranging. Magaziner, warning of Japanese "fusion fever," declared that it was time to gamble on cold fusion "for the sake of my children and all of America's next generation." Representative Robert Walker, of Pennsylvania, the ranking Republican on the committee, had already set aside five million dollars for cold-fusion research, and now he declared that it should have at least twenty million dollars more. "Maybe that needs to be a hundred and twenty-five million someday, but that's not of any importance now," Peterson added.

The congressional appearance proved to be a major turning point in the cold-fusion saga, but not in the way Peterson or Magaziner had expected. Scientists are normally reluctant to attack each other in front of laymen, but many were already irritated with Pons and Fleischmann, not only because their published paper was a travesty, lacking essential raw data and experimental details, but also because they persistently responded to requests for more information—even from friends, like Charles Martin—with a runaround. Other researchers were forced to reconstruct data, apparatus, and procedures from mass-media sources, such as laboratory pictures that happened to appear on television newscasts. Before April 26th, the increasing number of experiments refuting cold fusion were being communicated, along with a lot of contemptuous commentary, on international computer networks. But the congressional talk of twenty-five million dollars angered many scientists and moved some to declare publicly that Pons and Fleisch-



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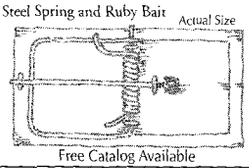

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mann's evidence for cold fusion was, as an M.I.T. physicist told a writer for the Boston *Herald*, so much "scientific schlock."

Why it was such schlock was abundantly clear to a young theoretical physicist named Steven Koonin and an even younger chemist named Nathan Lewis, both professors at the California Institute of Technology. Beginning the day after the March press conference, Lewis and his students did meticulous experiments to try to reproduce the Utah findings, testing for excess heat and, with the help of Charles Barnes, a judicious experimental physicist at Caltech, for neutrons—with null results. During the same period, Koonin, who happened to be on leave at the University of California at Santa Barbara, analyzed cold fusion theoretically, in collaboration with another visiting physicist, Michael Nauenberg. The results convinced them that cold fusion was highly improbable. They calculated, for instance, that the number of fusions per second necessary to produce the amount of heat claimed by Pons and Fleischmann was more than fifty orders of magnitude greater than what could reasonably be predicted (a discrepancy far larger, to use Taubes' example, than the gap between the speed of a snail and the speed of light).

Koonin proposed that Lewis take part in a discussion of cold fusion at the upcoming annual meeting of the American Physical Society, in Baltimore. Lewis declined, not least because in the course of begging Pons—unsuccessfully—for details about his cold-fusion experiments he had promised that he would not speak publicly about the subject until he had fully checked it out. But on April 26th Lewis stayed up half the night to watch Pons and Fleischmann's congressional testimony on C-SPAN, and he was infuriated by what he took to be a blatant grab for money to support an assertion that was technically groundless; their claim of excess-heat production seemed based on mere speculation rather than on measurement. The next day, Lewis telephoned Koonin, reporting his technical suspicions and saying that he would join the discussion in Baltimore. Koonin, outraged by Lewis's news of Pons and Fleischmann's dissimulations, decided not simply to discuss cold fusion at the physics meeting but to state publicly—and as clearly as he could without inviting a libel suit—that it was nonsense.

On May 1st, in a special session devoted to cold fusion and attended by two thousand physicists, as well as members of the press, Koonin reviewed the theory, and concluded, in an unusually personal summary, that, "based on my experience, my knowledge of nuclear physics, and my intuition . . . the experiments are just wrong." Lewis said that if Pons and Fleischmann were going to publish by press conference he would give them peer review by press conference. He provided a virtuoso survey of the experimental studies on cold fusion done at Caltech, which, Taubes writes, amounted to "no neutrons, no gamma rays, no tritium, no helium, no excess heat. No nothing." He finished to a standing ovation.

Pons ignored critiques like Lewis's and rejected assaults like Koonin's as products of physicists jealous that chemists might have discovered a new physical law. Pons' lawyer, C. Gary Triggs, threatened legal action against at least one scientist who found fault with his client's work, and Lewis received hate mail from Utah. Chase Peterson attributed the attacks to the snobbish disdain of élite East and West Coast scientists for science in the hinterland. Hugo Rossi, the Dean of Utah's College of Science, recalled thinking, "I want those smug assholes to be wrong."

But they were right, and the Baltimore attack was the beginning of the end for Pons and Fleischmann. Whatever sympathies any chemists may have felt for cold fusion, they were largely quelled by the overwhelming evidence against it; even Pons' fellow-electrochemists grilled him and Fleischmann relentlessly at a meeting of their own professional society, in Los Angeles, on May 8th. For a while after that, the two scientists could haul out the reports of John Bockris, another chemist at Texas A & M, whose research group also reported that it had detected tritium in the palladium cells. But Bockris's defense of cold fusion, summarized in a memorandum that he prepared for the Department of Energy panel when it visited him, in mid-June, read, Taubes says, "like something the Queen of Hearts might have written had she left Wonderland and gone into nuclear research." What is more, knowledgeable scientists at Texas A & M and elsewhere suspected fraud, reasoning that tritium had been found because the cells had been spiked, possibly by a graduate student working under Bockris whose doctoral research included the detection of tritium. In August of 1990, when the student defended his thesis work in public examination, Bockris cut off critical questions about the tritium results, provoking a member of the examination committee to resign from it the next day, on the ground that he had been blocked in attempting "to prevent the use of *invalid* experimental 'data' " in a doctoral dissertation. In the end, the student received his degree by removing the tritium research from his thesis.

An investigation by a Texas A & M committee concluded that the appearance of the tritium in the cells was more likely the result of contamination than the result of fraud. Taubes suggests that the investigation was a whitewash, however, and that fraud may have characterized several of the key claims in the cold-fusion story—not necessarily in the original experiment performed by Pons and Fleischmann but in the misleading way they reported it and in, for example, their manipulations of the gamma-ray data to fit a preconceived conclusion. The federal government's fraud watchers appeared indifferent to the cold-fusion controversy—remarkably so, given that it cost tens of millions of dollars to prove cold fusion wrong. Taubes concedes that cold fusion was in some degree a product, as Koonin said in Baltimore, of "the incompetence and perhaps delusion of Drs. Pons and Fleischmann"—and, one might add, of wishful grandstanding at a number of laboratories. Whatever its source, the fiasco was exposed not by governmental investigations into scientific fraud but by the relentless scrutiny of other scientists. Cold fusion was not only a story of bad science but a parable of good science—of respect for true evidence, and the courage to admit error. Taubes' book also reminds us that it is in the scientific community's interest to expose specious claims, and that, like nature, it cannot long be fooled. ♦

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Saint Glinglin
by Raymond Queneau
translated from the French
by James Sallis
(Dalkey Archive; $19.95)

THIS supersophisticated fairy tale, begun in 1933 and first published in 1948, is the last of Queneau's major novels to be translated into English, perhaps because his inventive way with words is at its wildest here. Like all his fiction, it is so blissfully fizzy that the reader may scarcely notice its complexity. The plot, a romp through Freud and Frazer, concerns weather. Characters include Nabonidus, the mayor of Home Town (where, oppressively, it never rains while he is in office); his three patricidal sons and his mad, hidden daughter; a foreign movie star called Alice Phaye; and an anthropologist who is studying customs of the feast of St. Glinglin (a French equivalent of the day Hell freezes over), occasioning hilarious parodies of ethnographic writing. The book is in seven variously voiced sections; the fourth, an exuberant anti-pastoral diatribe, is a masterpiece of self-mockery. Queneau's avoidance (for algebraic reasons, probably—he was a historian of mathematics) of the letter "x" until the last sentence forces the translator to increasingly irritating expedients; even so, "Saint Glinglin" travels surprisingly well.

Almost Perfect
by Alice Adams
(Knopf; $23)

THE technique that serves Alice Adams so elegantly in her short stories, which are breezy and full of wise summations, has the effect of skating over the surface when it's stretched to novel length. Not that readers won't find much of what has made them devoted, starting with a central character, Stella, whose background and situation are full of suggestion and resonance: her dying father, famous as an old Communist and a great lover; her own teen-age affair with a celebrity movie director, and, later, her work as a San Francisco journalist. She meets up with an unreliable glamour boy, a "genius" advertising artist, and they begin an intense relationship that, however, soon seems to be about home decoration and personal-beauty makeovers. If the story has some of the flaws of melodrama, it is also as compulsively readable, and the way is strewn with the insights one expects of this author at her best.

Arabian Jazz
by Diana Abu-Jaber
(Harcourt Brace; $21.95)

THIS oracular first novel, which unfurls like gossamer, concerns two motherless Arab-American sisters in Syracuse, New York. They realize, as the older approaches thirty, that they must join forces in order to protect both themselves (from predations like marriages arranged by their scheming Aunt Fatima) and their hopelessly vulnerable father. This eternally grieving, eternally misplaced, helplessly comic first-generation American works in hospital maintenance but dotes on jazz drumming ("Calls me Big Daddy," he raps one night as he drums. "Call me Pappy, Pappa, Padre, PawPaw, Sir! I big Arab coming at you, guy, flying in towel, fifty thousand mile a second") and on his daughters, who represent his only connection to his wife. The older of the two is both drawn to and repelled by the local riffraff, including a garage mechanic who fancies himself Elvis. The younger, a hard-as-nails self-made nurse, attempts to run the family—including Aunt Fatima and a wealthy visiting uncle—like a drill sergeant. All are characters of a depth seldom found in a début, and although patches of the plot descend into unsuccessful social commentary, these fade with the force of the book's accomplishment—achieved dreamily, almost unconsciously, it seems, and with the unlikeliest troupe.

GENERAL

Mary Renault: A Biography
by David Sweetman
(Harcourt Brace; $24.95)

A SUPERB biography of an exceptional novelist, this volume makes artful connections between Renault's personality and her work. The daughter of an incompatible couple who gave her no affection, she grew up knowing only that she wanted to write. After taking a degree at Oxford, she entered nurses' training to gain experience of "real life," and met Julie Mullard, a fellow-student who became her life's companion. Renault's earlier novels, dealing with contemporary life, became part of the gay literary tradition, but her themes came from classical history, philosophy, and myth. Her worldwide fame dates from 1956, when "The Last of the Wine," set in the days of Socrates, was published. Sweetman evenhandedly reports the political and literary imbroglios in which Renault and Mullard became entangled in South Africa—where they had moved to escape the cold and the rationing of postwar England—when the Nationalists imposed apartheid. Still, the most impressive aspect of his work is its demonstration of how Renault transformed scholarship into fiction that has persuaded every reader of its historical reality.

The Geography of Nowhere
by James Howard Kunstler
(Simon & Schuster; $23)

EVERY good story needs a villain, and for James Howard Kunstler the automobile and its backers emerge as the evil force that has defiled the built environment with wasteful and ugly structures that serve a nation of drivers. Kunstler is best when describing familiar terrain: his anatomy of the cluttering of Saratoga Springs, New York, where he lives, is nicely observed and is laced with painful ironies, and his account of the decline of nearby Schuylerville is truly moving. He is less successful when he launches into facile sendups of Disney World and Henry Ford's Greenfield Village. His acquaintance with the existing literature on urban history and planning appears superficial, and too often his assertions are unanchored by evidence. What redeems the book's shortcomings is a serious attempt to point out ways future builders can avoid the errors that have marred the American landscape: returning to zoning that allows apartments above stores; using alleys to place cars and garages behind houses; guiding rural development so that weekend retreats are sited along the borders of working farmlands, instead of dividing the countryside into parcels too large to mow and too small to farm—in short, designing our world to the scale of people, not cars. ♦

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POTOMAC PARK

BY FRANK CAMMUSO AND HART SEELY

"GOT a hurtin' kid, Doc!" the crewman shouted.

"What happened?"

"Construction accident. Backhoe ran over him."

The doctor examined the look of stark hopelessness that seemed to have been clawed into the unconscious boy's pale face. "My God!" she cried. "Has he been filibustered?"

"No, Doc. It was a backhoe, really."

The doctor bent lower, probing for some dirt from the earthmover. But there was just a slick, sleazy residue with a strange odor—a stench she associated with rotting pork. Then the lips moved.

"*Specter,*" he whispered faintly. "*Lo sa . . . Specter.*"

"What does he mean?"

"Forget it, Doc. He's hysterical, saying things. Look, he's dead! Oh, well, thanks anyway."

TWO months later, a helicopter landed on a lush green island near the District of Columbia. Its two passengers—Dr. Nader, the famous theorist of quantum politics, and Ms. Totenberg, an expert on reptilian behavior—were hailed by a white-haired gentleman.

"Welcome to the future," said Mr. Clifford, the island's developer. "Here at Potomac Park, tourists will encounter the most terrifying creatures ever to roam the earth: senataurs!"

"Impossible," muttered Totenberg, stepping onto the electric tram. "Everyone knows those giant lizards are extinct."

"Not anymore. From microscopic blood samples found on ancient bank accounts, our computer biologists have cloned the beasts back to life."

"But why senataurs?" asked Nader as he eyed a flock of gun lobbyists circling overhead.

"As a child, I always loved the creatures," Clifford said. "My father told me stories of how they ruled for centuries before taxing themselves out of existence. All they left behind were missile silos and a trillion-dollar deficit. I wanted more. I needed them to be real."

"Aren't they dangerous?"

"No. They have no voting power, and we've separated the huge vegetarian liberals from the hot-blooded conservative carnivores. Both travel in PACs, you know, and would tear each other apart. That cannot happen here. Watchdog organizations monitor their every move. Plus, we have term limits."

"Term limits? Won't they claim that's unconstitutional?"

"Of course. Their basic instinct is to protect their tails. The limits are for our protection, not theirs. Most people still believe they were dim-witted, lumbering public servants. Actually, we've found them to be quite cunning. Many possess two brains: one for home, one for Washington. Some can even open doors. Ah, our tour is beginning.

"Over there, to your left, is the Pteddydon. He's the one in the bathrobe."

"A Pteddydon? Aren't you afraid of these things reproducing?"

"That can't happen, Ms. Totenberg. At Potomac Park, there are no females."

"Typical," she grumbled. "But I'd swear I just saw a Carol Moseley-Braunasaurus."

"You imagined it. Look—to your right is the D'Amatrodon. He's filling that pothole. For years, scientists couldn't understand the creature's bizarre spitting behavior. We've learned that its saliva is actually a venom that blinds its opponents.

"Ahead lies Packwoodasaurus, the horned lizard. Better step away from the window, Ms. Totenberg. And to its right stands the most feared senataur of all: Dolesaurus! With its massive jaws and daggerlike tongue, D. rex is feasting on some unlucky stimulus package."

"Aren't you afraid they might get out?"

"Not at all. Remember, these are insiders. They're used to getting nowhere. Just look at them working on that bill. As some pick it apart, others attach amendments. No, Ms. Totenberg, as long as food is plentiful these guys are harmless."

Suddenly, the tram jolted to a halt.

"Sir, something's wrong!" a radio voice crackled. "Somehow, they managed to go into session. They're trying to hit us with an energy tax, but nothing's moving. It's a gridlock!"

"You mean we're stuck out here with . . . *Dole*?"

"That's not who I'm afraid of," said Totenberg, trembling. "It's those VelociSpecters. I know what they can do."

"Clifford!" Nader thundered. "This was always a scandal waiting to happen! It was madness to bring them back, even if for just six years. When will we learn? Now you've— Oh my God, they've called a vote! Ahhh—"

HOURS later, Air Force bombers crisscrossed the sky over Potomac Park. White-hot explosions burst rapidly, one after another, until the entire island was ablaze. Clifford had already been devoured by his own creations. Nothing remained. But the following months brought news accounts of creatures, immense in size, who were said to gather late into the night to hatch new programs and vote themselves pay raises. ♦

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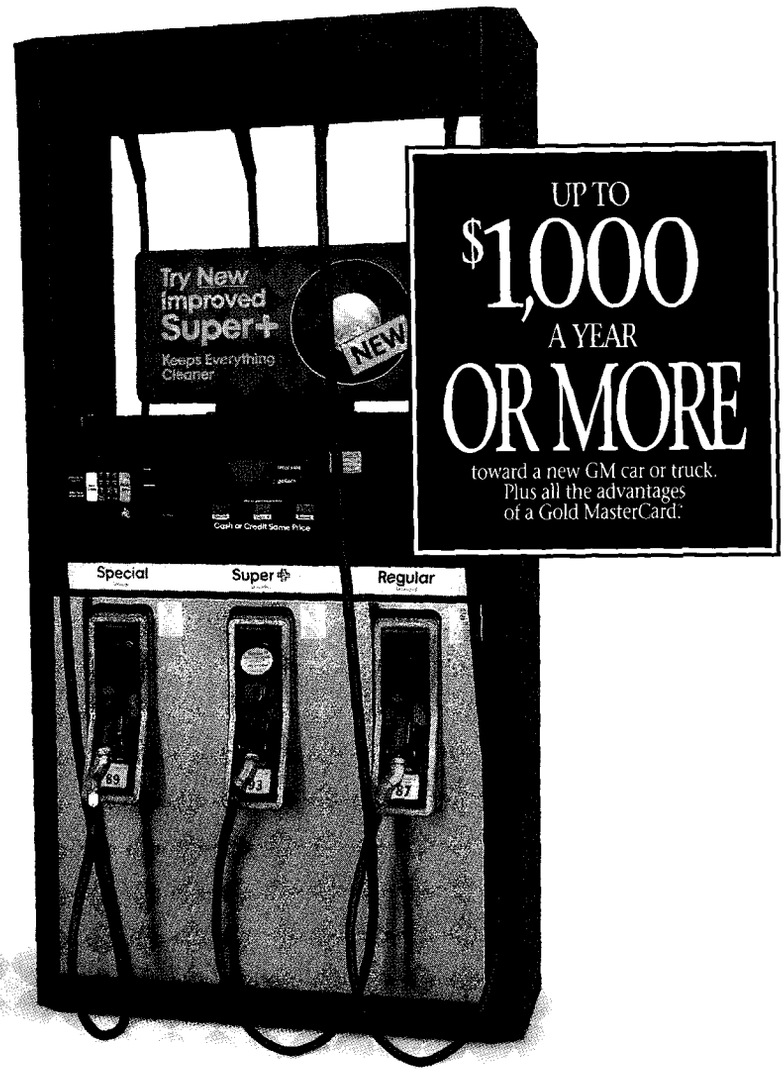

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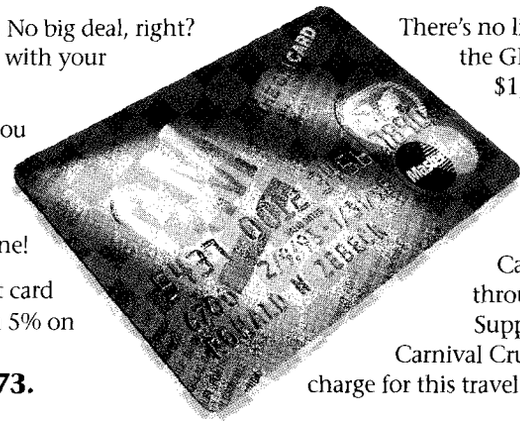

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